

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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OF NEW SOUTH WALES



Knitting

BY PHYLLIS DUNN

The messengers of Winter,
Speaking louder every day,
Are more concerned with fashion
Than with weather, so they say.

Though leaves will soon be falling
From the russet Autumn trees,
The heralds of the Winter
Are not concerned with these.

They speak of woollen fashions
And the color, style, and fit
Of smart and modish jumpers
That the hands of women knit.

MAGNIFICENCE the *Keynote* of Jubilee COURT FASHIONS!

Luxury Fabrics, Priceless Furs, and Jewels
will add Splendor to this
Historic Occasion

From Our London Office by Beam Wireless

Australians who are privileged to attend this year's Jubilee Courts will witness scenes of unforgettable sartorial splendor. I hear that among the fortunate number are Joan Scott McLeod, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Scott McLeod, of Terrika, the Queensland station where Prince Henry stayed. Miss McLeod is to be presented by Lady Game.

Mrs. Jack Crawford, Mrs. F. H. Stewart, wife of the Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Employment, and her daughter, Doris, are other well-known Australians who will drop their curtsies at this year's Courts. I predict that they will never forget the magnificence of the dressing.

Of late years hard times have restricted opportunities for wearing ceremonial dress, so that all concerned intend to make the most of this priceless opportunity, to be truly impressively dressed.

Wealthy women have been more or less hungry for just such a chance, but dress parades of wealth would have been sternly frowned on at any time during the past six years.

Now, however, loyalty to the throne and gratitude for the deliverance of England from the worst throes of the long financial crisis have combined to make it practically a national duty to celebrate the Jubilee in lavish manner. Thousands will participate in the benefits which will be reaped from the free spending which will mark the whole of the celebration months.

Women and girls who are attending the spring Court of March and the summer ones of June, are luxuriating in a veritable orgy of fashions, and all the talk of the town seems to be centred around the glorious gowns and wraps and picturesque coiffures which will adorn the great occasion.

Luscious Fabrics

THE richness of the fashionable fabrics of the mode lends itself very kindly to an unrivalled display of elegance. I have been privileged to get glimpses of some glorious shimmering cloths of silver or gold lined with ermine. To this regally high note, the costuming of the early courts will be tuned. In some cases gold and silver are combined. One lovely frock I saw with

a train of silver partially lined with gold.

I have just seen the Reville designs for the court gowns which have been approved by Her Majesty. They are now available for inspection at the Lord Chamberlain's office as a guide, and they embody many interesting new fashion points.

Square Decolletage

THE corsage is definitely low-cut, and the Victorian influence is seen in the graceful cross-over period draperies. These official designs show rather wide square-shaped decolletages.

This is a definite departure from last year's line which was rather high in front, and followed the backless trend. A number of women showed a tendency to exploit this line, and it is known that their frocks were not approved of in high official quarters.

The present decolletage finds particularly high favor with women who have good jewellery to display.

Though materials are so rich, and jewellery and furs worn may cost a fortune, line and cut are of the most elegant simplicity.

Elaborate Coiffures

COURT coiffures will run to the most elaborate designs. Curls and fringes, loops, coronets of platts and coils will all be favored. The dressing of the hair, however, will always follow the headline, leaving feathers and tulle as the dignified and attractive finish.

The dates of the Dominion Courts are March 26 and June 26.



SKETCHES of two of the four official Reville court gown designs approved by Their Majesties and placed on view for the guidance of those summoned to attend this year's Courts. The gown at the right, above, is carried out in a dainty design of ruffled lace, hand-embroidered with minute crystals and diamonds. The long train is lined with pink-pearl chiffon. The other gown is in larch-green satin. The bodice is hand-embroidered with gold crystals.

"CAREER" SCHOOLS Exploit Our YOUNG PEOPLE

Parents and Children Victimised by
Ruthless Money Grabbers

According to officials in Government employment bureaux, hundreds of unscrupulous people are running "schools" and "colleges," and are exploiting the public by purporting to train boys and girls for careers.

Their activities, which are prevalent all over Australia, are not confined to any one class of work. Whether you want to be a hairdresser, a beauty culture specialist, a shorthand writer, a window-dresser, a journalist, or a masseur, their advertisements sing the highest praises for wonderful short-cut methods, which always "guarantee" proficiency. Of course fees are charged—varying from a few pounds up to fifty pounds.

HAIRDRESSING has recently become one of the most popular occupations for girls, but so much exploitation took place by schools professing to teach pupils the art of hairdressing that various State Governments were forced to take action.

Parents, in many cases, paid 25 to 50 guineas to have girls taught this trade, only to find that they had been cruelly cheated.

In one instance a hairdressing "school" was ordered to refund a premium of 50 guineas, and to pay wages to a girl who had been taking a "course," but whose services had really been utilised as though she were a fully experienced hairdresser.

In another case a girl paid 25 guineas to a hairdressing college and, after six months, discovered she had learned nothing except a little about manikuring, which could have been picked up in a week. She had paid her fee for the honor of working as an unpaid manicurist in the salon.

Complaints of this kind became so frequent, recently, that steps have been taken in some States to prohibit hair-

dressers from charging premiums for apprentices to the trade.

Chemist's Hoax

SUCH hairdressers, however, are not the only offenders. Recently a boy of 16 who answered the advertisement of an industrial chemist paid a premium of £100. The chemist was prepared to teach the boy industrial chemistry over a period of four years. The parents—who are in poor circumstances—raised the money with great difficulty.

After a few months the chemist went into liquidation, and the lad's parents were powerless to obtain any redress.

The dressmaking business is a little "gold mine" to certain gold-minded women. Schools of dressmaking have sprung up everywhere. For fees ranging from a few pounds to 20 guineas some of these "schools" offer to teach girls every branch of the art in a few weeks. It may be pointed out that the full course of dressmaking and designing in all branches at the Technical College extends over a period of four years.

The Australian Women's Weekly does not suggest that

there are not numbers of schools teaching various subjects which give full value for fees charged, but parents are warned to make full inquiries as to the bona fides of any schools before enrolling their children.

No one will welcome such impostors more warmly than genuine schools employing competent teachers and giving dependable instruction for the fees charged.

Should Register

IN investigating the activities of many of the schools which claim to train young people for careers, our special commissioner interviewed a high Government official whose duties bring him into contact with young people in connection with vocational guidance.

He stated that "quackery in all its forms has more licence in this country than in any other in the world."

"Anyone can set himself up in Australia," he said, "as a heraldic phenologist, or a teacher of any subject under the sun, and gull the public with impunity."

There is no law in Australia to prevent it, but it is high time there was.

No unqualified person should be allowed to "teach" professions or trades to children. All private schools of all kinds should be registered before being allowed to take pupils, and they should be regularly inspected by officials of the Education Department. Bona-fide firms would all welcome such legislation to protect the public.

Where to Find

BOOKS
BRAINWAVES
BEAUTY
COOKERY
FASHION
FASHION PARADE
FILM NEWS
KNITTING 6, 27, 38, 39
LOVER
MEDICAL
MOTHERS AND WIVES
PATTERNS
SPORT

Atkinsons No. 24
.... from an exclusive formula

Californian Poppy
... a light, sunny perfume

Black Tulip
.... faintly provocative

Also in these ever-pleasing perfumes — Atkinsons' FACE CREAMS, TALCUM POWDER and PERFUME, so that your fragrance may be an unbroken harmony.

J. & R. ATKINSON (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED
28, 27, 28

To look natural, use
ATKINSONS
Face Powder

Being semi-transparent gives your skin a velvet-smooth finish with a warm, natural underglow

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



CHAMPION OF POOR.

MRS. KAGAWA, wife of Dr. Toyochiko Kagawa, the famous Japanese preacher, who is visiting Australia, has been as heroic in her life as her husband.

Born of well-to-do parents, the loss of the family fortune compelled her to earn her own living at the wage of threepence a day. Later she met and married Dr. Kagawa. Their honeymoon was spent in a hut in the slums, and at once she settled down to a life of self-sacrifice, living in the slums for nine years.

She has written two books, one on the life of factory girls, and the other dealing with conditions in the slums, and has also contributed largely to the Press on similar subjects.



—Hall & Co. photo.

TEACHER OF ART.

MISS PHYLLIS SHILLITO, in charge of the School of Design, East Sydney Technical College, was born in England, and trained in one of the big Art schools there. When she first came to Australia she visited Brisbane, but now lives in Sydney.

Results, as shown by the original and cleverly-finished work done by her students, prove that in her methods Miss Shillito possesses a rare faculty for imparting knowledge. Both boys and girls attend the School of Design, a very large airy class-room at the East Sydney Technical College.

Here they study designing everything—from book jackets to floor rugs, nursery rhyme pictorials, and art jewellery.

A portrait painted by Miss Shillito, "The Aviator," was in the recent collection offered for competition for the Archibald Prize.



POPULAR NOVELIST.

RUBY M. AYRES is a name that practically every woman who likes reading novels knows, the "M." standing for Mildred. Miss Ayres wrote fairy stories when a child, but it was when she began writing love stories at the age of 25 that she really won fame. Her stories are now among the most popular in the world, and are published first in serial form, and then as novels.

She married Reginald William Pocock in 1909. A member of the Ladies' Carlton Club, she lives at Weybridge, in Surrey, where she has a collection of china, so valuable that she takes care of it personally.

TRAVELLED the GLOBE WITHOUT GOING Away from HOME!

Australian Who Now Wants to Sell Us the World

By F. W. L. ESCH

MAHOMET may have had to go to the mountain, as the old legend says; but not so Archie Martin, the Australian who wanted to travel, but couldn't, and so instead of going to foreign parts he made them come to him through posters and photographs, which he is now exhibiting.



AFTER a year, during which he has written more than 1000 letters to different countries and out of way parts of the globe, he has collected one of the most intriguing assortments of posters, photos and information ever gathered in this country.

Mr. Martin has travelled a good deal himself. Recently he wanted to go for another trip, but Mrs. Martin did not want to go and, being a good husband, he decided not to go alone.

The wanderlust, however, would not be denied, until Mr. Martin was visited with a brilliant idea.

If he could not go to other countries, why not make them come to him per medium of posters, photos, and booklets?

Mahomet may have had to go to the mountain, but Archie Martin stayed right in Australia and had his trip abroad, plus a good deal of amusement.

Vanity of Nome

ABOUT 12 months ago he started writing to every country in the world asking for posters, photos, and information of local beauty spots and places of interest.

Did he get a response? Apparently Australia is popular abroad. Replies came pouring in. Every place except Timbuctoo wanted to let Australia know all about itself.

The man who wanted to travel without leaving his native land, and who now wants to sell the whole world to Australia, started his unusual tour by writing to important European Governments and also one or two out of the way places.

It was one of the "out of the ways" which was the first to reply.

Booklets and enthusiastic descriptions came from the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company, which runs a service through Rangoon to Mandalay, in Burma.

Nome, in Alaska, the farthest spot north to which Mr. Martin wrote, sent a prompt reply with a description of its up-to-date city and details of its newly-established beauty parlor and permanent waving establishment. But alas for such vanity, two days later there were cable reports in the papers that Nome had been burnt to the ground. So perhaps the permanent wave has not yet made its appearance on the sleek dark heads of Alaskan beauties.

Riga's Beach Rig

HE received posters of Riga, in Latvia, on the Baltic coast, where the beach regulations would give an Australian alderman a fit.

Nude bathing is permitted at certain hours—for men, from 8 to 10 in the morning, and for women, from 10 to midday. The rest of the day it is mixed bathing in costume.

Posters came from the Black Sea Riviera, once the playground of the Russian aristocracy, now a centre for rest homes for Soviet Union workers; and from Holland, where a woman may have 50 petticoats and still live through washing day.

Sunshine and sea mingled in posters sent from Deauville where the fashion creators think out new daring swimming suits, and beach councils all over the world try to stop girls from wearing them.

From Manila came a poster of Antipolo, where the Shrine of Our Lady of Peace and Good Voyages is decked with jewels, valued at a quarter million pesos. And from Spain, among many posters, was one of proud Barcelona, which was Barcelona in the year 300 B.C. Posters came from Malta, too.

Malta where St. Paul was wrecked and where temples 5000 years old can be seen.

They came from everywhere! DOING a tour of Mr. Martin's poster display at the Travel Centre, one is struck by the number of pretty girls who appeal to one to visit Germany, France, Spain, England, or some other place.

The feminine appeal seems to be the main appeal of the world's tourist bureaus—a point which the Cuban official bureau made no attempt to disguise in replying to Mr. Martin's inquiries.

Cuba's contribution to the poster display is one of the novelties of the collection.



The joy of life in sun and sea; health, sport and recreation are YOURS at Sweden's West Coast Resorts: HARSTAD, ÅSA, VÄRBERG, TYLGBAND, BASTAD and MALIN.

Believe it or not, they sent fifteen photographs of the most beautiful Cuban society girls, each with a special message for Australians. That was their idea of beauty spots—and it is not such a bad one, either.

One of the most beautiful Cubans will be found on our picture page this week, together with other photos from the collection.

It is much to Mr. Martin's credit that he stuck to his job after that and didn't pack up and make for Cuba straight away.

Just the same, sometimes he must look at those Cuban girls and read their messages, and the thought must occur to him that this idea of travelling without leaving your home town is not such a good one after all. That Cuban tourist official knew his psychology.

He even gave the girls' names. And what names! For example, Senorita Kitty Adrover Y Arual sent the message, "Your motor will be admitted duty free," while Senorita Diago de Granador said, "You will like our side-walk cafes." "Hello Australia, we'll be glad to see you," was the message of Senorita Araceli Alvarez de Campor. But Senorita Riste Corbera y O Miro hit right at an Australian national instinct by saying, "We have three lotteries a month... first prize £6000!"

Mystifying Replies

SOME of the replies were mystifying. For example, Mr. Martin wrote to the Postmaster-General of Venezuela and received a letter from a boy of 13, who gave details of the country. Of course those Latin races do grow up much quicker, we know... but a postmaster of 13 years?

The Postmaster-General of Liberia, the negro republic, sent the national



SPAIN
EVER DIFFERENT
AND FULL OF COLOUR

Come down and see me sometime!



—and don't forget the new 4th evening trips from London (Victoria) every Tuesday, Wednesday & Thursday. Also from East Croydon 3rd & Redhill 2nd—See Southern Railway announcements.

EXAMPLES OF THE many posters gathered by Mr. Martin. They speak for themselves. The one above, of Brighton, caused a sensation in England. Needless to say, it was issued at the time when Mae West was telling movie audiences to "Come Up and See Me Sometime."

flag and a full set of animal postage stamps.

In all, 32 Governments contributed to the collection, besides numerous municipalities and other organizations.

Since the Travel Centre poster display has been opened, Mr. Martin has

been surprised at the number of Australians who have travelled—and travelled everywhere. Recently he advertised for a lecturer. It was stipulated that it must be someone who has been almost everywhere. He got 68 replies. The display is on view at 296 Pitt St.

Test IT NOW for 30 DAYS!



Get **NEW HAIR** quickly!
£1000 Guarantee

GREAT DISTRIBUTION
OF HAIR TREATMENTS

NOW, that you can test it yourself—try this famous treatment in your own home—under any condition you like, and if it doesn't grow new hair, rid you of dandruff or any other hair trouble, you suffer from, within 30 days, it costs you nothing—not one penny! But you must hurry: this offer may never be repeated; if places you under no obligation, all you have to do is to post that coupon NOW!

WHAT I DISCOVERED
ABOUT HAIR

It does not matter if your hair is falling out, if you are fast growing bald—or what you have tried. I know you have not used the RIGHT method. My own hair fell out in handfuls until I fast began to go bald. I tried everything. But now I have a thick, lustrous growth of hair—thanks to the important discovery that—

TONICS WILL NEVER
GROW HAIR

THREE never have—because it is impossible! There is one underlying principle that stimulates New Hair Growth—that principle is involved in the new Kelme Murchison Treatment. It's a new way, entirely different, and successful. It approaches baldness, falling hair, etc., from a new angle. With it you can stop your hair troubles overnight! Don't waste more time and money on worthless "tonics" and "hair restorers," but accept my great offer, and watch your hair grow! Get this special offer coupon in the post to-day!

30 Days Amazing Trial Offer

IT DOES NOT MATTER

It does not matter how long-standing your hair or scalp trouble may be, it does not matter what you have tried. J. Kelme Murchison is prepared to PROVE to you beyond all doubt, and without your risking one penny that YOU CAN DEFINITELY GROW NEW HAIR—if you send the coupon below NOW!

STILL MORE PROOF—
READ IT!

"It has completely changed the colour of my hair. It has turned it from its dry, dead, straw-looking colour back to its original shade of brown, and now, after about three weeks use, I have a lot of new hair growing all over my head. It's growing like wildfire. I might mention that I never gave your treatment a very fair go either."—C. J. Heynolds, M. B. E.

After using your course for one week my hair stopped falling and began to improve wonderfully. To-day my hair is as healthy as it is possible to be."

J. KELME MURCHISON, Dept. W2, Lombard Chambers, Pitt Street, Sydney.

Name

Address

Enclose 4d. in stamps for postage of proof.

This offer expires SHORTLY Post NOW!

NEW PRIMATE Is Appointed FOR LIFE

Notable Honor Which Confers No Power Entails Big Expense

At 7.30 a.m. on Tuesday a peal of bells from S. Mark's, Darling Point, reminded parishioners that the four Australian Archbishops and twenty-one Bishops were about to meet for Holy Communion, preceding a session at the Cathedral Chapter House, the conclusion of which would see the election of the Anglican Primate.

This is the first election of its kind to be held in Australia for nearly a quarter of a century. A Primate is appointed for life.

THE method of electing a Primate is an interesting one. Although we now have an excellent cable service, to say nothing of the letter post, unless for some excellent reason postal voting is not admitted. Even though they have to come long and expensive journeys from Melbourne, Papua, and Carpentaria, all of the twenty-five bishops who have a share in voting for the new Primate must vote in person.

When they have all arrived, which cannot be within less than four months after the filling of a vacancy in any of the four Sees—Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Perth—from which the Primate will be chosen, a meeting is held at which the senior bishop presides. This year the Bishop of Bunbury is senior, but as he was unavoidably absent, the Bishop of Adelaide was chosen as chairman.

There can be no tie for the Primacy. Daily elections are held, if two or more Archbishops tie, until one is finally chosen.

He is then the Head of the House of Bishops in Australia, and also of General Synod.

Simple Ceremony

YET there is no ceremony of installation other than the reading of a notice in the Cathedral of the State of which the new Primate is Archbishop on the Sunday following the election.

As the Anglican Church is more often accustomed to ritual than any of the non-Roman Catholic Churches, this seems rather a surprising fact.

To be elected Primate of the Anglican Church in Australia is, of course, a very great honor, but, for practical purposes, it confers a purely titular rank.

The Anglican Primate does not take precedence, to-day, of the Roman Catholic Archbishop in affairs of State, as we have no established Church in Australia. The head of the Roman Catholic Church in Australia takes precedence by reason of seniority of appointment. During the life of the last Anglican

Primate, Archbishop Wright, the Anglican Primate had precedence for the same reason.

No Special Authority

THIS probably is not of any very great importance to most people, including the Primates concerned, but it is also noteworthy that the Anglican Primate has not even any special authority within his own church.

As General Synod consists of hundreds of representatives, it is only possible to hold meetings of all members very occasionally, wherever any outstanding question arises. There is a standing committee which meets several times a year in various places, usually within the State in which the Primate resides, consisting of representatives of the 25 Commonwealth dioceses. Even this is rather a clumsy and expensive proceeding.

In fact, it is in order to avoid much of the unwieldiness of this method that the custom of electing the Archbishop of Sydney as Primate has arisen. All the library and documents of years relating to Synod matters have always been housed in Sydney.

It is for the sake of having all these documents handy that Synod usually meets in the diocese in which the Primate resides.

THE Primate is called the Head of the House of Bishops and of Synod, but his executive powers are really nil. He has no power of appointment or of abrogation of appointment. All constitutional matters are well worked out by now, and there are all sorts of examples of the law of precedent at hand.

Even when the laws have to be drawn into any argument the Primate does not decide interpretations. He must call together the Standing Committee of Bishops, and act only upon their advice.

Finally, there are no emoluments to the office of the Primate, and it is quite a costly office to uphold. There is a great deal of entertaining to be done, both official and unofficial, and this entails a good deal of expense.

A splendid Boothroyd study of Archbishop Mowll, whose election as Primate of Australia was confidently anticipated. The Archbishop has had a distinguished ecclesiastical career. His missionary work in China has made him a notable world figure.



ONLY ONE Safeguard Against SHARKS

Never in the history of surf-bathing has a season brought forth so many shark tragedies.

So serious has the position become that the people are developing a "shark complex," and hundreds of regular bathers are abandoning their favorite pastime.

The Government is faced with an immediate and urgent problem—that of making the beaches of Sydney safe. The proposals for meshing, or dragging, for sharks will not inspire public confidence.

SOME of the proposed safeguards are almost farcical in their inadequacy. Such, for example, are a bonus for each shark caught, a watch tower from which to warn bathers, and a display of hints as to what to do when the monster is sighted.

Only the enclosure by shark-proof netting of certain areas will give the security that the public has a right to demand.

When it is remembered that surf-bathing is one of the healthiest recreations that rich and poor alike can indulge in, it is nothing short of a national calamity that people should be compelled by fear to abandon this form of sport.

And there is another side to the question. The congregation of hundreds of thousands of people on our famous surf beaches at the week-ends has developed

Spooner that the committee held no fewer than 44 meetings and examined 136 methods of protection from a shark attack. And now the Minister proposes to have the report printed and made available to seaside councils and surf clubs.

Meanwhile the sharks have not waited for Mr. Spooner and the Government to finish their deliberations, but are taking their toll each week of surf bathers, giving each of the beaches a visit in turn.

THE report of the committee stated that with the exception of shark-proof enclosures, no other method offered 100 per cent. immunity from attack.

It, however, could not recommend the erection of a series of shark-proof enclosures because the degree of risk of shark attack was not considered sufficient to justify the expenditure that would be involved.

But the public of N.S.W. wants 100 per cent. immunity from shark attack for its surf bathers, and will not be satisfied with anything less.

If Mr. Spooner wants to earn the appreciation of the New South Wales public he will divert his attention from such trifling matters as the amount of bare skin which a bather is allowed to reveal on the beaches, and recommend to his Government the necessity of providing shark-proof enclosures such as are at present in use at Coogee, Nielsen Park, and Brighton-Le-Sands.

With a State election pending, the Government has a very strong inducement to let the people see it is not blind to their interest in this matter.

Councils Have Control

THE surfing beaches are under the control of the municipal councils, which in turn are controlled by the Local Government Department, under the Minister for Local Government, Mr. Spooner.

Some six months ago a Shark Menace Advisory Committee was appointed by the Government to inquire into the whole matter and report to the Government. The information is supplied by Mr.

Amazing Array of Knitwear

In this issue readers will find sixteen new exclusive designs in knitting. These include a full page in color. Such an extensive array of designs for knitted garments has never previously been attempted by any newspaper. Covering a very wide range, they practically represent a complete knitting handbook.

FULL directions for knitting the six designs in color are given in this issue. Directions for knitting any of the other garments, sketched on the centre pages, may be had on application. Full details of how to obtain them, together with the coupon, which must be filled in, will be found on page 20.

Many of the designs sketched were secured by our special London correspondent in London, Paris, and Vienna. Others were designed specially for The Australian Women's Weekly by expert Australian knitters.

"I have smoked 44,000 during the past 5 years and have never suffered any throat trouble"

Try Craven "A." Test their smoothness, coolness and flavour; their freshness and freedom from all irritation. Carreras confidently invite your verdict on Craven "A"—the Cigarette that is made specially to prevent sore throats.

CRAVEN "A"



VICTORIAN Family ROBINSON

TO avoid a scandal in the form of an intrigue between his daughter Adeline and an army officer, Charles Chaine, the Rev. James Robinson, an English rural vicar, accepts appointment as a bishop in Australia.

With his two daughters—Eleanor and Adeline—his wife being dead—he sails for Australia on the Philippi. The vessel is wrecked on a Pacific Island, and the only survivors are the Rector and his daughters, Lady Gilliland, Mr. and Mrs. Black, the Mate (Buzacott), and Chaine (who has been travelling in disguise as a steerage passenger).

Chaine continues his attentions to Adeline, and offers to divorce his wife when they reach Australia.

Buzacott falls in love with Eleanor, and just as they are being married on the beach by Mr. Robinson a schooner—the Lillwal—appears off the island and the ceremony is unfinished.

A party of twelve white men, under a man named Seremy, land from the schooner. They explain that Bully Hayes has

At the third man, the women captives stared in amaze. He was handsome beyond anything they had ever dreamed.

wrinkled breast. But he snapped his orders with decision, and swung the huge steer-oar strongly. Shem wasn't on the cinder-heap yet.

"James Robinson!" he shouted, as they backed water, and glided along the counter of the ship. "Bring your people to the Council House. That's order of Seremy, Lord Chief."

Robinson, standing tall and impressive in his clerical black alpaca, with head raised high, said: "I will come, and may the Lord that's above Seremy, the Lord Almighty, deal with you and him as—"

"In cars!" shouted Shem. The crew rattled the blades smartly. "Out wit' Jacob-ladder. Stap me, but you're vastly slow, you people."

They were not slow, but the women, enumbered by their huge dresses, found the ladder difficult. The boat was almost filled by them, as a basket is filled with full-blown flowers. The men crouched in corners, out of the rowers' way.

Shem's crew knew their job; knew, too, that impatience stood there, waiting upon the shore. They swept the estuaries quickly across the lagoon in minutes, landed them, and moved aside.

"You, James and the other men, you come after. Women walk befoah," Shem said, with the curious negro roll in his voice that Charles had already noticed. It was as if the warm climate and open-air life of the tropics had changed these white men's throats, given them something of the speech of blacks. Had it given them more?

Through lanes of people pressing and shoving, they walked, and the strange thing was that the men, many of them, and women, less numerous, seemed to be one man and woman, indistinguishable. Blue eyes and fair hair were the general rule among these Vainamuans; good height, too, and fine muscular development. They all wore the creamy tappa cloth, and those who were shod wore bark sandals. They were bare-armed and bare-legged to an extent that shocked Adeline and Minnie Black, but Eleanor took the exposure of knees and shoulders more philosophically. Half a century ahead of her time in many ways, this girl, swaying along in stiff absurd garments that were thought to represent the height of propriety and



Illustrated by WEP

If put into words (but Adeline thought, for the most part in pictures) her desire would have expressed itself simply as a wish to be "safe at home with proper 'country' people."

Lady Gilliland, carrying her head high, paced silently, a captured queen in a Roman triumph. Minnie sniffed.

It was only a little way to the Council House, a narrow building of coral concrete, with windows and doors made small as walls and doors and windows had to be made before the days of steel reinforcement. There were flowers on the pathway; creepers that looked like chains of little pink hearts; frangipani, jasmine, and eucalyptus. The island people, crowding along, respected the flowers, and did not tread them down. Gentle folk, surely—yet what was it Seremy

"No, my good man," she countered, summoning the loftiest of the vice-regal poses she had practised on the ship. "No, my good man, you're making a mistake. I have a husband."

power by that which men of science were just beginning to call a "variation." She was Vainamu, stressed and underlined, with a bit of something else in it; some throwback to an ancestor who had never seen a coconut palm, nor walked on coral beaches. Her head, almost alone among the heads of the islanders, was covered with wavy curls, gold in color, while the hair of the others was pale and straight. She had eyes that looked black beneath their low black brows, though they were really darkest blue; her neck rose from her wide shoulders like a palm-stem from a white sea-beach, and she carried herself like a queen. Her mouth, small, but red and richly shaped, fell into ugly lines as she looked at the stranger.

"All the men without wife, come forward," he shouted. "How many? Twenty-seven? Twenty-seven men and four wives. Four color shells, twenty-three plain. Shem, mix them in the bag, and all draw."

A bag was produced, and shells thrown in and shaken.

"Come forward, draw, each man," Seremy ordered. "Me, I have two chances. Others one."

Twenty-seven men as like as brothers passed in turn before the holder of the bag. Each put his hand in, drew forth a shell, and looked at it. Twenty who had drawn blanks stopped back. Seremy, who was one of the unlucky, laughed and kept his place.

"Two chances for the Lord Chief," he said, and drew again. His face grey black with rage as he saw, once again, an unpainted corrie in his hand.

Shem, who had not yet drawn, said: "Me," and put his hand in the bag. He drew a colored shell.

Three others had drawn color. Two were so like the rest of the Vainamuans that one could scarce have told them from each other. The third—

At the third, the women captives stared in amaze. He was not like the Vainamu people at all. Save for his dress, his queer clipped accent, and the indefinable likeness of manner, he might have been a stranger landed with themselves. And he was handsome beyond anything that these girls and women from the cold countries above the Line had ever dreamed.

THEY had never, in England, seen any man who was not completely clothed in sad-colored woollen suits; they had no conception of what real bodily beauty might be. They saw it now. The Vainamuans were well made as a rule, but this man was superlative.

Please turn to Page 36

MISS AMAGEE SELLS a PUP

A long complete adventure story by Edgar and Margaret Jepson, and illustrated in color by Fischer, appears on page 49

robbed them of some of their womenfolk in Vainamu, and that they want wives.

They force the whole party to board the schooner and sail for Vainamu, five days' travel distant from the island.

WITHOUT a glass, it could be seen plainly enough in that clear air that most of the people on the beach were men. They wore the same dress as Seremy and his sailors, a short tunic of cream-colored cloth made from beaten hibiscus bark, and girded round the waist by a plaited cord. The women's dresses were longer than those of the men; they had long hair, streaming loose or gathered into a coil. No one seemed to be armed; there was no particular excitement, and no suggestion of hostile attitude, or of danger.

Charles, who had seen service among "fuzzy niggers" in various parts of the world, drew a breath of relief. He had been anxious. But these folk didn't mean fight—so far.

Buzacott chewed a quid, and reserved his opinion. James Robinson was quietly praying. Black rubbed his leg muscles with his palms. The women stared and whispered.

As long last a boat came off, manned by some of the schooner's crew. Shem was steering. He looked older than before, in the glaring light of afternoon; the loose tunic, that suited the younger men, showed up his stringy legs and arms and the stoop of his back; his greynish beard fell on his

beauty, found herself longing for Vainamu freedom; telling herself that some day, some day everyone—

There she broke off; you could not think of what your problematical grandchildren might be going to do, when you didn't know what was immediately going to happen to yourself.

ADELINE walked in a dream. More clearly than ever, she saw the grey cliffs, the secure stone houses of England, the gravelled avenues with hoods and wheels crashing past; and she longed as one in a desert longs for water, for the safety, the centuries-old peace that was represented by those houses, for the privacy shut in by their avenues, hedges and walls; the sense of moneyed stability, never mentioned but always there, keeping the walls secure, and the peace unbroken,

had said about throwing offenders to the sharks?

Now the Council House; sudden dusk, sudden coolness. Cold floor striking damp through soles of little shoes. Chill strength of heavy walls and loop-hole windows, casting a gloom on tender hearts; suggesting, unpleasantly, the hard word "prison."

There seemed to be no unpleasantness about the business of the day. There was, on the contrary, a good deal of gaiety. Men laughed and pushed each other about good-naturedly; women giggled and squeaked, talking so fast and with so much "chi-chi" in their queer English that it was hard to understand what they said.

But Adeline caught a little. There was a woman, handsomer, harder than the rest, featured and colored like them, yet in some ways unlike. She seemed to be the Vainamu inbred type, raised suddenly to a higher

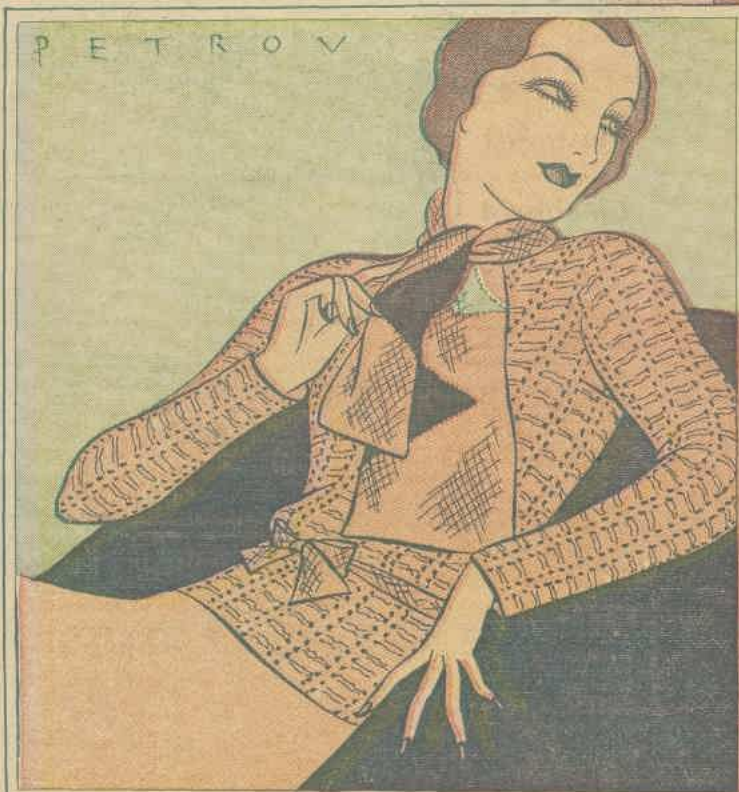
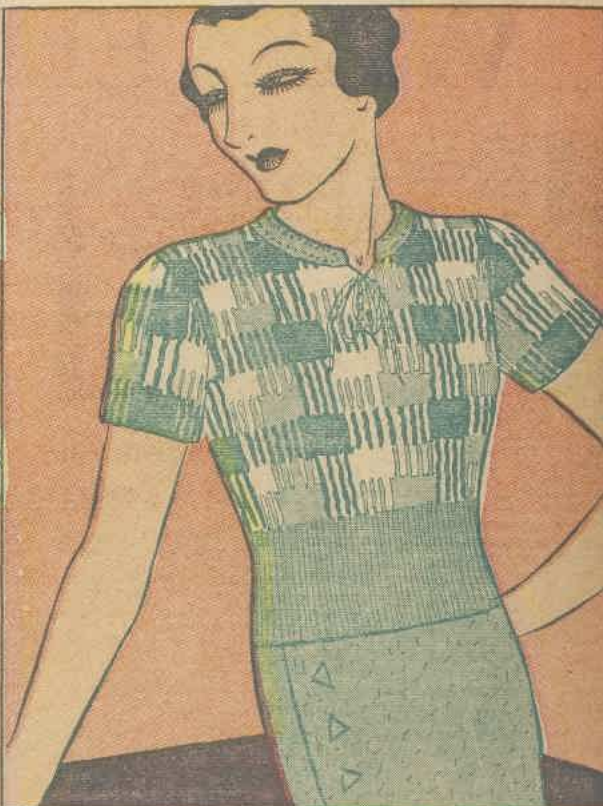
By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

EXCLUSIVE Knitwear DESIGNS for Our READERS

● From London, Paris and Vienna they Come!

Full, Complete, and Easy-to-follow Directions for the Whole Delightful Six are Given in this Issue.

ARTIST PETROV has caught all the chic and sparkle and tailored precision of the original models in these colorful sketches... The two jumpers offer exciting departures in design to fit the tempo of the smart world from whence they came; the scarf and beret will give snap and sparkle to any outfit, and knitting needles will certainly fly in happy anticipation over the wee girl's frock, the lad's play suit, and snug sweater for the man of the house—or the boy friend!



"MARGARET ROSE" (top left). Seldom indeed do we see so sweet a dress... For the wee lass, aged four or five, with its high-ruffle effect and softly-puffed sleeve it's ideal. Knit it in buttercup yellow and embroider one inch above the hem the white-centred blue flowers. Or make it in French blue, with pink daisies round the hem.

"JENNIFER" (top right). The elder sister will find swift autumn comfort in this smart plaid jumper. It's in three colors, light blue, dark blue, white, with snug, high basque. Wear under a costume coat, or breezily at golf. Plaids are very smart.

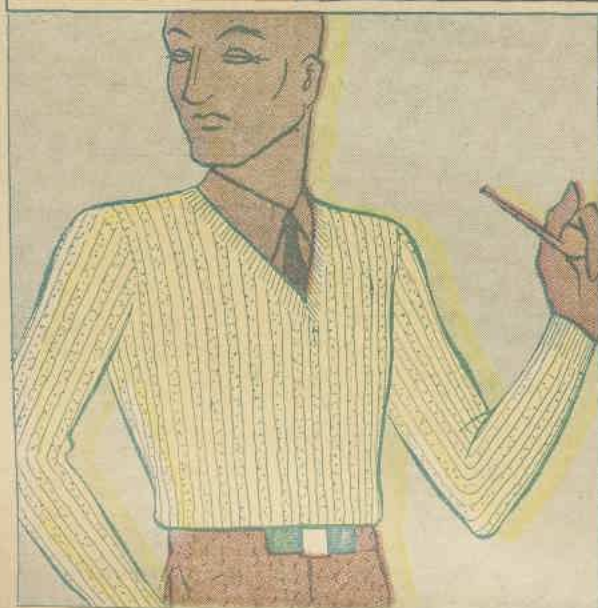
"PAULA" (at left). For autumn or for winter costume wear, we offer you this charming lace-stitch jumper. All over rust, with long, hip basque, belted at the waist, it has a rust, black, and jade-green moss-stitch scarf, tying briskly at the throat—to give that defiant sporting air beloved by young women.



"MASTER BOBBY" (above) makes his bow to winter in the cutest little woolly suit. It's made in medium blue, the brief knickers of stocking stitch; the tunic, basket weave; and the suit is delightfully finished by a Peter Pan-like collar.

"MORRIS" (bottom left). A man demands severe plainness in his dressing—so show him this trim sweater, he'll want it! The original was knitted in a deep, sporty yellow. Tucks in under the belt.

"SUE" (left). With cap and scarf such as this even the most ordinary of last season's coats is cheered and given new life. This jaunty beret and scarf are of coenwood, trimmed with beige fringe.



NOT a Moment WASTED



: By :

Hylton Cleaver

THE sharp blows suffered by one's pride are many, but few strike a harder note upon the heart-strings than to suffer an illness, and, on going back to work, to find one's absence has passed totally unnoticed.

Peter Platt's consolation on his bed of sickness had been the belief that everybody would be asking where he was. His seat in the bus would be untenanted to general surprise. His paper would remain unpurchased from the old man at the corner. At the day's end the old man would have one copy left upon his hands, and would regard it sentimentally. And with a shaking head, the waitress who served Peter at luncheon would tilt up a chair to keep his place as usual, but he would never come to take it. And questions would be asked and answered thus:

"Where is Mr. Platt?"
"I hear he's very ill."
"Oh, dear, I am so sorry. Such a nice man, too."

Customers at the bank would ask for him. His colleagues would reply with whispering gravity.

"Oh, yes. He'll be away at least a fortnight."

And now he had recovered. On Saturday he had strolled in the garden. Yesterday a friend had taken him for a drive. As that was Sunday none of those who had missed him were at their posts. This morning he was to make his studied reappearance, and he stepped out of the house, wondering who would be first to hurry across the road and pat him on the back.

By this time you will be ready for the truth, no doubt.

Which is that nobody had missed him.

The policeman at the corner nodded good morning, as he always nodded, and made no further comment or inquiry. The man from whom Peter

alighted from the bus at the station, and caught his train to town. He sat down feeling humbled, flat and snubbed.

And then, just as the train was moving smoothly away, an odd thing happened.

A girl came quickly down the gangway, sat down beside him, and said: "So there you are, at last!"

And Peter Platt had never seen her before in his life.

IT was some few seconds before Peter could collect himself; by this time he was aware that it was not every day a pretty girl sat down beside him as if she had been waiting for him all her life.

So he shyly lifted his hat, gave her a slow inquiring look, and with a hesitating nod replied, "Good morning."

And his tongue was in his cheek. "You're late," said she. "You never came by a train as late as this last week."

"Well, no," said Peter solemnly, "but last week..."

"You were always earlier. I've been waiting ages."

"I'm sorry," Peter said, still with a curious look at her which showed amusement rather than apology.

One thing, of course, was obvious. She had mistaken him for somebody else. Well, he was quite prepared to play up to that for a little while, just as a young man will do when he answers the telephone and is addressed as "darling" by an unknown lady.

What puzzled Peter most, however, was that this girl must know the real fellow pretty well, in which case the likeness between them must be exceptional. Was he to understand that whilst he had been away ill, some other man... his double... had been travelling up to town in his place... and in the course of doing so had met this girl? If so, he had been left a most intriguing legacy, and the odd part of all was that on the very day he returned to duty, the other man had stayed away. He frowned as he thought. After all, nobody had missed him. That seemed to show that they, too, had taken somebody else for him, and he began, just now, to feel a little uncomfortable. This situation savoured to him of the uncanny. It suggested phantoms, shadows, ghosts, and spiritual bodies. He looked at the girl with sudden apprehension.

But she was talking blithely on. "I enjoyed last night. I think it was even better fun than Tuesday."

He slowly lifted his head, his eyes still upon her.

Should he say now: "I say... who do you think I am?"

No, damn it. He was acting a part now, in a story he would tell to a lot of people afterwards. Let it take its own course. His tongue crept back into his cheek.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, I loved it." And now, as he stayed looking at her cheerful profile, he thought of a clever move. It was his turn to ask a question.

"When," he said, hoping to gain vital information, "are we going to meet again?"

"What time will you come home tonight?"

"I shall leave about six."

"All right, put your head out of the window when you get to Sloane Square, and I'll be on the platform."

"That'll be great fun," said Peter, and presently he stood up as she rose to leave him. For some moments he stayed looking strangely after her. Then he replaced his hat and sat down pensively. It had just occurred to him that the girl must have been talking for the benefit of some third party and that this third party might be in the carriage watching him.

The day had been a long one, and satisfactory only because Peter was

looking forward with such interest to the evening. He was on the way home at the time appointed, and he put his head out of the carriage at Sloane Square. There, sure enough, was his new friend. She came immediately to his carriage, got in, and stood beside him with a significant expression in the crowded gangway.

"Whatever," she said, "must you be thinking of me?"

"I only know that I have been thinking of you all day long."

"You were a brick," said she. "Nobody else would have had the quick-wittedness to have played up to me like that. Nor would they have taken the trouble. I want to thank you very much indeed."

"So you don't even think you know me?"

She shook her head apologetically. "I feel," said Peter, "decidedly disappointed. I had been hoping you were a secret admirer, and I have never had one of those before."

"How will you ever forgive yourself?"

"It was all a game of pretence. I was being followed... to see if all I'd been saying was true. I had to produce a man friend on the train to save my face, and to tell you the truth I had let two or three trains go by because I couldn't stop anybody who would do. Then, when I couldn't shake off my cousin and was in despair, I... I grabbed you."

"And why did you grab me?"

"Because you seemed to be looking about as if you were expecting somebody to speak to you. And so I made a sort of grimace... and spoke."

"I can't say I saw you make a sort of grimace," said Peter.

"Well, I tried to wink, but when I do that I only blink both eyes."

They looked at one another like old friends who, for the first time, are enjoying unexpected confidences.

"Will you," said Peter, "tell me one thing. How long are we supposed to have known each other?"

A Long Complete Story

"Just a fortnight."

"That," he said, "is the funniest bit of all."

Time passed. The train had stopped at stations. Passengers had pushed between them. Peter worked his way closer to her again and in a low tone spoke.

"Where am I taking you this evening, then?"

She quickly shook her head. "Oh, that's not necessary. Don't think that. You needn't worry any more. I'm going home!"

"THEN it seems to me that it would add conviction to your story and be quite a good development of a most intriguing situation if I came there with you, and were introduced in person... to your mother."

"It's not a mother. It's an aunt."

"They come alike to me."

Her eyes searched his incredulously. It was some time before she answered.

"Do you seriously mean... you'd do that?"

"I don't see the point of being elected to this post," said Peter "unless I take some of the plums of office."

"You really wouldn't mind?"

"I should be pleased and proud."

Suddenly she put out her hand; her fingers rested for a moment on his sleeve. In a small, still voice she said: "It would shut them up once and for all. I wonder if I dare."

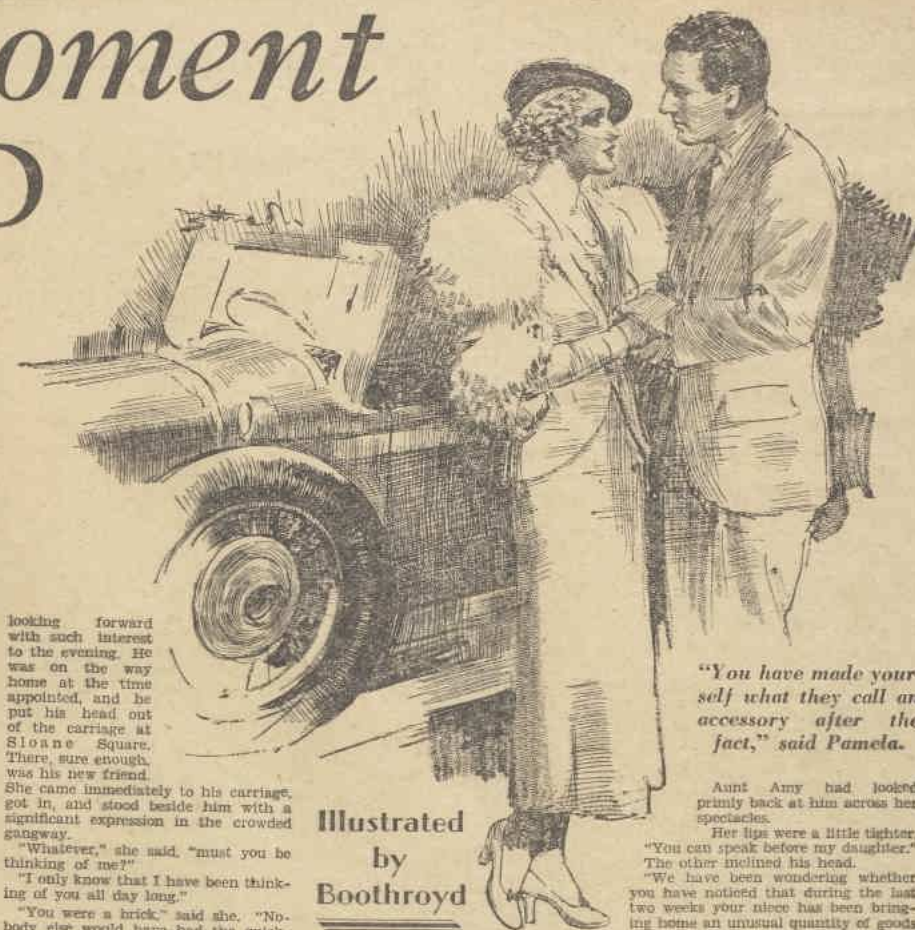
And as she was hesitating they got out.

Side by side they left the station. Side by side they walked along the road. The girl looked up at him for a long time and he did not blink an eyelid. His tongue was once again tucked cheerfully into his cheek.

She said, a little breathlessly: "There's one thing I must explain. One of the fairy stories I've been telling is that you have been giving me... a lot of presents."

"I am just that sort of man," said Peter.

Illustrated
by
Boothroyd



"You have made yourself what they call an accessory after the fact," said Pamela.

Aunt Amy had looked primly back at him across her spectacles.

Her lips were a little tighter. "You can speak before my daughter."

The other inclined his head.

"We have been wondering whether you have noticed that during the last two weeks your niece has been bringing home an unusual quantity of goods from our shops." He paused and felt his chin. "The rules of the house are, of course, particularly strict. Girls may make certain purchases, but on leaving by the staff door they are always liable to be stopped and for their parcels to be inspected. We try not to enforce that rule unless quite necessary, but reports have been reaching us for some time now that hardly a day has passed without your niece bringing home a parcel which has usually contained expensive underclothes, or fabrics for frocks."

"I should be pleased and proud."

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"I am just that sort of man," said Peter.

She pointed to a parcel under her arm.

"You gave me this."

"I bet it cost a packet."

"It's a frock. I had better tell you what it's like."

"And what it cost, I think."

"Yes, I'll explain. And then, I think, don't you, I had better know your name?"

He told her, and heard hers. It was Pamela Wade. And as they walked along, closely in conference, Peter could not help thinking that though he had not apparently been missed, all the time he had been pretending to have been travelling up to town with him each day!

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My Favorite Poem

Baby

Where did you come from, baby dear?

Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?

Out of the sky as I came through.

Where did you get that little heart?

I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?

A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?

I saw something better than anyone knows.

Where that three-cornered smile of bliss?

Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?

God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Well, whence did you come, you darling thing?

From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all just come to be you?

God thought about me and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?

God thought about you and so I am here.

—G. MacDonald.

Sent in by Miss Mollie O'Grady, 15 Carlton St., Manly, Sydney.

When his paper gave it to him with-
out even looking up. One or two
sneering residents called out an every-
day "Good morning, Platt!" He caught
the bus, and the conductor punched
a ticket with his usual blind con-
science. If, when Peter reached his
flat, he found that he had not been
land there either, there would be
a father and the mother of a row
out it; that was his mood when he

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Lait.
sketched by Petrov

NECKLINES of the MOMENT

THE daytime silhouette for autumn and winter can be divided into two parts—the top and the lower half of the dress or coat. Above the waist the bust is accentuated; there are fullness and drapery and all kinds of collars and necklines. Below this the hips are flat, except for occasional peplums. The tighter the skirt around this part of the body the better. When there is any fullness it is placed centre front in dresses, and either front or back in coats. The all-important part is the bodice and neckline.

THERE is so little space between the belt at the normal waistline and the neck that whatever happens to the bodice must have its effect on the décolleté. Sleeves are set in at the normal shoulder line, and are long and tight. They can be raglan with wide or narrow armholes, or they can be set in a few

Bibs, Scarves, Bands and Super-High Collars



PETROV.

• A SPORTS dress is tailored of blue and white checked Harris tweed, trimmed with blue leather buttons.

• MOLYNEUX model. An ensemble in black angora, with a wide vermillion suede belt and a high collar lined with red. Note the shirred skirt fullness. The high hussar hat of black felt balances this ultra-smart neckline.

• A DRESS of pale grey mossy crepe has a scarf neckline, which is shirred. It is worn with blue accessories.

• A VIVID yellow wool and chocolate brown taffeta are allied to make a smart afternoon frock. It is worn under a brown coat with the latest off-the-face hat.

• A VERY smart autumn afternoon frock of black sheer wool has a wide tailored belt, and a scarf of white velvet comes through a slot in the bodice.

of three or four covered cords. Draped necklines can be a continuation of the bodice, and might tie at either side, or fall in scarf ends over each shoulder in back.

There are loose bodices shirred into a band shaping the throat. Much shirring is seen. It gives the effect of a peasant bodice and sometimes the whole yoke is finely shirred, with cuffs or pockets to match.

The scarf neckline is first favorite. This shows a piece or pieces of material joined to the bodice and draping in an intricate manner around the neck. The same material as the dress can be used, but it is in this manner that the touch of color, so fashionable at the moment on dark frocks, is introduced. A contrasting fabric is used. Thus on a black, navy blue, or grey frock the scarf or turtleneck would be vivid red, emerald green, or bright yellow, in wool, velvet, velvet or crepe.

The ends of the collar can twist and cross, and then be stitched back on to the dress. They can tie in a bow, or they can come through a slot in the bodice and hang out. The latter style is sketched on this page, a white velvet scarf on a black wool dress.

Many collars are just straight scarves joined to the dress from shoulder to shoulder at the back. They tie like an ascot, or in a bow under the chin. Orange and green scarves on brown frocks and rust-red, tan, or dark green on leaf or almond green frocks.

Rippling Lapels

THERE are lapels that ripple, on big coats and short jackets, and lapels faced with flat fur.

Jackets that do up centre-front have little Eton collars of smooth fur or velvet. Jabots, shaped like square bibs, are gathered or shirred on to a cord which goes around the neck fastening in back. These "bibs" fall in folds to below the chest, and extend out as far as the arm at the base. They match or contrast with the frock.

Plastrons, like enormous bibs, made of quilted velvet, or crepe, or of metal-run woollen in a contrasting color to the dress, cover the entire front of the bodice, and are high to the neck. They button on to the dress, which can be worn with and without.

Sleeveless waistcoats or vests in a pale or bright color are worn over dark frocks. These are seen on winter dresses made of Astrachan. Under these bibs, plastrons, jabots, and vests the neck is simple, just shaped round the base of the throat.

A short narrow scarf is worn round the neck and tucked in centre-front when the more elaborate trimming is left off.

Plain, round, and square necks on sports clothes have these small scarves in bright colors, checked or plaid, tucked into the neckline.

inches below the top of the arm. In some of the most distinctive French models they are cut on the cross in one piece with the bodice. They are often three-quarter length. They are always simple, lacking the cartridge pleats, cordings, and other trimmings of last winter.

With these plain sleeves and severe skirts all interest is concentrated on the bodice which is always slightly bloused or loose across the bust. In seven cases out of ten it is cut on the bias.

Daytime necklines for winter are always high, generally just to the base of the throat. Exceptionally smart is Molyneux's super-high model sketched on this page. The wrinkled collar reaches almost as high as the ears—but don't try this unless you possess an oval face and a long neck.

COLLARS are sometimes straight, sometimes draped. In the latter case they are twisted like a scarf or tied in a bow. Little bands like military collars stand around your throat, opening centre back, and are often formed

HATS - and How to Wear Them!



● **BELOW:** Last year the halo hat had its most successful day, and this autumn we are all going to wear at least one hat whose crown is high. This model in black antelope combines the old with the new. It is worn as we wore last year's halo hats, leaving about an inch of hair showing all round the head.



—Kits by courtesy of David Jones Ltd.

● **IN THE CIRCLE at the left** is a entire-blue toque of fur felt with slashings of grosgrain to tone. An ornament of thick silk cord is finished with gold points and gives a jaunty aspect to the high crown. Unlike the 1934 halo hat, the brimless high-crowned 1935 model is worn pulled down over the forehead.

● **IN THE CENTRE OF CIRCLE** above is shown a tabac-brown fur felt with Pied Piper point to high crown. A rouleau of Persian lamb around the crown is dyed to tone. This is a model which requires careful putting on, and demands perfectly-groomed hair.

● **IN THE CIRCLE AT THE RIGHT,** a toque of ebony-brown fur felt, with facings of antelope, finished with dull gold ornament and lacquered eye-veil. The arrangement of the veil over one eye gives an air of sophistication to counteract the naïveté of the turned-up brim.

● **AT LEFT:** A modish but simple model of batter's plait. A typical high-crowned 1935 model, it has the wide brim turned back to give the halo effect in an even more exaggerated form than that to which we have been accustomed.

LIPS Colorful ENOUGH TO BE Alluring NEVER CONSPICUOUS WITH PAINT

THESE are the soft, natural lips that men admire. Never coated with red paint—but alluring with natural-looking color... color that you, too, can have by using the lipstick which isn't paint.

Tangee contains a color-change principle which makes it intensify the natural coloring in your lips... so much so that men think Tangee color is your own!

In the stick Tangee looks orange. But on your lips it changes to rose, the one shade most natural for your type! Tangee stays on all day and its special cream base soothes and softens.

Also Tangee Theatrical, a deeper shade.



ROUGE COMPACT changes color too—blends with your own natural coloring. French puff and mirror with each case.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Sole Distributors for Australia: R. G. TURNLEY AND SON, Melbourne.



UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look... make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



An Editorial

MARCH 16, 1935

SAVING MOTHERS



SPEAKING at the Federal Health Conference at Canberra last week on the high rate of maternal mortality, the Federal Minister for Health, Mr. W. M. Hughes, said that there were three factors in the problem, the woman, the midwife, and the doctor.

"One of those three has done this thing," Mr. Hughes is reported as saying. "Whoever has done it, someone has to bear the blame. It is useless to blame the community or the Parliament."

This may be rich oratory. It is poor logic. The problem is not so simple that it involves only three factors.

That "one of the three has done this thing" is an unhappy attitude for our Federal Minister for Health to adopt, since it is liable to sow dissension in the very ranks in which it is essential that a spirit of complete confidence should be fostered. If the problem is ever to be solved, women, doctors, and nurses must work in co-operation.

This was recently pointed out by a noted obstetrician in Great Britain. He said: "If mothers, doctors, and maternity nurses remained in touch with each other and co-operated consistently, we would soon reduce the high mortality."

How they can co-operate without help from Parliament or the community it is hard to see. Every expectant mother has a right to enough assistance to ensure getting ante-natal advice and adequate care during child-birth. The community owes it to her, and Parliament should see she has this protection.

Think of the risks taken by an expectant mother living in an isolated country district! The nearest maternity hospital is miles distant. She cannot face the expense of travelling to it, and it has not yet occurred to Governments that she might be given free transport to hospital. Equally she cannot afford to pay for the travelling expenses of a trained nurse. So she has to go through the ordeal without nurse or doctor.

Is it, as Mr. Hughes says, useless to blame the community or Parliament if she dies in child-birth?

It would be strange logic to conclude that her death could be ascribed to "the woman, the doctor, or the midwife."

—THE EDITOR.

Lyric of Life

In Memoriam

To have lived gallantly,
Brave and uncomplaining,
And to have passed nobly,
Valiantly,
Through the inevitable portals...
This, I think, is inspiration
To us all,
And the resurrection of belief
In the greatness of our own kind.

—PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN.

POINTS OF VIEW

Surgeons Now

THE woman doctor goes literally from strength to strength. Not so long since she was a student—a solitary specimen in an army of male students, outwardly brave, but inwardly self-conscious and a bit abashed at her own appearance in that gallery.

She qualified amid more amazement, and then, greatly daring, hoisted a plate to show who she was and what she was prepared to do. People passed and looked at the plate. Some wondered, some sniggered; some said "good gosh" or words to that effect. But for a long time the woman doctor sat in her nicely fitted-up apartments alone.

Now mark the change. At the opening of the new premises of the Royal College of Surgeons in Melbourne last month, two women surgeons were admitted to the honors of Fellowship. The physician's part has long been played by women with success; the surgeon's job that calls for iron nerve as well as skill was a masculine preserve until recently. Now woman excels at that.

Their Excuse

IT was impolite of them. It was wrong. It was scandalous. It was—really, our wrath rises as we think of it. Those Franconia visitors! Not to put too fine a point on it, they have bedraggled the Stars and Stripes, thrown mud on the fair face of International Comity, and cast a spanner in the wheel of Pan-Pacific progress.

You wouldn't have thought it. No one would. But ask the Lord Mayor of Sydney. He had prepared a reception. Had everything ready. Cakes and ices and EVERYTHING! Was there himself, waiting in the porch. And they never came!!

As we said, it was wrong, oh, very wrong! But, stay a minute. There was an excuse. They were pressed for time and they wanted to see our native bears in Koola Park. "We've seen thousands of Lord Mayors," they said, "but not one native bear." Well, perhaps—

Modern Calpurnia

LADY CAMPBELL, wife of the British speedster, has won a place in history. She is the Calpurnia of the modern motor world. You remember that when Julius Caesar was starting out for the Roman Capitol, while Brutus, Cassius and Co. were sharpening their daggers, the lady came to him with entreaties not to go.

But the great man was adamant. "Caesar shall forth" is what Shakespeare makes him say. And then you have the resounding lines:

"Towards die many times before their death
The valiant only taste of death but once."

Quite so. The modern Calpurnia was more successful than her Roman prototype. Her husband was just as determined, despite her entreaties, as was Julius Caesar, but the lady got the car manufacturers to work and they stopped the resolute man from going.

Which One?

"ONE horrible exception!" Don't blame us—it was Mr. O'Reilly, the film censor, who said it. He was talking about the generally improved standard of Australian films. Then he came down with a crash on the one unspecified, inglorious offspring of someone's misdirected energies and hopes.

What was it? Could it have been? But surely not. Or, perhaps—well, it MIGHT have been that one. Reminds you of Robespierre, the French dictator, who used to look around the Convention and say that while taking them all round they were decent enough citizens there were just one or two who should—and would—be sent to the guillotine.

The Australian dictator of the film business is as cryptic as the Frenchman, but our movie magnates are milder men than the Revolutionists who thought themselves all pointed at as horrible exceptions and sent the accused to the scaffold. It was his reward for not making himself plain.



GIRLHOOD. A CHARMING study of healthy Australian girlhood. It is at this tender age that a young person is liable to develop an "inferiority" complex if wrongly brought up. See article on this page.

Too Much Thrill?

SIR CHARLES KINGSFORD SMITH wants three people to fly with him to New Zealand. Says each of the three can rely on having "comfort, a thrill, and a happy landing." No age or color limit. Anyone with £50 to spare can have the trip. Heavyweights as welcome as ballet dancers or jockeys.

Sad to relate, the last message from Sir Charles, radioed from a point of vantage on the edge of the Pacific, was that there had been no responses to date. No one wanted to fly with him at the price. No romantic damsel was anxious to throw herself into his bus or his arms. And no fat man, wanting a change of scene or an escape from his creditors, jumped at the opportunity.

A nice question arises. Was it the £50 or the prospect of a "thrill" that caused them to hold back? In the great majority of us there is just a shade too much thrill about a 1200-mile ocean flight. That is the only way you can account for the complete absence of acceptors for such an event.

FROM SUE TO LOU

A Bright Girl's Letters



That Monster, the "Inferiority" Complex

A Review of the Rev. Leslie D. Weatherhead's Book, "Psychology and Life"

We nearly all talk glibly about "complexes," especially that strange monster, the "inferiority complex." Rev. Leslie D. Weatherhead, therefore, in a new publication, "Psychology and Life," devotes a long chapter to asking us do we really know just what we are talking about.

IT is absurd to talk as though complexes were a sort of mental disease to be avoided by everyone who can, says the author. Every living creature has some kind of complexes. The motor mechanic and photographer who go for a ride show this fact well. The mechanic watches the driver changing gears, and looks out for chickens crossing the road, while his photographer friend keeps his eyes glued to the scenery. The mechanic's thoughts and feelings are all directed by his "mechanical complex," and the photographer's by his "photography complex."

Complexes are bad when we continually think about and feel strongly about something which is not good for us.

It is a very unfortunate child who is lamed in his youth by infantile paralysis. But Mr. Weatherhead points out that the parents of such a boy should strive to bring out some such talent as music, painting, or singing, which is not done with the feet, instead of letting his attention be concentrated morbidly upon his deformity.

By the first means he will be made a happy and valuable member of the community, but if left in the second plight he will probably develop an "inferiority complex."

This illustration describes how a physical defect can cause an inferiority complex, but parents should be careful to realize that a wrong attitude on their part to a child can do untold harm. Should they have two children, one good-looking and one plain, they should pay the plain one just as much attention as the other. If they don't, the whole mental outlook of the plain child may be warped into an acute inferiority complex.

Many Disguises

PSYCHOLOGISTS point out that inferiority complexes are often disguised by their possessors, usually into what appear "superiority" complexes.

A beautiful woman is sparing in make-up, but a plain one, who feels strongly about her inferior looks, over-compensates them by over-painting, while the man who is disappointed in life, not necessarily because he has been a failure, but because he finds everything pointless, and boring, takes to drink.

All social service workers realise that the cause of drinking is psychological, not because drink tastes nice. When such a man becomes intoxicated he will usually feel all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds, and he himself is the very devil of a fellow.

Mr. Weatherhead tells why an inferiority complex is bad.

It is a well-known psychological truth that we value ourselves as others do to a large extent. The man who can retain his faith in himself through years, perhaps a lifetime, of neglect, is rare to the point of being practically unknown.

The little plain girl who is driven to day-dreaming over the story of Cinderella through her inferiority complex may dream so much that fantasy becomes more real than reality, and she is put into the asylum suffering from "delusions of greatness"; the little unwanted boy may lose all confidence in himself, so that he fails miserably at all examinations and such tests through sheer terror, and is finally driven to suicide.

The recent depression gave rise to quite an abnormal crop of suicides, many men having their minds affected by continued unemployment, and their consequent feeling of inferiority.

Aid To Success

ON the other hand, Mr. Weatherhead raises a very interesting point by showing how an inferiority complex may help a person to "get on."

It is suggested that it was because Napoleon's small stature gave him an inferiority complex that he was so keen to conquer the world. The plain girl may pay extra attention to her looks, and so rival the naturally beautiful woman who lets herself go. Demosthenes overcame his stammer, and the sense of inferiority associated with it, by becoming a famous orator, and both Roosevelt and Sandow, who were delicate children, overcame their inferiority in ways that are known to all thus giving valuable lives to their country.

On the whole this chapter of "Psychology and Life," and the others which include talks upon "some energies of the mind," "repression," and "self-control," and "fear, anxiety, phobia and worry," are more than usually valuable, not only because of their intrinsic interest, but through their graphic writing.

"BAIL UP," Cries BUSHRANGER LOWER!

How His Vigilance
Saved Him from
the Vigilantes

WHEN I was born I sat up in bed and said, "I want to be a bee farmer." And my father said, "Fancy him bee-having like that so young!"

I made a half-hitch in my binder (not worn these days, I believe—they have backless nappies) and said, "Being a newcomer to this family, I should not like to cause any disruption in a hitherto happy menage, therefore I am willing to become a baker, a boot-maker, a butcher, a bridge-builder, a bosun, a blister... anything that starts with a B."

My father, who was a man of great business acumen, decided that I should become a bushranger.

NOW, I don't want all you old ladies of eighty and ninety saying, "Yes, I remember when I was a girl, Fireball Lower called at my father's farm for a new flint for his lighter. Father was away at the time. He was always very gentle with women, and he kissed me as he was riding through the slip-rails."

No, said the old lady to our reporter, I don't think that girls are what they used to be, what with their colored finger-nails and cocktails and fal de lals. Still, I suppose other days, other ways. Hey ho! (When are you going to get on with this story?) Damned typewriter roll won't go around. Do all my typewriting with a pen in future.

I was just a poor, hard-working lad when I was unjustly pinched for horse-strangling and sentenced to three months or the rising of the Court.

So I Got Shot!

I came out of that living hell an embittered man, and immediately became an enthusiastic bushranger. My first hold-up was on a wild, wet, windy, woisterous night when the gale howled and trees were blown down and the branches were scattered all over the place.

I got shot that night. As a matter of fact, if I hadn't been shot I wouldn't have



The Army turns out to chase Ned Kelly Lower.

had the nerve to go through with the business. I waited in the darkness on the side of the road. It was bitterly cold, and I pulled my ambush more closely around me. I could hear the coach approaching (pull yourself together) and, as it drew level with me, I urged my faithful horse into the road.

Orders Are Orders

"Bail up!" I cried in clear, ringing tones. To this I added: "Stand and deliver!" "Halt!" and "Whoa!" to make sure of the thing.

The coach-driver reined in his panting horses and got down off his seat. "Listen," he said, "This is getting monotonous. What's the big idea halting me up every night in the same place?"

"Don't you know that I own the refreshment-room on the other side of the road, mug?" I replied. You've got to be pretty stern with these coach-drivers. I went home in a taxi the other night and the driver had the gall to ask me for eight shillings for a five-bob ride. Did I tell

him off! I'll say. And did I pay him the eight shillings!

Yes.

"All passengers out of the coach," I commanded. "Men on one side of the road and women on the other. Search yourselves and toss the lot into this barrel." I forgot to tell you that I never travelled without a barrel.

WELL, I was chucking a comely wench under the chin and chucking a dirty big loafer into the ditch when there

BY
L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist
ILLUSTRATED BY WEP

came the sound of clattering hoofs. "The troopers!" gasped the coach-driver, smiling malignantly. Malignantly. Dashed good. I must use that word more often. It was the troopers. I stood my ground as they came up.

Nice Goings On

"Ha! Ha!" said the main or head trooper. "Nice goings on, I must say. A fine how d'y do!" He turned to the coachman. "You are pinched," he said, "for loitering in a public place and for parking in a non-parking area."

"And as for you, Fireball," he said, turning to me, "you'll have to give up this bush-rangering. You're out in all weathers and, goodness knows, you might catch your death of cold. Why don't you take up politics instead?"

"Sir," I said, drawing myself and horse up to our full height, "I may be a bush-ranger but, dammitall, only on a small scale. I resent your suggestion."

He bowed and shook my hand while the tears rolled down his face. "We need more men like you in this country," he said.

I malignanted at him and rode off. But he was right. There ought to be more men like me.



Hyde Park
Barracks

The old Hyde Park Barracks, situated at the top of King Street, Sydney, and now occupied by the District Court, is one of the few surviving buildings of early Sydney.

This building was erected in 1817 during the term of Governor Macquarie, and the same year saw the establishment of the Bank of New South Wales as a result of a meeting of citizens called by the Governor.

In the 118 years since its establishment, the Bank has played an important part in the development of all the Australian States, New Zealand and the Pacific Islands, and in these territories has established over 720 branches.

Bank of New South Wales

(Established 1817)

with which the Western Australian Bank and The Australian Bank of Commerce Ltd. are amalgamated.

Bank of New South Wales Historical Series No. 2.

111c

TAKING the Danger OUT of the "Danger HAND"

Playing to Win in Contract

One of the first things the declarer should try to decide is which adversary holds the "danger hand" and how this adversary may be prevented from gaining the lead after establishing the tricks.

ONE of the methods commonly used is to hold up a controlling card in this adversary's long suit until his partner has no card of that suit with which to put him in the lead. Another is to put the danger hand in the lead, and thus deprive him of an entry card, at a time when the lead can do him no good. Both methods are illustrated in the following hand:

South, dealer.
East and West vulnerable.

S-5 3
H-6 2
D-A K J 10 2
C-Q J 6 3

S-K 10 7 6 2
H-K 10 5
D-7 4
C-K 8 5

N
W E
S

S-A Q 5
H-A J 9 4
D-10 8 2
C-A 9 4

The bidding:
South West North East
1 H Pass 2 D Pass
2 NT Pass 3 NT Pass

West opened the spade six and South won the Jack with the Queen.

South could see that the bulk of his winners must come from setting up the diamond suit, but as this might require losing the lead in diamonds, he had to prepare to shut out the adverse spade suit.

He could, of course, withhold the spade Ace until the third round of the suit, but this course would be futile if West had a side re-entry. If the diamond suit would produce five tricks, no clubs would be necessary except the Ace. But if the diamond suit would produce only four tricks, an additional club trick would be necessary.

South did not fear a heart entry in West's hand, since he himself had command of the suit, but the possible club

By Ely
Culbertson

World's
Champion
Player
and
Greatest
Card Analyst.



entry was to be feared because it stood in the way of a second club trick.

His course was thus indicated. He led a diamond to the Ace in dummy and then led the Queen of clubs for a finesse. If the finesse won, he was sure of his two club tricks without loss of the lead, and he could then turn his attention to the establishment of the diamond suit. If the finesse lost, then at least the dangerous club King had been knocked out of the West hand before South's spade Ace could be forced out.

After winning the club King, West continued spades; but South held up his Ace, and when later the diamond finesse lost to East, and East returned a heart (having no spade left), South put up the Ace of hearts and ran his tricks. The clubs breaking, South made four no-trump.

(Copyright.)

FROM
ELIZABETH CRAIG'S
RECIPE BOOK

Here's a delicious
dish

FAIRY PUDDING, as the name suggests, is a light dainty dish. Served with Foster Clark's Creamy Custard, you could hardly think of anything more tempting.

FAIRY PUDDING

4 pint water
2 egg whites
1 large lemon
2 tablespoons cornflour
2 tablespoons castor sugar
1 pint FOSTER CLARK'S CREAMY CUSTARD

Bring water, sugar, and lemon rind and juice to the boil. Remove rind. Mix cornflour to a paste with a little water and stir in. Boil 3 minutes. Turn into a basin and stir in the stiffly frothed egg whites. Pour into a wet mould. When set, turn out on a glass dish. Serve with custard sauce. Enough for 4 persons.

Write for Elizabeth Craig's free recipe book with nearly 100 different ways of serving Foster Clark's custard. (Enclose 1d stamp).

Foster Clark's
creamy CUSTARD

17 Thurlow St.,
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15-166

CUT OUT THIS RECIPE



**USE ONLY a cleanser
that leaves your bath
sanitary and smooth!**

You may think that all cleansers are pretty much alike. But they aren't! Gritty materials leave scratches on your baths. These scratches, even though they be tiny ones, are large enough for dirt and germs to catch in... perhaps opening the way to infection and sickness.

But Bon Ami is different. It is safe. It quickly makes baths thoroughly clean... gives them a polish such as nothing else can... but doesn't scratch and dull their lustrous surfaces.

BON AMI

is pure, white
and odourless

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"



RENEGADE

Complete Short
Story

By ANN
MARTIN



It is said that in a lover's eyes every woman bears resemblance to the beloved. Whether or not this is true of all lovers is a moot point, but certainly it was the case with Jim Blake on Saturday, bright and warm, one of those days for which spring is famous.

He was waiting for Edna. She, unusual for her, was late, but every young woman coming along the path looked at first glance like her. A bench in the gardens was their meeting place, the garden where they had begun so many of their Saturday afternoons, lunching at the kiosk, wandering idly for the rest of the day to this place or that—does it matter where lovers go? Any old place is an enchanted spot.

He finished his cigarette and lit another. Family parties had tablecloths spread on the grass, wherever he looked children were playing in groups, the sound of their voices came to him diffused, the words indistinguishable, just a shouting, a laughing and a calling, rising sometimes to a crescendo and dying away again.

He was an American. You would never have known that, of course, unless you heard him speak. His voice had the soft drawl which belongs only to those who first learned to talk in West Virginia. His eyes were blue, his hair that off-fair color—mousey some people call it, and his necktie one which stamped him immediately as a man not quite up to the moment in men's fashions. But there you are. When one had knocked around the world and back again; when one has run away from home at 15 to join a whaling ship and gone through hell in the Arctic sea; spent five years in the American Navy till the monotony of waiting for a war has grown wearisome; when one has had the excitement of deserting a man-o'-war at Yokohama; found Japan a glorious country, and a Japanese girl—well, he wasn't the first American sailor who loved a butterfly. As I say, when one has done all these things, and then some more, plus managing to learn a little about engineering and getting a job several times over in that field of labor, which does a lot in helping to run the world, then one finds that fashions have been leaping ahead, and one's attire is somewhat valiantly behind the times.

There he was, man of the world, man of travel (does it matter that he travelled to sea), hard-bitten? (I'll say!) his American friends would answer to that question? There was Jim Blake sitting on a bench in the gardens, waiting for a girl and imagining that every dress fluttering along the path was the one for which he waited.

When she came it wasn't by way of the path. He caught sight of her walking across a stretch of grass, her dress blown sideways by the wind.

She smiled at him through the blossom of a plum tree, and he met her as she turned the corner of a garden bed.

They had lunch at the kiosk. They crossed the harbor on a ferry, and walked along that narrow path around the headland at Athol—the path all Sydney lovers have walked at some time or another. They bought a packet of sandwiches and a bottle of cider at Clifton, and ate and drank on a rock just out of reach of the sea's salt spray, and that night they made plans for a life together—until death's dark hounds should part them.

"I think," said Edna, "we should wait at least six months."

But that to Jim Blake meant six months waited. He preferred that the wedding day should be next week. He came from the land where opportunities are taken on the first tide. Edna considered the matter, her face pensive in the moonlight, but whole body so adorably fragile that he couldn't bear to think of her living one moment longer without his protection.

"We'll get married now if you like, but I'll keep my job until we are quite settled."

If Edna had told him she would fly to the moon next instant he couldn't have been more astounded.

"Keep your job—Hell! What do you think I am?"

"But you haven't been here very long. You may lose your job some time or—well, you have been rather a rolling stone, haven't you? You may get tired of staying in one place and want to move on, and—don't you see?"

"Yes, I do see. You're dead scared I won't turn up trumps. I wonder you think of marrying me at all."

"It is amazing, isn't it? Perhaps I'd better not think about it any more."

"Maybe you're right. You know what you want."

"I do. I want some security in my

life. There's nothing secure about you. You're just a renegade."

"So that's all I amount to? Well—I'll take you home and then so long."

"What are you—what are you going to do then?"

"I'll be strolling along somewhere."

"Are you going away? Where are you going?"

"Baroco."

"You'll get Baroco rot."

He had no idea where the Baroco was. The name had just occurred to his mind, and Edna knew as little as he did about the place and its position on the map.

BOTH were feeling sorry for the harsh things that had been said, but there it is. Perfect days so often have imperfect endings, and lovers' meetings so often spell the doom of lovers' partings.

For long that night, and for many nights after Edna tried hard to convince herself that it didn't matter. She tried to forget a sun-browned face, lined too deeply for its years—"looking at the world and humanity had put these lines there," he had once said—a face that could laugh wholeheartedly most times, a little ironically sometimes, and she tried not to remember the sound of a voice with an American accent.

As for the renegade, a week later he was digging for opals at Lightning Ridge. There was no spring on the opal field. Scorching summer burnt his face and bare arms to a negro tan. He hoped it would burn memory out of his heart, and serve an everlasting picture from his mind—a picture of a girl with brown hair curling under a small hat; a light summer dress blown sideways by the wind; a girl fresh, calm, and serene, too damned serene.

Many times Edna told herself she would soon forget a reckless never-dowell. If only there weren't so many things to remind her of him. So often she saw a face in the street which looked for an instant like his face, so many times she turned suddenly thinking she had caught sight of him only to see a stranger passing by. The sea made her remember cider and sandwiches on a rock at Clifton. Ships were part of the life of which he had so often spoken. She wanted to banish

completely from her mind everything that had to do with ships and the sea. The gardens which had so often been their meeting place were closed to her. She wanted never to walk there again; never any more to have lunch at a kiosk. A girl at the office told her she was looking pale; someone else told her she was getting thin. Never sound nor sign from one who had spat out the word "Baroco" as though it had been the farthest outpost of the world to which he could go.

Then came Keith Marshall with tickets for theatres, and suggestions for Sunday picnics. Keith was steady and serious—solemn almost, but, anyway, the kind of person on whom one could depend. He would never rush off to the edge of beyond somewhere, and forget even to write a line on a sheet of paper to say where he was. She went to theatres and for picnics with Keith; she told herself she was fond of him, and never again would she give a passing thought to a renegade. Nevertheless, on those picnic days there was no getting away from the things Jim had liked so much—the warm wind touching one's face; the smell of the sea or the bush; the sun all day, and when the sun went down that blue dusk which brings such melancholy to the lonely-hearted.

Keith was solicitous always, anxious to please. Did you like that show? Are you happy? Are you enjoying yourself? She grew tired of answering "yes" to his questions, so one night she said "no," burst out crying, ran away when he tried to pacify her, and next day sent him a letter saying that she was in love with someone else, and would rather not see him again.

She stayed home at night after that, grew thinner, paler, and more forlorn. Of one thing alone was she certain, if Jim came back and asked her again to marry him she would toss her job to the wind without a vestige of concern.

ONE month had been sufficient to convince Jim Blake that a fortune might be dug from an opal field, but he was not the one to find it. He returned to Sydney, hoping, anxious that he might see Edna, yet trying to convince himself that he wanted never to see her again. Somehow on his first evening in the city he stopped to buy a paper from a newsboy opposite the door of her office building. He was about to move on, but it was just a few minutes before five. There was no hurry. Not for a moment would he admit that he was waiting for her, still he might see her as she went out. It may even happen that he would bump into her a little further along the street—just accidentally! Then he saw the door swing open and Edna walk out. In an instant he had stepped off the footpath and was half way across the street.

Please turn to Page 48

Liverish people in France...

Warner's Safe Cure has been proven over and over again in every quarter of the globe. On our files are hundreds of letters telling of people, in all parts of the world, who have successfully used Warner's Safe Cure in the treatment of liver and kidney disorders.

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"After the complete recovery of my father, I feel it my duty to express our sincerest thanks. My father was for a long time suffering from very serious liver disease, and we had given up all hopes of recovery. After using four bottles of Warner's Safe Cure he was completely cured and able to follow his occupation again. We can strongly recommend to all such sufferers Warner's Safe Cure."

—Bertha Bischoff, Saarlouis-Lorraine, FRANCE.

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SOMEBODY

Waiting

By...
Louis Arthur
Cunningham

Complete
Short
Story

Only the unsevered ties of love could
show him the true way to freedom!

THE huge gates of Kingsdale Prison clanged shut on Eddie Marlow. The sound was a glad echo of their dismal closing three years ago, on that autumn day when Edward Marlow became Convict 8347 and changed a life of quiet luxury for the grim and awful routine of the Big House. Three years of it. The world, even a few yards outside the grey walls, seemed a vast place. A wonderful place. A new land. To be able to walk as far as he wanted, to be able to rise when he felt like it, rest when he wanted to, eat the kind of food he liked. Why, it would take him a year, he thought, to get used to it.

Three long years in which the world, his friends, everyone had forgotten him. He walked out into the wide roadway and swung past the prison. Free. A suit of clothes; a few shillings in his pocket. But free—that was the thing. What if the world had forgotten him? What did anything matter in the face of this sensation that made him want to leap and run and stretch out his arms and know, with a joyous lifting of the heart, that those outstretched hands would touch neither stone nor steel.

Across the road from the prison a blue roadster was parked. The kind of car he used to own. The kind of car his friends drove. Going back to that world again—the world of motors and yachts and parties; of good clothes, good food, good companions. He stared at the car, at the blonde girl sitting behind the wheel. He stared harder, his eyes widened; then he shut them. It couldn't be. They—they'd all forgotten him. No one had come. No one had written. He was dreaming. He opened his eyes. She was looking at him. She waved a white-gloved hand.

He stumbled across the road. Lord, he couldn't even walk right. She was out of the car now. Tall, slender, blue-eyed, exquisite. How beautiful she was. His eyes, starved for the sight of such as she swept her wistfully, hungrily. Life, the world, freedom—freedom to look on beauty, on women like this—to touch her hand.

"Jill!" he said huskily. "Jill! You—remembered. Good, how glad I am that you, at least, did!"

He took her hand in both of his. His eyes looked funny. It was a lonely road. There was a lone black sedan parked further down. He lifted her hand to his cheek to his lips. He rubbed his cheek against it.

"Three years," he muttered. "Three years, Jill, since I touched a woman's hand, since I felt the wonder and beauty of a woman. And here it is you waiting for me. The one I've thought of and

dreamed about and cursed myself for losing. I—I can't believe, Jill!" He stared into the blue eyes. They were misty. The little mouth trembled. She lifted a handkerchief to her eyes. But she continued to look at him.

"I—I'm glad to see you, Eddie. I'm glad you're free. Come and sit in the car with me. You look so pale and tired, yet you're the same."

Jill Moore slid in under the wheel, Eddie got in beside her.

"I'm taking the train from the station down there," he said, with a slight, determined smile. "It will be along in five minutes."

"What are you going to do? Where are you going?"

Her shoulder touched his. He thought, laying his hand on hers: "I could shut my eyes and sit like this for ever. It's worth waiting three years for. It's worth being in prison to feel a sensation like this. She's so warm and soft and—and the perfume." He touched her hair.

"Going to do?" He looked up at her. "I'm going to work. I'm going to make good. I got off on the wrong foot, you know. You can't beat the race, I slipped badly." But I know how to go ahead now.

"You have something in view then, Eddie?"

"Listen, Jill, darling, I had two things in view. One is a job, an honest-to-God job with hard work and good pay and a chance to clean up in a few years. The other—" He broke off, and looked over his shoulder. "See that big car down there? Well, that's the other thing I had in view. Big money but crooked. I met a fellow in the prison. He liked me. He fixed it for me to get in with these pals of his. I'd be cleaning up a fortune in a few months."

"But, Eddie, you wouldn't! After being in there—" She looked at him, frightened.

HE laughed harshly. It made her shiver. "Oh, I don't know. You come out of there. You don't feel like starting at the bottom and working like a slave. You learn things, Dutch Courroy told me about this racket. It looked good—and I was going with those chaps in that car—until I saw you."

Jill's full red lip was caught between tiny teeth. He felt her hand clutch his. She turned her face away.

"Until I saw you and then everything seemed different. The sun seemed to burst out from behind the clouds where it's been hiding for three years. I looked at you and I knew in an instant what I was going to do. I'm going down there and get the train going to the city and see Grouse. I'm going to be a friend of my dad's. He offered me this engineering work in Yucatan. I'm going to Yucatan. I'll be there three years more. But I'll love it. I'm going to put body and soul into it and I'm going to make a success of it. That is what seeing you here did to me, Jill. That's what your faith, your friendship, did to me. Probably if I'd gone with Dutch Courroy's pals, I'd have landed back in the Big House. But never again. Life is too sweet now. I'm going away. I'll be thinking of you and when I come back, if—if you—"

"I'll be around, Eddie," she said softly. "You write to me. I'm living at Millerton, ten miles from here. You write to me. And when you come back I—well, maybe I'll be waiting."

He laid his head on her shoulder. Far down the track, a train whistled. He kissed her cheek.

"I'll take that path through the field, Jill. It will save time. Good-bye, Jill."

"Good-bye, Eddie." She gave him her lips.

Then he was out of the car and sprinting across the fields down to the little Kingsdale Station. He waved to her. A white kerchief fluttered in answer. The long train pulled in, stopped a moment. She saw him swing aboard. Each waved again, then the train vanished around a bend.

She sat down behind the wheel. She smiled in the mirror; she saw that her eyes were red, her hair dis-

arranged. She got her compact from her bag and deftly powdered her nose and touched up her lips. In the mirror she saw a man coming up behind her. He was carrying a large tin. He was hot and dusty. He put down the tin behind the car and mopped his brow.

"Here I am," he said. He removed the cap from the gas tank and poured the two gallons in. Then he came around and got in beside Jill.

"Hell of a place to run out of gas, wasn't it?"

"Yes." She was looking down at her hands. He looked down, too.

"Why, where is your ring?" he asked.

He was plump, rather bald. His name was Hilton Benn. He made automobiles, owned a factory that made them.

"I took it off," said Jill. She took the ring from her pocket and gave it to him. "I told you I might change my mind some day, any day. Well, I have; I don't love you. I thought for a while, I could. But now I know—"

"Well, I'll be—!" He stared at her stupidly. "I run out of gas in front of the Big House, I go back to get some, and when I get it, when I come back, you tell me our engagement is all off. Why? Just because I ran out of gas?"

Jill smiled queerly. "Just because you ran out of gas."

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No Results—No Pay!

Try This Simple, Safe REDUCING METHOD

Do YOU want to lose weight? Then here is a safe, simple, harmless method which can be given a trial by any stout person without danger or the loss of a single penny. Go to your chemist and purchase a jar of Thalgo Thermal Salts for 1/6d. Take a teaspoonful in a big glass of hot water first thing every morning and continue until you have used two jars. If you are not then satisfied that Thalgo Thermal Salts is benefiting your health and helping you to reduce your weight, the money you have paid will be refunded to you.

NO STARVING It is sheer folly to imperil starving and other dangerous slimming practices. Natural slimness can be obtained without exposing yourself to the dangers of drastic dieting, which is only another name for "semi-starvation." A strict diet is not necessary when you are taking Thalgo Thermal Salts. You can, however, greatly accelerate their action, if you so desire, by abstaining from fatty meats and pastry, and reducing the quantity of potatoes, cream, butter, etc., taken at meals.

NO DANGEROUS REDUCING PROPERTIES Thalgo Thermal Salts are a combination of salts similar to the principal salts found in many of the Thermal Springs of Europe and other parts of the world. They make it possible for stout people to reduce not because of any dangerous or violent reducing properties in the salts themselves, but by aiding the eliminating organs daily to clear away waste products out of the system before they have time to form into unhealthy fatty tissue. The gentle, soothing solution of Thalgo Thermal Salts completely cleanses the system of those wastes and impurities which are likely to cause Fatness, Bad Complexion, Headaches, Rheumatism, Backache, etc.

COSTS YOU NOTHING IF YOU DON'T LOSE WEIGHT We invite any stout person to purchase a 1/6d. Jar of Thalgo Thermal Salts from the nearest Chemist. Begin taking Thalgo Salts tomorrow morning—a teaspoonful in a big glass of hot water before breakfast—and continue each morning until you have used two jars. If you are not then satisfied that it is benefiting your health and helping you to reduce, simply send the two empty cartons to the distributors—Parry, Barker & Co., 18-20 Martin Place, Sydney—and the full purchase price, with postage added, will be refunded to you, at once, without question or controversy. If satisfied, you should continue the regular morning dose of Thalgo Salts to gain perfect slimness and prevent fat from forming.

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The Father: I told you not to go on the stage.
The Son: But my ambition egged me on.
The Father: Yes, and the audience egged you off.

"Beg pardon, but haven't I met you somewhere?"
"Shouldn't wonder. I've never been anywhere else since the day of my birth."

Keep your eye on the ... Quality



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Sensational purchase of entire outfit of the famous "Red Line" double knit silk stockings. All shades. This stocking is worth \$1.11 pair. We offer to you three pairs for 2/- Post Free. Money-back guarantee. With 3 pairs we will include, absolutely free, a box of Genuine "La Pupa" Face Powder, worth 2/6. Don't miss this opportunity. This purchase will entitle you also to a further free offer of a pair of Silk Milanoes Bloomers. Mention "The Women's Weekly." Address only:
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HOST ROBINSON says: My Anchovy Paste is made from Italian Gorgonzola Anchovies. It makes dainty sandwiches and savories.***

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NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

Adventure and Love Go Hand in Hand

Africa, the ever-popular setting for stories of love and adventure, has been chosen by Edward Woodward for the background of an interesting novel, "There Are Giants."

WHEN John Weard started prospecting in South-West Africa, he was inspired by the hope that his labors would be sweetened by the reward of riches.

After his father's death life had not been easy for John. Creditors had claimed the old home, and John, gathering the available cash left after the crash, sets off for Africa in the hopes of a fortune, and finds instead a fair-haired girl.

The old adage of "marry in haste, repent at leisure" proves true in John's

case. Having chosen his wife under the stimulus of alcoholic enthusiasm, he is dismayed to find that she deserts him after three months of loneliness, when his money has been spent.

A strong strain of stoic optimism enables him to carry on prospecting for seven years, but at the end of that time he acknowledges himself to be a failure. He decides to return home with sufficient money to pay for his passage and perhaps keep him in food for a couple of months.

To add to his discomfort, fever grips him and, in his lonely hut, he realises that he must make for the coast or die of starvation.

Tormented by the fever and kept indoors by a violent storm, he hears a strange sound, but assumes it to be but a phantom of his disordered brain. During a lull in the storm the sound comes to him more clearly—a distinct cry for help.

He braves the storm and, finding a man lying in mud and water, carries him back to the hut, where he renders assistance to the sufferer. The stranger, who names himself Christopher Argus, believes that he is dying, and entrusts John with his treasure, a bag of diamonds, charging him to find his wife, Mrs. Emily Argus, and give the stones to her.

Guards the Treasure

UNWILLINGLY enough, John becomes custodian of the treasure and, after his companion's death, he sets off for England. On the way he meets a man, one named Bonessier, who questions him about his name and affairs, saying that he himself has assisted at the funeral of one Alice Weard. John disclaims knowledge of the woman, but is convinced from the conversation that his wife is dead.

His position amuses him—practically a pauper himself, he is guardian of a fortune of a hundred thousand pounds. He conscientiously seeks Mrs. Argus, only to find that having come into a considerable sum of money, she did not live long to enjoy it, but met her death in a motor accident. Her daughter by a former marriage, Janet Blackstone, she leaves, is away on a world cruise.

John argues that as the mother is dead and the daughter quite rich, the diamonds shall be his own. Consequently he buys back his old home—Weard

Hans Fallada, the author of "Little Man, What Now?" and the recently published prison novel, "Who Once Eats Out of the Tin Bowl," has begun a new book, which may be ready for publication in the autumn of 1935.

House, at Sonford St. Luke's—and endeavors to re-establish the estate.

THEN into the story comes Sir Albert Cross, who is introducing Communism into the politics of Sonford. His wife, Lady Cross, proves an individual to be reckoned with, and causes John Weard no little consternation by her demands upon him.

Quite unexpectedly Janet Blackstone comes to visit John, expecting to receive the dying message from her stepfather. John and Janet are attracted to each other, but John does not then speak of the fortune that he has withheld from her. In her presence he feels mean about the transaction, but determines that an impulsive confession, would be disastrous not only to himself, but to all of those to whom he has given work and who look to him for their daily bread.

As a bolt from the blue Janet explains that she has lost all her money, and is now looking for work. John is dashed at the turn of affairs, and promises himself to think matters over.

Ultimately John tells Janet of the diamonds entrusted to him by her stepfather, but is surprised when Janet asks him to keep the fortune as she, herself, never did anything for Christopher Argus.

Believing himself to be a widower, John tells Janet of his love for her, and ultimately they marry.

Complications develop rapidly, and the story of John's marriage in Africa is brought to light during a strongly-concentrated election.

John and Janet are happy in the knowledge that they are to have a child when into their lives comes a shattering blow in the presence of Alice, John's first wife, whom he had believed dead.

In the midst of the troublous times, Fate takes hold of the tangled threads and patiently and thoroughly unwinds them.

When things seem to be altogether too hopeless, events take an unanticipated twist, and the reader is treated to the traditional happy ending.

Lovers of the English countryside will find in the book many delightful impressions of the lives of rural folk, and will share their troubles and rejoice in their hopes. (Hutchinson. Our copy Swains.)

Is your SKIN as CLEAR as it should be?

There's no need to endure

**BLOTCHES
ENLARGED PORES
BLACKHEADS
ROUGHNESS**



The NEW REXONA makes for a clear skin

When you use the New Rexona Soap you are guarding your skin with *Cadyll*, the very latest aid to skin health. This compound of beauty essences not only clears up blemishes, but also guards against their recurrence. Use it faithfully and you'll agree with skin specialists, who declare that the New Rexona, with its tonic medications, does more to clear and guard your complexion than any other soap. You'll be thrilled when you see what a difference the medicated lather makes to your skin.

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If your skin is "difficult"—if skin flares are a constant trouble—the New Rexona Soap offers a simple treatment that will soon end these worries. Deep into the pores the lather carries *Cadyll*, and there, at the root of the trouble, its medications set to work. All dust and germs are drawn out of the clogged pores and, at the same time, tonic properties revitalize and "tone up" the tired skin. You have only to wash once with this soap to feel the renewed freshness of your skin.

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Shampoo regularly with the New Rexona Soap. It thoroughly cleans and invigorates the scalp, giving your hair that silky radiance which only comes from perfect health.

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Rexona has always been the favourite of Australian mothers as a baby soap. And now the New Rexona brings still greater protection. Soothing medications relieve chafing and irritation and protect tiny limbs from ugly blemishes.

THE NEW Rexona

Medicated SKIN & FACIAL Soap
Containing CADYLL, the new compound of medications
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9d.

Per Tablet
CITY AND SUBURBS

SHORT REVIEWS

"THIS WAS IVOR TRENT." Claude Houghton. A mystery story, psychologically interesting, for it deals with a man's effort towards spiritual re-birth, and everything and everyone concerned in the tale contribute to Ivor Trent's attainment in this respect. This is the type of story that Mr. Houghton has specialised in.

Ivor Trent, a (temperamental) novelist of note, overhears two men discussing him one night in a restaurant. One man, Rendell, has a great admiration for Trent, inspired by reading one of his books, and he seeks some personal details of Trent the man from one of his old friends, Mr. Marsden. Trent has peculiar reactions to overhearing himself discussed. He goes hurriedly from the tavern, and on the Thames Embankment he is confronted by a vision which causes him such agitation that he hurries to his rooming-house and collapses on the doorstep. Next day the London papers announce that Trent is seriously ill and delirious in his rooms in Potiphar Street.

Rendell's interest in the author prompts him to call at the address to inquire after him, and, being mistaken for a prospective tenant, he suddenly decides to take a room there himself and await developments in what he feels is some mystery in Trent's life. He rapidly finds his life is becoming involved in that of Trent, although the author is still unknown to him and continues to remain secluded and strictly guarded by doctor and nurse.

Just when the situation is becoming too complex for Rendell the mystery of it all is unfolded for him, and by no less a person than Trent himself, who departs from Potiphar Street secretly, leaving Rendell a letter which reveals interesting details of his life from boyhood and his efforts at spiritual emancipation.

The novel was the January selection of the London Book Society. (Heinemann. Our copy The Roycroft.)

"ADAM'S DAUGHTER." Robert Hill.

Adam Leyland, well-born and scholarly, had visions of a new world and thought it could only be attained by revolutionary methods. His conduct and beliefs attracted him from people of his own class in the English village where he lived with his motherless daughter, Janet Leyland, however, was not conscious of any lack in her life, but it rather upset everyone's plans when she and the son of the local mill-owner fell in love. The fathers of both young people were bitter antagonists.

Unemployment was rife in England at the time the story opens, and a big hunger march was planned. Leyland supported the march and visioned it as something great and inspiring. We are not told of his exact feeling when he found the march developing into civil war, but Janet's mental struggle to reconcile the treachery and carnage with the idealistic visions of her father is interesting. Adam Leyland paid the price of many revolutionaries, but for his daughter life held some happier fate. (Hodder & Stoughton. Our copy The Roycroft.)

"EASTER SUN." Peter Neagoe. This author came into prominence when the United States Customs banned "Storm," his book of short stories. He is a well-known short story writer, and "Easter Sun," published in Hutchinson's first novel series, will add to the ranks of his admirers.

The story deals with peasant life in Transylvania and is built around Ileana, whose tragedy lay in her great beauty. The priest, her father, and indeed the whole village thought her extraordinary beauty could be none other than the work of the devil, bestowed in order to work his evil plans among them all.

Many interesting sidelights on the life of the peasantry, particularly of her superstitions, are revealed, adding considerably to an interesting if tragic plot. (Hutchinson. 7/6. Our copy, Swains.)

Beauty Spots from Foreign Lands



SENORITA KITTY ADROVER Y AREUAL, whose photo was sent to Australia, together with those of 14 other Cuban girls, as publicity for the Cuban Tourist Bureau. See article on Page 3.



ONE OF THE MANY INTERESTING photographs collected by Mr. Archie Martin, whose poster tour of the world is described on Page 3. This scene is the Neuchwanstein Castle, built by Ludwig, the mad king of Bavaria, about 1850.



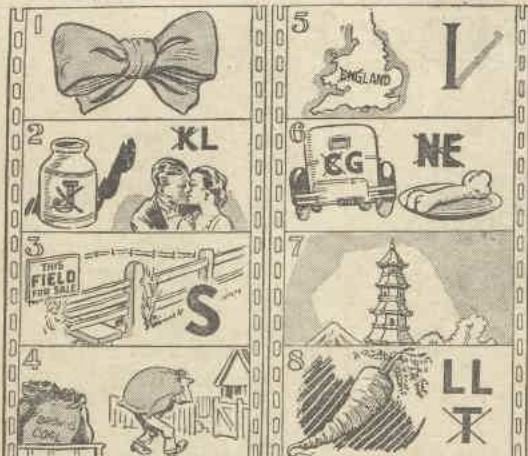
A PICTURESQUE SCENE from Vollenham, Holland, showing two Dutch girls in their quaint peasant costumes. Another photo from Mr. Archie Martin's collection.



AN EXQUISITE CAMERA STUDY from Switzerland. The beautiful Lake of Lugano is seen through an arch of grapes, which grow in profusion in the pleasant Swiss climate. On Page 3 of The Australian Women's Weekly this week is a description of Mr. Martin's collection of posters and photos.

£40 IN CASH

Do you know the surnames of Film Stars? Below are pictured some of those met by an Australian in America. Can you name them?
In each case give the full name, e.g., No. 3 is Fields. The correct answer will be Gracie Fields.
A first prize of £20 cash, second £5, 20 at 10/-, and 20 at 5/- each will be awarded to those with the correct answers.
In addition each entrant will be given a ticket in the New South Wales Golden Chest. This gives an extra chance of winning a first prize valued at £4000.



PLEASE READ THIS

Each picture represents a Film Star's surname—read it aloud, then write it down and the name will become clear. Write the full name of the Star—Christian and surname—on a piece of paper, and send it to the editor of this paper.

Only one prize to any one person or household. Prize winners in Film Stars No. 1 and the Missing Letters Competitions are not eligible.
The Judge's decision is final and legally binding, and no correspondence will be entered into.
Each entry must be accompanied by a 1/- Postal Note and stamped addressed envelope. A Golden Chest Ticket will be sent to every entrant. Entries from this paper must be received by April 15. All entries will be checked individually and results published in May 10 in the "Sydney Morning Herald".

Don't Delay Post Today

£40 IN CASH

THE SECRETARY, FILM STARS No. 2.

DEAR A.W.W. 1, Box 20002, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

Here is my entry for the Film Stars Competition, with a postal note for 1/- and stamped addressed envelope. I agree to accept the Judge's decision as final and legally binding. Please send me the Golden Chest Ticket which can win the prize valued at £4000.

NAME _____
STREET _____
TOWN _____

ARE YOU MISSING THESE DAYTIME RADIO SESSIONS?

10.45 (daily)	THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME. A George Edwards presentation of Victor Hugo's masterpiece.
11.0 (Tues. & Thurs.)	NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH. Strange facts that restore the sense of wonder.
11.30 (Wed.)	THE PHANTOM DRUM MAJOR. Stirring marches and interesting facts.
11.45 & 3.30 (daily)	DOROTHEA VAUTIER. Brilliant informal talks of interest to women.
1.45 daily, (except Wed.)	THE STORY-TELLER. Ellis Price, actor and raconteur.
2.45 (daily)	THE RADIO SCHOOL OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE. How to cook and manage a home in the modern way, by Mrs. D. State.
3.15 (daily)	FASHION'S FADS AND FANCIES. A causerie on things beloved by Milady.
3.45 (Tues. & Thurs.)	THE HOME LOVER'S SESSION Music and home information for every woman.

2GB

THE STATION WITH THE DAYTIME FEATURES

HANDEL-BACH and their ANNIVERSARY

National Broadcasts will Celebrate!

Music of the Week by GEORGE MATTHEWS

In dual commemoration of the 250th birthday anniversary of the composers, George Frederic Handel and Johann Sebastian Bach, who were both born in 1685, the Australian Broadcasting Commission announces a series of twelve national concerts to be relayed from Melbourne and Sydney between March 21 and the middle of August.

THE Commission hopes that "this commemoration will rank with the recent Brahms-Wagner festival as one of the greatest musical events in Australian history."
Both Handel and Bach are known to the general music-loving public by reputations sublime but comparatively small. For example, the emphasis laid on the oratorios of Handel, and on "The Messiah" in particular, has resulted in a one-sided appreciation of his powers.
It is intended to include in the coming festival many of the lesser-known works of these great pioneers, to portray characteristic moods, and to present in a comprehensive manner all the varied facets of their genius. As needs be, performances will be orchestral, choral, or a combination of the two.

Contemporary Composers

THE association of the contemporaries, Handel and Bach, should be a much happier one than was that of Brahms and Wagner. Though not relieving the heaviness of national programmes, these concerts should be acceptable to the wide circle of listeners interested in the origins of classical music.

George Frederic Handel revealed the possession of musical gifts at a very early age, but received no encouragement to develop them from his father, a surgeon-barber. Eventually he became a pupil of Zaccaria, organist at Halle Cathedral—a position which Handel himself occupied later.

In 1703 he went to Hamburg and played the violin in the Opera House orchestra. Then his first opera, "Almira," was produced in 1705. Next came three years in Italy when Handel studied the methods of Italian opera composers and produced several operas with marked success.

On returning to Germany he was appointed chapel-master to the Elector of Hanover, afterwards George I, of England. From 1714 onwards, Handel made his home in England, introducing himself to English audiences by his opera, "Rinaldo," which aroused great enthusiasm.

Most of Handel's operas are now known only by name and by a few isolated songs. On the other hand, his finest oratorios are universal favorites. The grandeur of their great choruses, considering the simplicity of the musical material on which they are built, still remains unequalled.

Musical Forbearers

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH had the initial advantage of musical forbearers. The youngest son of a violinist, he became the outstanding member of a family which, during six generations, produced a continuous line of composers.

The bulk of Bach's music for the organ dates from 1708, when he was appointed organist at Weimar. His original compositions, apart from his numerous arrangements, fill 52 large volumes in the authoritative edition of the Bachgesellschaft, which, beginning its labors in 1850, completed them in 1899—the vast majority then being made generally known for the first time.

They include a High Mass in B Minor, four smaller Masses, a Magnificat, and other works to Latin words; three Passions, of which the "Matthew" and "John" are the chief; 202 church cantatas, some styled oratorios; 21 secular cantatas; many independent solo songs; 29 concertos and other orchestral pieces; and a vast quantity of music for organ, clavier, and stringed instruments.
His genius developed quickly, and very few of his extant works can be called immature. To some extent his methods varied according to his environment, but he was in essentials as supreme a composer at thirty or earlier, as at his death in 1750.

In the works of Handel and Bach composers of the most diverse kinds have found the sources of their own art. They may truly be said to have composed music which became the foundation of musicianship all over the world. At the coming festival, the Broadcasting Commission promises to spare no pains to present thoroughly representative performances in honor of these pioneers.

Amazing Musician

DONNIZETTI is one of the most amazing examples of the productivity of genius that the world has ever known.



DR. EDGAR BAINTON, who conducted the Sydney Conservatorium Orchestra for the National Broadcast last week. Mr. Percy Grainger was associate conductor.

—Dorothy Welding.

He wrote 67 operas in a comparatively short life. He wrote on an average of three a year.

One of his most brilliant acts, the last act of "La Favorita," was written in a night, and "L'Elisir d'Amore" was written in fifteen days.

In it any wonder that the man who wrote the Mad Scene in "Lucia di Lammermoor" should himself go mad and end his days among strangely misshapen creatures in whose madness there was none of the beauty or pathos he had found in the madness of the gentle Lucia. This strange man and his music will be presented in "Face to Face with the Great Musicians," on Sunday, March 17, from 2GB at 2.15 p.m.

Music of Spain

THE strange thing about Spanish music is that for almost a century it was purely a French creation. An Frenchman, Bizet, wrote "Carmen," another Frenchman, Massenet, set "Le Cid" and "Don Quixote" to music.

Spanish rhapsodies, Spanish serenades and Spanish dances were turned out by most of the great French composers as though it were all part of their business.

Then there arose a young Spanish composer, De Falla, who strangely enough was recognised in Paris long before his own country accepted him. The French even wanted him to change his nationality and become a Frenchman as it would make the path for his musical genius much simpler. De Falla refused, thanked men such as Debussy, Ravel and Dukas for their encouragement, and returned to Spain to set about creating a true Spanish school of music, free from French influence.

One of his loveliest works, "Nights in the Gardens of Spain," for piano and orchestra, will be featured in Sunday's programme on 2GB at 4.35 p.m. "Spanish Caprice" of Rimsky-Korsakov at 6.30 p.m. will afford listeners an opportunity to compare true and pseudo-Spanish music.



WON'T EAT

It is not natural for a dog to refuse food. If your dog won't eat it is a sign that his system is out of order. You can quickly work a happy change in him by giving him a course of Barko Condition Powders. They will tone up his system and in a few days he will be eating again with his old healthy appetite. Barko Condition Powders purify the blood and tone up the whole system.

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Nose sniffing, sneezing, hawking, and spitting. Stop coughing, sneezing, and constant nose blowing—making your life a nuisance wherever you go! There's no need for it. You can rid yourself of it quickly and effectively, in the privacy of your own home.

Catarrh is a dangerous, as well as a nasty, unpleasant complaint. Amongst the most common symptoms are: headach, "head-aches," frequent colds and influenza, nasal mucus and phlegm discharged, catarrhal deafness, and general debility (run-down, tired feeling). The only way to overcome it is to drive the catarrhal impurities right out of the system, and the BARKO treatment is the only one to do this.

500 TREATMENTS FREE

To further popularize the famous BARKO treatment, and to give readers of this paper an opportunity to test it at our expense, 500 treatments will be distributed FREE under our special new-season offer. Send no money (not even a stamp); just your name and address (including State) to: HAYLEY L. ADAMS, 76 King St., Sydney. This splendid free offer will be despatched by return mail.

H. L. ADAMS, Dept A, 76 King St., Sydney, N.S.W.

NOTICE

Make a note of these addresses for yourself and your friends. LONDON'S FOUR UP-TO-DATE FAMILY AND RESIDENTIAL HOTELS.

Within 5 minutes Hyde Park and Tube. Daily terms as required. Passenger lifts. Central Heating. Hot and cold running water. Exchange telephone and gas free. In all bedrooms. Bridge, Billiards, Tennis, and Dancing.

HOTEL INVERNESS COURT

1-3 Inverness Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2. Is one of London's finest old mansions. Personal attention and first-class cuisine guaranteed. Accommodation for 120 guests. Terms: Single from 4/6, Double from 7/6. Bed, Bath, and Breakfast from 9/6. Tel.: Haywater 3444.

LANCASTER COURT HOTEL

66-68 Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, W.2. Its New Extension of 60 rooms adds many spacious and attractive residential rooms. Terms from 2/6, Single, 4/6, Double, Bed, Bath, and Breakfast from 8/6. Tel.: Fand, 8121.

BERKELEY COURT HOTEL

29-31 Leicester Gardens, Hyde Park, W.2. Tel.: Fand, 8023.

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25-28 Leicester Gardens, Hyde Park, W.2. Tel.: Fand, 9712. Accommodation for 120 guests. Hotels of refinement adjacent to each other, with young and cheerful staff. Delightful rooms arranged as bed-sitting rooms. Owing to their popularity you are advised to secure accommodation—by possible—in advance. Terms: Single from 3/6, Double from 5/6. Bed, Bath, and Breakfast from 7/6.

The above Hotels are under the personal supervision of the Managing Director, Mrs. J. E. Stevenson.

HOTEL HOLBROOK says: I blend, I stir, and I know the cause of the Scone of Holbrook. The World's Appetizer.***

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Year after year the Metropolitan Business College has been faithfully serving the public in affording thorough training. As a result of a fixed policy of intense specialization the various departments have been developed to such a standard of efficiency that the many fields of business and general education are fully covered.

53 FIRST PLACES DURING 1934.

Such a record in public competitive examinations in one year alone speaks for itself. Every year the College reports details similar wonderful achievements and contains as well long lists of names indicating the efficiency and reliability of the tutorial methods followed.

SECRETARIAL TRAINING, ACCOUNTANCY, SALESMANSHIP, BOOKKEEPING, GENERAL EDUCATION, MATRICULATION, ALL PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS. A STOREHOUSE OF KNOWLEDGE AND EXPERIENCE.

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"WENTWORTH BUILDING," 6 Dalley Street, SYDNEY.

Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by
L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



MOTHER SNAIL:
(as slug passes):
Turn your head
a w a y, Tommy,
here comes a
nudist.



PRISONER: I only got one wristlet watch.
COPPER: Well, you won't be short of time after this.



BOARDER: Eh, you've got your thumb in my soup!
SLAVEY: It's all right, it ain't hot!



PUBLISHER: Where did you get the
plot of your second novel?
AUTHOR: From the film version of
the first.



"Lady to see you, sir."
"Tell her I'm engaged."
"That's what she said. You were to
have married her this afternoon."

Once She was
always sick..

NOW
look at
her...



The whole trouble was **CONSTIPATION**

"My biddy was always pale and tired; had no appetite; didn't want to play; was cross and peevish. I knew the child was slightly constipated, but I never realised that constipation could have such serious effects. I was advised to give her FIGSEN. I did. NOW look at her!"

Constipation locks poisonous waste matter in the system, causing weakness and disease. Yet it is so easy to relieve constipation with NYAL FIGSEN... the pleasant laxative which does not purge or grip. NYAL FIGSEN Tablets are pleasant and easy to take—chew them like a lolly—they are gentle but sure in action and do not form a habit. NYAL FIGSEN should have a permanent place in every home medicine chest, because it is as good for adults as it is for children. A tin of 24 Tablets costs only 1/3 from your chemist.

NYAL FIGSEN
FOR CONSTIPATION

1/3
A TIN

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The NYAL Co. 431 B. Glen St. Sydney, N.S.W.
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Brainwaves

Prize of 2/6 paid for each joke used.

SHOWMAN: This man has spent fifteen years lying on his back.
Bystander: Must have the same make of car as mine.

DAUGHTER: Mother, this cake seems damp.
Eight-year-old Son: That's because it's a "sponge."

FIRST ARTIST: Brushmen does some very realistic work, doesn't he?
Second Artist: Yes. Last week he painted an apple, and to-day I heard a critic say it was rotten.

"AND about 3.30 a.m. the party waxed merry."
"Goah! And did Mary stand for that?"

"HAVEN'T I made you what you are?" asked the wife, proudly.
"Darling," answered the husband, "have I ever reproached you for it?"

FATHER: My son, I won't have you constantly at the bottom of the class as you are.
Son: Can't see it matters much, Dad. They teach the same things at both ends.

WIFE: Don't you think I have put too much salt in the soup, dear?
Model Husband: Not at all, darling. There is perhaps not quite enough soup for the salt, that's all.

"WHEN we were first married I used to waken my husband with a kiss every morning."
"And now?"
"After three months he bought himself an alarm clock."

The Famous BILLY TEA

DRINK and enjoy this tea with the flavour that is "different" from ordinary teas.
Pleasing in its refreshing quality, always enjoyable and very economical.
You will appreciate tea satisfaction if you drink

The Famous BILLY TEA

What Women Are Doing

Keen Racing Woman

THERE are quite a number of women racing their horses in North Queensland, but Dr. Jean Rountree is about the only one who had one running in big races in Melbourne recently.

Dr. Jean is one of the residents at the Townsville Hospital, and keeping a good horse is her pet hobby. Her Lillrene ran second recently in the Stanley Handicap, for three-year-old fillies.

She is related to the well-known jockey, Bobby Lewis, and her filly is trained by his brother.

Record Success in Ballet Examination

THE six entrants who passed the examination arranged by the Cecchetti Society were all pupils of Miss Estelle Anderson. Miss Molly Lake, of the Russian Ballet Company, was the official examiner.



Miss Anderson.

After the Sydney examinations Miss Anderson made a rush visit to Perth, where she previously taught dancing for several years and entered some of her pupils from West Australia.

Here, again, all her pupils passed, and some of them gained honors. Miss Anderson is a firm devotee of the Cecchetti school of ballet technique, and was herself trained by Eryl Addison, Cecchetti's favorite pupil, who visited Australia some years ago.

Later on Miss Anderson became assistant teacher to Alexis Dolinoff, who opened a school of the Russian ballet in Sydney after his visit to Australia with the first Pavlova company. Subsequently Miss Anderson spent several years in Perth as ballet mistress for a well-known firm, but returned to Sydney last year to open her own studio.

The Work of the Almoner is Wide

THE almoner is one of a team of workers—doctors, nurses, masseuses and welfare officers—uniting to make hospital treatment effective for each patient, and they are trying to establish him again as a healthy, self-supporting member of the community.

Miss Hodges, who comes from Adelaide, was appointed to the Children's Hospital, Melbourne, three years ago, when an almoner's department was opened in a special clinic for infantile paralysis. This appointment was made possible by the generosity of the Junior Red Cross Circles in Victoria.

At first the work was mainly for children, but at the end of last year the hospital authorities decided to extend the work and an assistant almoner was appointed.

Posthumous Literary Success For Sydney Writer

WHEN Miss A. Murray, better known to her friends as Nancy Murray, was in England last year, she submitted a book of children's stories, written by her sister, the late Miss Kit Murray, to a London publishing house. She has now received a notification of their acceptance, and the book "Bush Fires" will be published this year. Miss Jean Ralston, of Sydney, now en route to London, will do the illustrations.

Miss Kit Murray was always intending to submit her book for publication, but she wrote largely for the sheer joy of writing, and the days went on and on without her making any efforts in this direction. She had many and varied interests. During the war, and after she was an active worker for the Red Cross and War Chest. One of the great personal services she rendered the soldiers was in taking their photographs, and many families in the back-blocks as well as overseas were made happy by the receipt of "snaps" of sons or brothers.

Kit Murray was also a skilled wood-carver, and a sample of her work will be found in a chair in the vestibule of the new St. Stephen's Church, Sydney. Her name is commemorated, also, in a rowing-boat presented to the Navy League Sea Cadets.

Only Woman A.D.C. in the World

MME. CHIANG KAI-SHEK, a beautiful Chinese of thirty, is said to be the only woman aide-de-camp in the world.

She was educated at Wellesley College, U.S.A., and is a Christian. When she was twenty-two years of age she married General Chiang Kai-Shek, now head of the Chinese army, and it was due to her influence that the famous General adopted the Christian faith in 1931.

She is now working with her husband on behalf of the Chinese Government forces fighting the Communists in Southern China. For over a year she has trekked the vast spaces by air, train, and car, acting as A.D.C. to her husband, attending councils of war, acting as official interpreter, sending despatches. When she is not on these long tours she stays with her husband at Nanchang, where the Government has its military headquarters. There the famous General and his slender young wife live in a tiny four-roomed cottage.

While the beautiful Mme. Chiang was at college in America she had huge offers from film companies, which did not, however, tempt this soldier girl.

To Continue Her Studies in Melbourne

MRS. ROSS BRODIE, of Rangitapu, South Canterbury, New Zealand, is continuing her musical studies at the Melbourne Conservatorium. Besides being in great demand as a mezzo-soprano soloist, Mrs. Brodie is well known in New Zealand for her work in connection with the Plunket Society. She was president of the Temuka branch for several years.

Woman Hairdresser on Big Ocean Liner

TO date, women travelling on the England-Australian run have had to depend on the ministrations of the ship's barber—always a man.

The Ceramic, now in these waters under a new house-flag, has decided that a woman hairdresser should attend to the wants of her sex, and Miss C. Guile is entered on the articles in that capacity, and has her own saloon aboard.

Miss Guile was trained in Liverpool, and first joined the Celtic in her present vocation, and afterwards other White Star liners. Then came trips across the Atlantic to America, and down to South Africa.

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Two More Delegates For Overseas Conference

THE Victorian Women Citizens' Movement delegates to the international congress in Turkey left this week.

One of their number, Mrs. Amy Wheaton, who is on the executive of the V.W.C.M., has not visited Turkey before, though she has travelled extensively and speaks about half a dozen languages fluently.

She is an M.A. of Adelaide University and Bachelor of Science (Econ.) of London School of Economics.

Miss M. Cooke, who was on the staff of the Victorian Education Department for many years, will be a proxy delegate.

Resigned After Being in Office Ten Years

AFTER being in office for the last ten years Miss Elsie M. Griffin, M.A., has resigned from the post of National General Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association. Many tributes were paid to Miss Griffin by Sydney board members and friends at a morning tea party held in Sydney during a short stay made by the traveller on her way to her home in New Zealand.

Principal of a Chinese Girls' School

SPENDING a holiday in Brisbane was Miss Eva Prouse, who, for the last ten years, has been principal of the Chinese Girls' School at Kuala Lumpur in the Federated Malay States.

This school, which was the first in Kuala Lumpur, has been established for 30 years, and the present building was opened in 1930. The teaching staff comprises five Chinese and one Indian, and the pupils, who number more than 200, comprise Indians and Malays as well as Chinese.

Miss Prouse, who has a vacation every four years, arrived in Australia in December and intends visiting the south before returning to Kuala Lumpur.

Experienced at the Job Of Travelling President

WORKING among and for the younger generation is where Mrs. McGregor Lowndes, of Brisbane, finds much of her happiness.

Ever since the Queensland Vigoro Association was formed, she has been its president. As president she is managing the team which is in Sydney.

Basketball and swimming hold her affection, too, for she is president of both those associations. She has travelled with teams far out in the West, her last tour being with a basketball team to Quilpie. She also took the first interstate vigoro team south.

Belgium is Not Keen On Careers for Girls

HILDA DE KANTER, a young and attractive Belgian girl, who is making a tour of Australia with her mother and stepfather, Mr. and Mrs. Boes, of Antwerp, says that feminist movements in her country are still in their very early stages and careers for girls are viewed with disapproval.

Miss de Kanter, who speaks five languages fluently, thinks that Australian women are terrifically smart, and that our girls are infinitely better-groomed than their English sisters. She also said that Belgian matrons were always perfectly turned-out, and generally contrived to look far more attractive than their daughters.

This is purely a pleasure cruise, and, having seen the delights of Egypt and India, Miss de Kanter will spend several months in Australia before going on to China and returning home via America.



Hindu Wedding Ceremony Is a Long One

MRS. CATHILL, a well-known Perth identity, who recently returned from a trip to Southern India, had the unique experience of witnessing a high caste Hindu wedding in Bangalore.

The ceremony was conducted in the afternoon at the home of the bride's parents, after which the bridegroom immediately left. During the evening, when the little bride was asleep, the relatives of both bride and bridegroom inspected her trousseau, which consisted largely of magnificent saris, and at 4 o'clock the following morning the bridegroom returned and whisked his young wife away for a two-day honeymoon.

During the newly-wed's absence, wedding guests continued the feasting festivities until their return. Then, and then only, was the marriage ritual completed.

French Hat Designer Is Visiting Australia

WHILE in Paris some years ago Queen Mary ordered a hat of mole velvet with a Bird of Paradise trimming dyed to tone. The hat was entrusted to the clever fingers of Madame Annette, a French designer of distinction, at present in Sydney.

Madame was trained with the most fashionable hat-designers of Paris, but long before that time was fascinated by the possibilities of individual millinery for varying types of faces.

Hats manufactured by the thousand, and perched on heads regardless of style and suitability, are the cause of an expressive shrug of her shoulders.

Madame has travelled extensively, and was engaged to appear at a smart establishment in Moscow for the spring season on one occasion. In the same manner she spent some time in America and is now enraptured with the delights of a Sydney summer.

She is portrayed with a silken wig, designed to give the effect of a chignon set low on the neck.

Wife of Clerk Of the Course

MRS. T. SWINBOURNE, whose husband has been on three years' exchange with the R.A.P., has returned to Melbourne with interesting tales of the start of the Centenary Air Race.

Squadron-Leader Swinbourne was clerk of the course for the race and spent the week before the race in residence at Middenhall with the rest of the committee.

His wife went down the day before the race began and was present when an unexpected telephone message came through to say that the King and Queen were on their way from Newmarket to see some of the planes. Mrs. Swinbourne was with the party that accompanied Their Majesties on a tour of inspection, and was one of the few people to see the Queen enter a plane for the first time. She did not go for a trip, though the Prince of Wales was flying round overhead.

Mrs. Swinbourne says she will never forget the start of the race in the pink dawn, and neither will the thousands of people who had slept in their cars all night to be sure of seeing it.

IN and OUT of SOCIETY --- By WEP.



THE NEW Condor Coiled Coil Lamp



GIVES UP TO
20%
MORE LIGHT

The new Condor Coiled Coil offers more light and greater economy to the householder. The new Condor 40-watt lamp gives 20% more light than the best ordinary electric lamps. Tests show the new Condor to be as much as 50% superior to "cheap" inferior lamps. The Condor Coiled Coil lamps are the same price as ordinary lamps and give more light without any increase in current consumption. Look for the name CONDOR COILED COIL. Obtainable in the following wattages:— 40, 60, 75 and 100.

Condor Coiled Coil

MADE IN AUSTRALIA

Extra Light that Costs you Nothing!

GENERAL Eva Booth in AUSTRALIA

Pen Picture of the Famous Army Leader

This week sees the arrival on Australian shores of General Eva Booth, supreme head of the Salvation Army, and daughter of its founder, General William Booth.

At sixty-nine years of age, General Eva Booth finds herself the leader of an organisation whose ramifications extend over the whole civilised world, and which has reclaimed thousands from misery, raised derelicts who were hopelessly lost, and preached a gospel of hope to millions.

IT is now eleven years since a member of the great Booth family visited Australia, and many will remember General Bramwell Booth, the brother of the present leader, who came here in 1924. Her father, the founder, visited Australia over 40 years ago.

The following pen picture of General Eva at a farewell meeting in Westminster Hall on the eve of her departure on February 16 comes from our special representative in London.

"That night, crammed among thousands of Salvation Army folk in the great Westminster Hall, I heard this blonde, elderly woman harangue her flock. How well she knows the note to strike. Chosen words of extreme simplicity, repeats phrases over and over, rings out her slogans, tells childish anecdotes like a mother to her children. Everyone thinks her grand, and they roar their appreciation.

"Looking around at the thousands of bonneted women I noticed a strangeness. Have you ever seen several thousand women congregated together with n'er a spot of powder, rouge, or lipstick. I rubbed my face hard with my handkerchief, but foundation-creams are fool-proof these days.

"I have promised Australia: I must go and keep my word," said the General. "Would you have me break my word to Australia and New Zealand?" "No!" roared the crowd. "Amen! Amen!"

And now this mighty woman, whose slogan is "Through blood and fire," has arrived among us for the first time.

Australian Programme

GENERAL BOOTH arrived in Fremantle on March 12. She will be given a welcome on the wharf and will



GENERAL EVA BOOTH.

then broadcast a message to the people of Australia.

She will be in Adelaide from March 22 to March 24, where she will have a civic reception and public welcome at which the Governor, Major-General Sir Winston Dugan will preside.

Arriving in Melbourne on March 27, she is due in Brisbane from April 10 to April 16. She will reach Sydney at Easter-time and will make a short stay of five days, April 17 to April 22, afterwards returning to England by way of New Zealand and America.

Her Sydney programme has not yet been finalised, but it is certain that she will be tendered a civic reception by the Lord Mayor, and will also be the guest of the Millions Club. A special feature of her visit to each centre will be young peoples' demonstrations and musical celebrations, and she will deliver her famous lecture, "The World's Greatest Romance."

BACKACHE

Makes you Look and Feel so Old
HERE IS SOUND ADVICE

But act quickly. Get a box of De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills from your chemist, and take them as directed. This is the right thing to do, for De Witt's Pills contain ingredients which enable your kidneys to extract the harmful uric acid from your system—just as Nature intended they should—and when you get rid of this harmful uric acid, your back will cease aching.

Nothing else will do. You cannot obtain the same results by any other means. Rubbing with embrocations or liniments would probably aggravate the trouble, and add to your suffering. But relief quickly follows the use of De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, and you know the pain is not likely to return, because, by taking De Witt's Pills, you have got rid of the cause.

ACT QUICKLY

Don't wait, or the pain will get worse. Don't experiment with things you think may do you good. Get the remedy that has been used with success all over the world for nearly fifty years. Heed the good advice of those who have already used the remedy.



Watch for such symptoms as puffiness under the eyes, heaviness of the limbs, swollen feet or ankles, foul breath, scalding pains, gravel or stone. These symptoms usually precede attacks of Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago or serious Kidney Trouble, and much suffering and expense may be saved by quickly getting a box of De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, price 3/6, or larger, more economical size, 6/6 from your chemist to-day.



TAKE TWO TO-NIGHT

Take two of De Witt's Pills to-night, and in the morning you will see, feel and know for certain that they are doing you good.

DeWitt's Kidney & Bladder Pills

Free Knitting

...Directions

To obtain full directions for knitting any one of the ten smart garments sketched by Petrov on the centre pages of this issue, fill in this coupon and post it with a penny stamp, to cover the cost of postage, to any of the following addresses, marking the envelope "Knitting Department." ONE COUPON IS AVAILABLE FOR DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING ONE GARMENT ONLY, AND A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED WITH EACH COUPON SENT.

SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4133X, G.P.O., Sydney.
BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 135, G.P.O., Melbourne.
ADELAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 308A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

Should you desire to call for the directions, please see address of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

Design Required

Knitting Coupon, 18/3/35.

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 5/- for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page recently.

HERE'S THE SUMMER!

WHO is it wants to know what has become of the summer of 1934-35? We in the Mackay district can tell, as it is right here. Never have we experienced such a hot, dry summer—and such a time it has lasted. We've had it day after day and week in and week out, with scarcely a break. One old hand said he'd never known a summer like it, and he has been in the country for fifty years.

And the heat continues on through the night. Sometimes we get a few cool hours in the very early morning. Our total rainfall to date since December 1 is seven inches. We know well enough where summer is, and most of us wish we didn't.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. A. Brownsey, Silent Grove, Mackay, Qld.

HISTORICAL PICTURES

I READ with great interest the numerous letters for and against the moving pictures of the day, and would like to know what type of picture most pleases. The general run of historical films are of immense educational value, and, consequently, of great help in our social life, besides being intensely interesting.

Stories of people who have lived hold my interest far more than any modern fiction, and how delightful it is to see the heroes and heroines of our school days, and to live again the wonder of the lives of such men as Disraeli, Voltaire, Monte Cristo, etc., and the glamor of such as Henry VIII, Catherine, Cleopatra and the others.

The moving pictures have given us this opportunity as nothing else could have done.

Mrs. D. Cooke, 424 Whitehorse Rd., Mont Albert, EIL, Vic.

A "HAPPINESS BOOK"

MAY I suggest that a happiness book be kept by readers of The Australian Women's Weekly?

It might take the form of loose pages of uniform size, clipped together by a strong manuscript clip, or an exercise book, in which to paste cuttings.

So many inspiring verses, quotations, and happy ideas in letters are printed in our Australian Women's Weekly that I feel I must keep them to read again and to pass on to others in times of loneliness or depression, when the inspiration of hopeful, cheering thoughts is so essential.

Mrs. V. Counsell, 45 Beach Rd., Brighton, Adelaide, S.A.

COMFORTABLE DISORDER

TIDINESS, when carried to extremes, has an irritating effect. Nothing is so exasperating or so conducive to bad temper as to be wasting time aimlessly searching for a wanted article, disturbing everyone in a frantic endeavor to secure what is needed.

There is a place for everything, certainly; but there is a certain disorder of comfortableness to be recommended. When books, etc., lie around, they give one the impression that the members of the household are alive and the place has recently been occupied.

Mrs. M. E. Pender, George St., Taringa, Qld.

TOO MUCH FUSS

AT various times I have heard girls who were engaged to be married discussing their future. In every case, only one thing filled their mental horizon—their prospective wedding. Not the fact of living a married woman's life and the getting together of a home—but of the ceremony, what they would wear, how many bridesmaids, the wedding breakfast, etc. None of these girls or their families were financially well off, neither were their fiancés, and the weddings planned would be financially exhausting for all concerned.

All young couples venturing into matrimony need all the capital behind them they can obtain. Yet it appears to me that many girls are so shortsighted that when they think of marriage it is only of an elaborate ceremony and celebration which can be ill-afforded. How thankful they would feel a year later if the money spent on the elaborate wedding was banked for them instead!

Mrs. J. C. Stanton, 176 Cotham Rd., Kew, Vic.

Breakfasting-a-bed Preferred to Seeing Sun Rise

MISS EDITH McHUGH dislikes breakfast in bed. In my youth I probably did, too. Now that I am old, and very, very tired, after half a century of early rising, watching sunrises, snails, early birds, and too-early worms, I thoroughly appreciate and enjoy a still-rare breakfast in bed. The extra rest, the sense of luxury in the enjoyment of a meal I have not prepared, more than compensates for the loss of early-morning glories.

Barbara Grahame, 515A Hunter St., Newcastle, N.S.W.

Have an Afternoon Nap

APPROPOS of Miss McHUGH's letter on "Breakfast in Bed," I quite agree with her. How any healthy and normal person can lie in crumpled bedclothes and allow another to wait on her, passes my comprehension!

These beautiful mornings the day absolutely calls one to get up. You know the old adage re sleeping hours:

"Nature requires five,
Custom gives seven,
Laziness takes nine,
And wickedness eleven."

What woman doesn't know the feeling of satisfaction given by rising early and getting a good start with her many duties?

If one needs additional rest, have it by all means, but let it take the form of a nap in the afternoon when the house is clean and shining, and the feeling of "something attempted, something done" makes the rest well earned.

Mrs. M. Hines, 169 Johnstone St., Annandale, N.S.W.

I Simply Revel in It

OH, for the soul of a poet! That I may appreciate this early-morning rising! Being wholly matter-of-fact, however, I must confess to a penchant for breakfasting a-bed. I simply revel in it! Relaxing comfortably upon the pillows, twiddling my toes and sipping a cup of freshly-brewed tea, represents to me the acme of comfort. I am unable to find a flaw in this very satisfactory method of starting the day, so am quite content to leave the beauty and appeal of the early hours to the more energetically inclined.

Mrs. L. Stanton, North St., Cleveland, Qld.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



BINNIE BARNES

CHANGED HER NAME FROM GITTLE BARNES TO BILLIE BARNES AND THEN TO BINNIE BARNES BECAUSE BILLIE SOUNDED SO MASCUINE OVER THE RADIO THAT FAN'S STARTED ADDRESSING HER AS 'MR. BILLIE BARNES'.

A DENTIST CARRYING A 'SPARE TOOTH' FOLLOWED FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW AROUND THE 'DAVID COPPERFIELD' SET FOR TWO DAYS UNTIL THE 'BABY' TOOTH WHICH WAS LOOSE FINALLY DROPPED OUT.

Whatever is the Use of Morbid Books?

RE Mrs. E. M. Smith's par (23/2/35) may I say how completely I agree with her? Evidently it is not a modern trend in authors, for I remember two old quotations, one being by a great French savant, viz., "The only excuse for fiction is if it is more beautiful than fact," and the other by a famous English statesman: "One of the chief functions of literature in a world which is full of sadness and difficulty is to cheer."

Miss G. Tasker, 20 Keith St., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

Should be Artistic

BY all means, Mrs. Smith, lay aside the morbid book—if it makes you unhappy.

For my part, I like a book, even morbid, even as ugly-seeming as the Aurelie episode you mention, so long as it is a piece of art—a portrayal of life as it is, dealt with artistically.

And yet I agree with you. If a book can so affect you emotionally as to cause you unhappiness you are doing right to erase it from your private reading list.

Mrs. R. Montgomery, Falcon St., Crow's Nest, N.S.W.

WHAT ARE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WORDS?

WHAT do readers consider the most beautiful words in the English language—and why? At a recent test in an American college the students voted for the following words: Hope, love, life, joy, birth, friend, art, health, Heaven.

It will be noted that all these words are short, but vital—sure proof of the well-known fact that in all writing short words are the best.

T. Brown, G.P.O., Adelaide.

Mostly Far-fetched

YES, I agree with Mrs. E. M. Smith (23/2/35). These books where we read of piercing screams echoing through the house at midnight and beautiful girls hanging from a rope by the neck are certainly uninteresting and mostly far-fetched and ridiculous. Most people (women, anyhow) will agree that something more cheerful is better for us in every way.

Mrs. I. W. Willis, Forest Rd., Lugarno, N.S.W.

Some Suggestions for New Commandments

WITH reference to Mrs. V. Patterson's letter, I would mention that, seeing so many people find it difficult to keep the Ten Commandments set down in the Bible, it may be asking too much of erring humans if we add another ten. However, I would like to see the following given extra thought:

- (1) Thou shalt not be unjust.
- (2) Thou shalt not break a promise.
- (3) Thou shalt not speak unkindly of others, especially when they are not present to defend themselves.
- (4) Thou shalt not let others think for you.
- (5) Thou shalt not depreciate an article because it is not yours.
- (6) Thou shalt "bury the hatchet."
- (7) Thou shalt smile.
- (8) Thou shalt live within thine income.
- (9) Thou shalt count thy blessings (best cure for the blues).
- (10) Thou shalt give.

Mrs. S. Malcolm, 24 Waverley Crescent, Waverley, N.S.W.

More Pleasure in Giving

I WAS interested in Mrs. V. Patterson's letter about ten more Commandments. I suggest the following golden rules to remember, and they will help in our daily life:

- (1) Do at least one kind act every day.
- (2) Be patient.
- (3) Try to be cheerful at all times.
- (4) Be thankful for health and happiness.
- (5) With a kind word turn away anger.
- (6) Success only comes with perseverance.
- (7) What we do, do with all our might.
- (8) Be always kind to children and old people.
- (9) Cleanliness is next to Godliness.
- (10) There is more pleasure in giving than receiving.

Mrs. L. McDonald, 20 Brigalow Avenue, Kensington Gardens, Adelaide.

Master the Old Ten

TO the original laws of Moses one could add many other Commandments that would make this world more pleasant to live in; but, after all, they would be but golden rules. The old ten stand for fundamental sin, and if we conquer them we have indeed become masters of our souls.

Didn't Christ give us one other Commandment that is as heaven unto bread, and which we would do well to obey? "A new Commandment I give unto you, 'That ye love one another.'"

Mrs. M. A. Davis, 28 Seaford Avenue, Kingswood, South Australia.

These Are Mine

FOR ten new Commandments these are mine. Remember that:

- (1) Cleanliness is next to Godliness.
- (2) Honesty is the best policy.
- (3) Charity begins at home.
- (4) The gossiping woman is one to be avoided.
- (5) Home should be the throne of love.
- (6) A still tongue makes a wise head.
- (7) Better the life here, happier the departure from it.
- (8) Love is of God.
- (9) Drunkenness is an abomination to any sex.
- (10) Home without Mother is dull and void.

Mrs. T. Roe, c/o Mr. Edwards, 20 Chamberlain Rd., Guildford, N.S.W.

Rules for Conduct

IT would be very hard to better Mrs. Patterson's excellent list of an additional Ten Commandments, but I beg to present ten rules for conduct:

- (1) Remember that an obedient wife commands her husband.
- (2) To speak well of your friend, of your enemy say nothing.
- (3) To take time while time is, for time will away.
- (4) It costs more to revenge injuries than to bear them.
- (5) If you wish a thing done, go, if not, send.
- (6) Better a little fire that warms than a large one that burns.
- (7) Who spends more than he should, hath not to spend when he would.
- (8) Blow the wind ever so fast, it will lower at last.
- (9) The chief promoter of man's happiness is woman.
- (10) In a calm sea every man is a pilot.

Miss J. Henry, Lake Vista Estate, Belmont, N.S.W.

MISSING FRIENDS!

If you haven't written a "So They Say" letter yourself, perhaps some friend of yours has. Look at this page carefully each week—many readers have told us they have rediscovered lost friends through the "So They Say" page.

THOSE INTRODUCTIONS!

WHY are introductions almost invariably awkward and embarrassing? We should I think do our utmost to make them graceful. It usually evolves into one person mumbling two other persons' names, and they react with a curt and unfriendly "How-do-y-do!" We are all very limited in friendships, even those with the longest lists, when we consider all there are to know. Why not evince some interest in the acquaintance that has been added to our list? Also, when introducing, why not do so correctly? It costs nothing, and may mean a lot. First impressions last. Your opinions, readers!

Miss E. Meredith, 5 Charlotte St., Bathurst, N.S.W.

ETIQUETTE



DON'T stare or laugh at the victim of an embarrassing situation or anyone who is crippled or deformed.

ARE WE MUSICAL?

IN spite of the fact that the recent opera season has drawn crowded houses, which must indicate an appreciation of good music, I still wonder if we are really musical.

Is it the action of a true music lover to go into raptures over a crooner and yet that is what happens. You will find the coffee shop which boasts a crooner to entertain its patrons is always full. Then there is the distressing habit of turning some of our most beautiful music into jazz tunes. For instance, that really charming song, "Trees," has been completely ruined by the crooner and jazz player.

Also all orchestras seem to think that their main object must be to play, as loudly as possible, so that the singer on the stage is either completely inaudible or else has to strain his or her voice to be heard. Finally, there are the people who talk all through the playing of an overture, and the louder the playing the louder do they raise their voices.

Surely no genuine music-lover would condone these things that I have mentioned, and there are many other instances which I could add if space permitted.

Miss Erica R. Welsh, 40 Darlinghurst Rd., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.

WHAT OF THE WOMEN?

IT makes me feel indignant to read some of your correspondents' letters. The general theme is that the woman should make herself subservient to her husband (shades of Hitler!).

One woman believes in looking on her husband as next to God. Another suggests a solemn duty of selecting his programme nightly from the wireless; and everyone makes a special point of the wife being cheerful and fresh looking after all the household drudgery (with one pair of hands to do it) has been done. Another suggests: "Be a good listener even if you are not interested!" And, "The children must be well-behaved in front of father."

The above position for a wife is insulting to an intelligent woman of the present day! Whoever invented "Mother's Day" must have had a vein of satirical humor.

Mrs. M. Burge, 33 Russell St., South Brisbane.

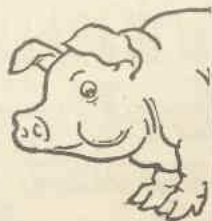
STAGE LURE

WHY does every girl want to be an actress on the stage or screen? The average girl would exchange her position in business, which took education and time to acquire, for the nerve-racking job of stage life. The worries of a stage life are innumerable, and there are more disappointments in that branch of business than in any other. In spite of this, there is always the wish of a stage career. What is the lure?

Miss Tesse Marshall, 31 Beach Rd., Darling Point, N.S.W.

<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4609332>

IT'S NICER WITH MUSTARD



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DOMESTIC Science Classes from 2GB

... Conducted by University
Graduate in Domestic Science

In these days when most young women are looking for something new in careers, many must have given a thought to domestic science, and wondered whether it offered them a profession, or was merely just another door leading into inevitable domesticity. But whether regarded as a career or as a necessity, domestic science is playing an ever larger part in the scheme of things.

LET us introduce to you Mrs. D. State, who is the only Bachelor of Domestic Science to have graduated at Sydney University, and who combines running a home with a career. She is who conducts the Radio School of Domestic Science daily at 2.45 p.m. from 2GB.

In spite of her brilliant passes at the University, Mrs. State does not claim the fact that she is our sole Bachelor of Domestic Science as proof of intellectual prowess. It is really a fault in the University course.

That fault, she says, should be rectified immediately, for there is a growing demand for women with the necessary qualifications to become dietitians to the big hospitals, to control the restaurants provided by the larger firms for their staffs, and to engage in various research work in connection with food, its manufacture, preparation, and distribution. There is scope, too, for them as teachers and lecturers at the colleges and on the air.

Few girls, however, can give five years to the study, for although the University course is only three years, two years' practical work at the Technical College is also necessary. That could quite easily be done concurrently with the theoretical

work if the two courses weren't held at the same time in the morning.

It is impossible for the ordinary human being to be in both places at once.

But whilst vitamins and proteins and such things are of vital importance to those making domestic science a career, it is not necessary that the average person should have more than a nodding acquaintance with them. So that the Radio School of Domestic Science, with Mrs. State in charge, deals with more practical matters.

LISTENERS to the Radio School of Domestic Science are therefore hearing more about cooking a good meal than about these vitamins.

Nevertheless the course is as thorough as those given in our colleges, no branch of home management being neglected.

When listeners miss a lecture they are able to obtain a copy of it free. This is

2GB Highlights

SATURDAY, March 16.—7.15, Happy Valley Boys; 7.45, Darby and Joan; 9.15, at the London Palladium.

SUNDAY, March 17.—7.20, Lloyd Ross: "Australia from the Outside"; 8.15, Edmund Breese in "Memories"; 8.45, George Edwards in "The Cuckoo in the Nest"; 9.45, Dr. Philip Parkinson: "Equality"; 10.0, Evansong.

MONDAY, March 18.—11.45, Dorothea Vautier: "People in the Limelight"; 12.15, Miss Zoe Benjamin: "History of the Free Kindergarten"; 9.0, Ellis Price in "Mr. and Mrs. Hinder and Friend"; 10.15, 2GB Political Commentator.

TUESDAY, March 19.—2.45, Radio School of Domestic Science; 3.30, Dorothea Vautier, Musical Personalities; 6.45, The Voice of the People; 8.5, Lovemaking Inc.; 8.25, Wilson Ewart: Around the Town; 9.15, George Edwards as "The Ideal King"; 9.45, Gil Dech at the Piano.

WEDNESDAY, March 20.—6.20, Favorites Old and New; 6.25, Once Upon a Time; 9.15, Nothing but the Truth; 10.15, Kay Kayser and His Band.

THURSDAY, March 21.—12.15, Numerology; 8.40, Jack Lumsdaine; 9.0, Ellis Price in "An Indian Drama"; 9.30, Oliver King: "Song of the Dance"; 10.0, "The Trial of Thomas Nell Cream."

FRIDAY, March 22.—4.30, Nora M. Hale, M.A., "Vocational Guidance"; 8.45, Cyril James, "In An Old World Garden"; 9.30, Mr. A. M. Pooley, International Affairs.

a great help to those late-comers to the course. At the end of a given period examinations will be held and a diploma awarded.

Mrs. State does not expect this course to appeal to more than a few of the elder women who have set ways of running their homes, arrived at after much trial and experiment, but to the younger generation it will provide a valuable link with what they learnt at school, and show them how they can run their homes in a modern, efficient manner, and obtain the maximum of leisure and comfort.

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these creams

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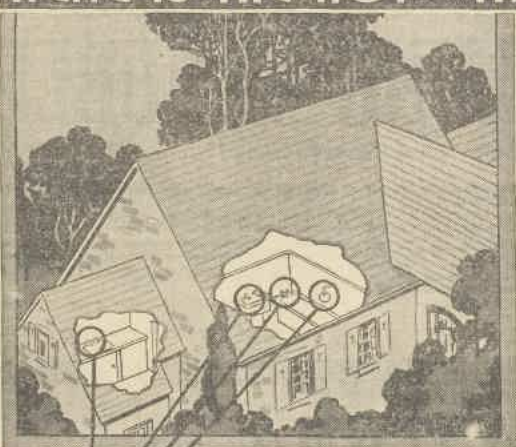
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Here's Good News!

LISTEN IN TO 2 GB

9.15 p.m. TUESDAYS 7.45 p.m. SATURDAYS
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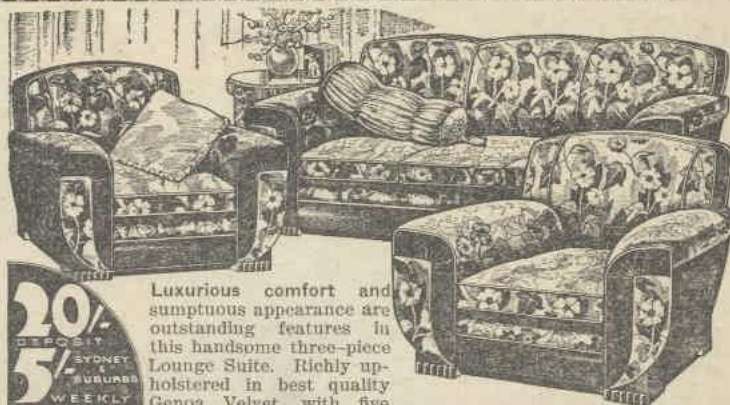
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Luxurious comfort and sumptuous appearance are outstanding features in this handsome three-piece Lounge Suite. Richly upholstered in best quality Genoa Velvet, with five fully sprung loose cushions, this splendid suite is a magnificent example of modern construction. Settee is full size and there are two capacious chairs. No greater value has ever been offered. This Week's Cash Price, £19/19/6.



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4ft. 6in. Oak Breakfast Room Cabinet has numerous compartments, including Bread Cupboard and one drawer divided for Cutlery. Leadlight doors are particularly attractive. The construction and finish are excellent. This Week's Cash Price, 85/6.



29' CASH

44' CASH

Oak Loughboy has sliding trays, ironing table and useful Mirror. This Week's Cash Price, 59/6.

Bed Settee is reliably made with closely-woven wire seat. Full Panel Back. Two-tone finish. This Week's Cash Price, 29/6. (Without Cushion.) Cushion extra, according to quality.

Full-size Double Bedding. 100 per cent. Pure Japanese Kapok in genuine Belgian, striped Ticking. Rarely indeed is Bedding of this quality offered at such a price. Don't miss this bargain at 44/6, Cash Price.



18' DEPOSIT, 4'6 weekly

Designed in the latest style, with Polished Figured Walnut veneers, this is a most attractive Bedroom Suite. 4ft. 8in. Wardrobe and Double Loughboy are both fully fitted with sliding trays, etc. 3ft. 9in. Drop-centre, kneehole, Dressing table (with bow-centre) has six drawers and artistic five-piece, bevelled mirror. Suite is fitted with bar-handles. Here is extraordinary value at the Introductory Cash Price, £18/18/6. (Bedstead Extra).

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(Six lines)



MIRIAM HOPKINS, who plays the title role in "The Richest Girl in the World," in a scene with Henry Stephenson.

ACTRESS Through' ACCIDENT

Miriam Hopkins

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

IT was a physical injury that largely determined Miriam Hopkins' career. But it is no accident that this clever little actress has come to the fore in stage and screen work. Her most recent appearance in one of the bigger productions is as the night club dancer who goes on the films in "She Loves Me Not." Soon Australian audiences are to see her as the heroine in "The Richest Girl in the World," which takes some of its material from the story of Barbara Hut-ton, heiress of the Woolworth millions, who visited Australia not so long ago.

If she had not broken an ankle, and if her mother had not been a woman of musical inclinations, Miriam Hopkins might now be idling her days away as a society belle instead of being a popular blonde screen star.

Born in Savannah, Georgia, Miss Hopkins is the daughter and granddaughter of noted southern beauties. In her school days there was no other idea for her but a society and domestic career. This, according to her family's notions, required a certain degree of proficiency in polite accomplishments, and especially in piano-playing. Her mother insisted on the musical education, but Miriam rebelled. She announced that she would forsake the usual routine and the decorative arts of the social butterfly.

After a thorough education in general subjects at southern grammar schools, at the Syracuse University in New York, and the Goddard Seminary at Barre, Vermont, Miss Hopkins' career was still undecided. It remained for a fall down a flight of stairs to shape her course.

The accident caused a fractured ankle, and she was forced to study dancing to strengthen her leg.

First a Dancer

SHE was so fascinated by the art that she decided to become a professional dancer. Her next step was a vaudeville engagement. From this she advanced to the chorus of the "Music Box Revue."

The happiest period of Miriam Hopkins' life as far followed. It was a year's engagement in "Little Jessie James." Now she enjoyed complete independence. With her own money earned from dancing in this musical comedy she took a flat or, as they say, "set up an apartment," bought herself a fur coat and felt entirely free from all worries. It is a crucial matter for anyone who seems to have made a good start on a certain course to alter the direction suddenly. But Miss Hopkins presently decided that she did not want to con-



A PORTRAIT which suggests the mental alertness as well as charm of appearance possessed by Miriam Hopkins.

fine herself to dancing all her life. She wanted to go in for legitimate drama. This took courage, for she had been tagged a song-and-dance girl, and the label was now a handicap. But she made the break.

For weeks she haunted the theatrical agencies, refusing all offers for musical comedy, and demanding a straight dramatic part. Her insistence finally brought her a role in "Puppets," playing opposite Fredric March. Her performance in this piece definitely established her as a dramatic actress. She next appeared in "The Home Towners," from which she went to the New York stage production of "An American Tragedy." Her ability was now recognized.

"The Affairs of Anatol," built up on Arthur Schnitzler's witty episodes, was Miss Hopkins' outstanding stage hit, and it earned her a film contract.

SHE played with Maurice Chevalier in "The Smiling Lieutenant," after which she appeared with Fredric March in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the film directed by Rouben Mamoulian, which won March his Motion Picture Academy Award. Then came "The Stranger's Return" and "Design For Living" in which she played once more with Fredric March and with Gary Cooper. This brilliant production was directed by Ernst Lubitsch. Another film directed by Lubitsch was "Trouble in Paradise," the rippling comedy in which Fredric March and Kay Francis also appeared.

Since then other films have been "All Of Me," with Fredric March and George

Raft, "Dancers in the Dark," and "The Story of Temple Drake," that unpleasant film in which she acted with great ability the part of a degenerate southern aristocrat.

The New York stage show, "Jezabel," came as an interlude and then she returned to Hollywood for the musical film, "She Loves Me Not."

In "The Richest Girl in the World," to be released shortly, Miss Hopkins wears some gorgeous and varied creations. Her apparel in this film strikes the latest note in fashions for any hour round the clock. Pyjamas, sports dresses, afternoon frocks and tailored outfits figure among her attire.

Personal Impression

THIS golden-haired little actress clearly owes much of her success to brains. Her sparkling blue eyes radiate keen intelligence and wit. One has only to think of her performance in the Noel Coward film, "Design For Living," to realise her cleverness.

And she is a gay companion. Herbert Marshall, in the course of some reflections on "Trouble in Paradise," which was immensely enjoyed in production by the whole cast, made these comments:

"Miriam Hopkins is a brilliant little actress and was a great success on the stage before she transferred to the screen. She is also a great singer! During the whole six weeks of production I don't think there was one dull moment. But if there had been Miriam would have found something to laugh at, and so brighten it up!"

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS

Helen Hayes, Brian Aherne. (M.-G.-M.)

J. M. BARRIE'S wistful little heroine in this delightful comedy, who mourns her want of char-r-m, is a marvellous part for an actress of sensibility and the right physique. Lapped in the devotion of her father and two brothers, Maggie Wylie is "getting on" without being able to attach a suitor. Yet, if any woman is meet for a wife, surely it is this scrap of Scottish femininity in whom practical wisdom, honesty, warmth and humor are blended. Though one cannot help harking back to Hilda Truvelyan, who created the stage role, Helen Hayes is here very endearing. And Brian Aherne is excellent as the unsmiling railway porter of Kilburnie, who is persuaded into the matrimonial bargain. This is to the life the kind of fiercely-proud young Scot of humble birth but intellectual gifts, avid of learning and driven by ambition, who has brought his country to the fore.

A small point of criticism might be made as to the Wylie brothers that they are too old, and as to the understanding Countess that she slightly overacts. But Madge Evans as Lady Sybil, is definitely a misfit. She is a commonplace stren and not even passably English. We doubt whether much has been gained by modernising the politics. And why must Maggie's two best mots be omitted? Her "daft the flowing tide" in the original is a brilliant emendation of her husband's oratorical effort, and her quip at the end, that Eve was made not out of Adam's rib but out of his funnybone, is the essential explanation of the title.—St. James; com. Mar. 6.

BABBITT

Guy Kibbee, Aline MacMahon, Claire Dodd. (Warner Bros.)

SINCLAIR LEWIS' creation, Babbitt, is familiar to most novel-readers. Though his author's aim was pungent satire, this estate agent of an American middle western town has become in a few years a typical comic character, almost like Mr. Punch or Harlequin. We laugh at his childish gullibility, his boasting, his easy optimism and his feeble despair. Perhaps his most delicious absurdity is his habit of cavorting with brother Elks and Zebras in the quaint garb and ceremonies of such semi-secret associations.

Guy Kibbee, though rather more mature, does fair justice to the Babbitt we have imagined, the earnest citizen of some local standing, who is entangled by the wiles of an attractive but mercenary widow (Claire Dodd), and who, flattered by the overtures of wealthier men, is made fool in a crooked land deal. Too much of his domestic routine is given at the beginning. But that affords us the opportunity of realising what a staunch helpmeet is his wife (Aline MacMahon). She gets him out of his mess finally, of course, and covers him with glory besides.—Capitol, com. Mar. 15; King's Cross, com. Mar. 16.

FORBIDDEN TERRITORY

Gregory Ratoff, Binnie Barnes, Ronald Squire. (Gaumont-British.)

RUSSIA is the scene of this thriller, which recounts the adventures of two Englishmen (Ronald Squire and Barry Mackay), father and son, who penetrate into this land of mystery, where danger lurks round every corner for the middleclass foreigner, in order to rescue an elder son and brother (Anthony Bushell) believed to be held a prisoner of the Soviet authorities. From the moment of their inconspicuous arrival at Moscow their movements are checked by an officious guide, acting on instructions from a high official (Gregory Ratoff), who suspects them of spying activities. However, assisted by a specially dancer in a cafe (Anton Dolin), to whom they have an introduction, and by a glamorous singer (Binnie Barnes), whose acquaintance Mackay had made in London, they reach their objective in the "Forbidden Territory" and the family is rescued after several narrow shaves in escaping over the frontier with a former princess (Tamara Desni).

The details of clothes, food, interiors, conveyances etc. are most interesting, and are guaranteed by a traveller of long experience.—Lyceum; com. Mar. 9.

THE BROKEN MELODY

(Reviewed by E.M.T.)

John Garfield, Merle Oberon, Margot Grahame. (B.D.F.)

THE French penal system is more ruthless than ours. It assumes that, having collected the dregs of the criminal population, the main thing is to put them where they can do no harm; and that, since it is almost impossible to escape from Devil's Island, this savage spot is the best place for a prison. The horrors of life on a convict ship and in a prisoners' gang are realistically portrayed. What we cannot believe is that the hero of this film would ever have experienced them. For John Garfield is a young Parisian composer, absorbed in his art, but fascinated and

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.
★★ Two stars—
good films.
★ One star—
average films.
No stars no good.

married out of hand by a prima donna. He is a model husband until the shock of finding his wife in an old lover's arms drives him to murder. A "crime passionnel" if ever there was one, and certain of forgiveness in France!

Merle Oberon makes a charming picture as the young man's guardian angel, but she does not add to her reputation as she might under better direction. The music is tuneful enough.—Mayfair; com. Mar. 13.

MYSTERY WOMAN

Mona Barrie, Gilbert Roland, John Halliday. (Fox.)

AN unusually far-fetched plot and sundry improbabilities in its working out scarcely matter in this thriller, since it gives Mona Barrie a chance to prove her mettle as a star, and she comes out of the test very well indeed. Here she plays the part of a Frenchwoman whose husband is wrongly convicted of treason and sent to Devil's Island because of the disappearance of a valuable Government document in his charge, and who thereupon swears to clear him.

As we accompany her pursuit of the internationally famous millionaire art collector (John Halliday), whom she suspects of the theft, and witness her rapprochement with another guy (Gilbert Roland), who is also after the document on his own account, we are not troubled, apart from a regret at the pleasant bar steward's end, by the why and the wherefore of the various hectic occurrences on the liner and in New York. The quiet naturalism and dignity of Miss Barrie's manner hold us. She is undeniably charming enough, too, for Halliday and Roland both to be in love with her while having doubts as to her good faith.—Capitol, com. Mar. 15; King's Cross, com. Mar. 16.

CHARLIE CHAN IN PARIS

Warner Oland, Mary Brian. (Fox.)

GREAT detectives, as Conan Doyle found with Sherlock Holmes, transcend mortality. So Charlie Chan continues to be provided with exploits by his second author, Philip MacDonald. Chan has here lost some of his picturesque Oriental vocabulary, but remains as keenly successful as ever in uncovering the innocent suspect and bringing criminals to book. His eldest son, on holiday in Europe, insists on taking a hand in this investigation into frauds on a Parisian bank, and, though a novice, shows himself not unworthy of his illustrious sire.

None of the supposedly French characters make the probably vain attempt to resemble French people. But the settings are of some assistance, and the scene in the sewer is an interesting example of local color. Likewise, a clever variation of the doubling formula is a novel touch. But malefactors as able as these would never have forgotten such details as car number-plates and handwriting specimens. Also for a heroine to behave as Mary Brian does, when the man whose apartment she is visiting in the dead of night is shot down by an unseen assassin, is plumb idiocy.—Regent; com. Mar. 8.

BABES IN TOYLAND

Laurel and Hardy. (M.-G.-M.)

PANTOMIME is the proper classification of this operetta, although instead of being built up on one nursery tale it has brought together such a host of miscellaneous characters as Little Bo-Peep (Charlotte Henry), Tom the Piper's Son, Boy Blue, Miss Muffet, King Cole, Little Jack Horner, and the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe. Laurel and Hardy play their customary roles of simple blundersers here as apprentices to a toymaker, who must have been very forbearing to employ them at all, but whose temper gets badly frayed over their mishaps with pots of paint and an outside clockwork infantryman who leaves a wealth of destruction behind him.

We liked the part where the stammering Laurel takes the bride's place, and there are some good incidental notions, such as the rescuing march of the mechanical soldiers. But the bogymen, who pursue Bo-Peep and her swain through underground caverns are too gruesome. So, too, the crocodiles thrusting their snouts up from the lily water. Also the piece would be improved by shortening to half its length.—St. James; com. Mar. 8.

YOU'VE SEEN Them All IN COLOR

... Now Knit THEM!

HERE follow complete directions for making the Six Exclusive Garments featured in color on page 6

Who said winter was dull and miserable? How can it be with fashion this year so captivating, so lavish in her use of color, so strongly in favor of cosy, snug, comforting, hand-knitted woollens!

And to fashion garments of such smartness, such practicability—isn't it a fascinating occupation? So choose those you like best, and set to work to meet winter with smiling confidence.

Directions for...

"Margaret Rose"

In Simple Stocking Stitch

THE original was knitted in buttercup 3-ply wool and decorated with white wool, but you may substitute with any desired colors. To fit a child 4 to 5 years of age.



Materials: 5 skeins buttercup 3-ply wool, pair of No. 10 bone needles, 3 skeins blue, 1 skein white embroidery wool, 4 small buttons, and a medium steel crochet hook.

Measurements: Length from shoulder to hem 18 inches, width round yoke 24 inches.

Tension: 11 rows to 1 inch, 8 sts. to 1 inch.

THE BACK

CAST on 150 sts. (do not knit into the back of cast on sts.) Work in stocking stitch for 10 rows; with right side of work towards you knit 1 st. from the needle and 1 loop from cast on sts. together to end of row, thus making a hem. Continue in st. st. until work measures 11½ inches.

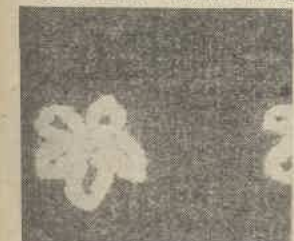
On next row, K. 75 sts. and leave them on a spare needle.

On other side cast on 4 sts., knit into back of cast on sts. These sts. are for this button flap and will be knitted plain throughout. Knit to end of row. Working on left side only, work 5 more rows in st. st. On next row knit flap sts., then k. 2 tog. to end of row ending with k. 1. Work 6 rows, then shape armhole by casting off 3 sts. at the beginning of next row, then decrease 1 st. every other row 3 times at same edge. Work for 34 rows, then shape for neck.

At neck edge, cast off 7 sts., knit to end, puri back, cast off 3 sts., knit to end, puri back, repeat last 2 rows once, knit 2 tog. to end, puri back. Knit to end, then shape shoulder by casting off at armhole edge, 6 sts. twice, then 5 sts. twice. Return to other side and work to correspond knitting the first 3 sts. at back, opening plain every row, and only casting off 3 sts. instead of 7 of first row of neck shaping.

THE FRONT

CAST on 150 sts. and work as for back for 11½ inches. Instead of making



PHOTOGRAPH showing a section of the hem with the flowers embroidered in the hem with daisy stitch in a contrasting color.

back opening, work 6 more rows. On next row k. 2 tog. to end of row (75 sts.). Work 5 rows in st. st. Shape armholes as for back, then work for 34 rows. On next knit row, cast off 7 centre sts. for neck. Working one side only, at beginning of next knit row, cast off 3 sts.; next knit row cast off 2 sts.; next knit row cast off 1 st. When armhole measures same as back, shape shoulder as before.

Work other side to correspond.

With a hot iron and a damp cloth, press the back and front of frock, being very careful to press the yoke and skirt

separately, otherwise you might spoil the fullness in the skirt.

THE SLEEVES

JOIN shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, and using a fine needle, pick up and knit 64 sts. With No. 10 needles puri to end. On next row increase to 128 sts. by knitting into the front and back of every st. Work st. st. for 22 rows; or next knit row k. 2 tog. to end of row. Puri back, next row * k. 6, k. 2 tog. Repeat from * to end.

Puri one row and cast off. With crochet hook work 1 row of double crochet along edge of sleeves. Press sleeves, join seams. With crochet hook work double crochet round neck and back, opening thus: Join work at beginning of left back opening 1 d.c. into each st. along back and round neck, until top of right back is reached. Here work buttonholes: 1 d.c. into 1st. st. 3 chain, miss 3 sts. 1 d.c. into each of next 12 sts. Repeat until 4 buttonholes have been worked, d.c. to end of back opening and fasten off. Sew on buttons.

With blue wool embroider daisies just above hem about 1 inch wide, and 4-inch apart, in lacy daisy stitch, 5 petals to each, and with white wool work a French knot in centre of each. Press carefully.

"Jennifer"—Tres

Chic in Plaid!

Navy, Blu Dusk, and White—Colors as Paris Likes Them

THIS distinctive jumper looks most difficult to do, but in reality is exceedingly simple. Worked in stocking stitch throughout in a three-tone stripe. The plaid effect is gained by embroidering the stripes on after in a very simple stitch, and this is how you do it:



Mark centre front at top of basque, and hold work upside down. Thread a darning needle with white wool and fasten wool at the beginning. Put wool to the left and count 3 sts. or loops down. Pick up the fourth one with the needle, and draw through as though for chain st. Repeat twice. The 3 chain sts. should cover the width of the stripe. Fasten off. Work 4 lines altogether of this chain st., having 2 knitted sts. between each line. Miss the next stripe, then repeat chain st. on the same lines as the first ones. Continue in this way up to the neck.

Now thread needle with navy wool and work 4 lines of chain st., the whole length of jumper. Using light blue wool miss the first stripe, work the second and alternate ones to end. Repeat first stripe again. Continue in this way until right hand side is worked. Return to centre, thread needle with light blue wool, miss first stripe, embroider second and alternate ones to end. Thread needle with navy wool and embroider 4 lines to neck. Finish left side to correspond with right. Work back and sleeves the same. Press well.

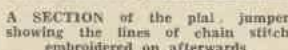
Materials: 5 skeins of light blue, 2 skeins navy, 2 skeins white 4-ply wool, pair of No. 9 bone needles, pair of No. 13 steel needles, medium steel crochet hook.

Measurements: Bust 34 inches, length from shoulder to lower edge, 20 inches, sleeve seam 5 inches.

Tension: 6 sts. in width and 8 sts. in depth to 1 inch, measured after pressing.

THE FRONT

With steel needles and light blue wool, cast on 130 sts. K. into the back of cast on sts. and rib k. 1, p. 1 for 5 inches. Change to bone needles



A SECTION of the plaid jumper showing the lines of chain stitch embroidered on afterwards.

and st. st. reducing sts. to 100 in the first row by k. 2 tog. at regular intervals. Work 12 rows of light blue, 12 rows of white, 14 rows of navy, then repeat these 3 stripes once.

On next row commence armhole shaping and neck opening. Cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of row, join light blue, k. to centre, join a second ball of light blue and k. to end of row. On next row cast off 6 sts. and puri to end (except 2 sts. on either side of neck opening which will be knitted plain every row).

Continue stripe, decreasing 1 st. each end of needle every alternate row 4 times. After light blue stripe work 1 white stripe, then on 7th row of navy stripe, shape neck by casting off 10 sts. on left-hand side, then 10 sts. on right-hand side of neck, when coming back on puri row. Now decrease 1 st. at each side of neck every k. row until 28 sts. remain on each needle, working 1 light blue stripe after the navy stripe.

The back is made the same as front, omitting neck opening. When armholes measure same as front, cast off 7 sts. at the beginning of every row for the next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts. for back of neck.

SLEEVES BOTH ALIKE

USING steel needles and light blue wool, cast on 90 sts. Rib k. 1, p. 1 for 1 inch, change to bone needles and work stripes in the following order: 1 light blue, 1 navy, 1 light blue. Shape top by k. 2 tog. at the beginning and end of every row for 1 navy stripe, 1 light blue stripe, and 1 white stripe, till there are 28 sts. on the needle, cast off.

TO MAKE UP

PRESS work on wrong side with a hot iron over a damp cloth, and embroider as described above. Press well, join shoulder, underarm and sleeve seams, sew in sleeves. With crochet hook crochet into every st. round neck, turn with 3 chain d.c. on d.c. to end, turn with 2 chain, work 1 more row of d.c. and fasten off. Make a length of chain with light blue wool, thread a bodkin with it, lace up neck and tie in a bow.

"Paula"—a

Viennese Triumph!

Lace Jumper with Moss-stitch Scarf in Rust, Black, and Jade Green

THIS charming affair hails from Vienna—and looks it! The long, hip basque will intrigue the pencil-slim girl—and as for the scarf in black and jade green—we can see you already trying it jauntily!



Materials: 12 skeins rust, 1 skein each of black and jade-green crepe wool, pair of No. 9 bone needles, 2 black buttons the size of a shilling.

Measurements: Bust 34 inches, length from shoulder to lower edge, 22 inches, sleeve seam, 18 inches.

Tension: 11 sts. to 2 inches in width, 10 sts. to 1 inch in depth, measured after pressing.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., puri; m. 1, make 1; sl. 1 slip 1; p.s.s.o., pass the slipped stitch over; st. stitch; tog., together; w.r.n., wool round needle.

THE PATTERN

ROW 1: P. 5, * leave wool forward, sl. 1, k. 2 tog. p.s.s.o., w.r.n., p. 5, repeat from * to end of row.

ROW 2: K. 6, p. 3 throughout row.

ROW 3: K.

ROW 4: K. 1, p. to met st. k. 1.

Repeat this pattern throughout work.

AND WHEN YOU TURN TO THE NEXT PAGE

according to your feeling—captivating, design.

There are ten of them—ten exclusive designs in addition to the big six hailing from London, Paris, and Vienna, featured in color on page 6. Directions for making these ten are available to our readers on application—FREE!

You've never heard of any newspaper packing such variety and smartness for knitting-lovers into one issue before... We haven't, either!

It would be interesting to be beside you when you do... See you register surprise and pleasure; share in your amazement as your eyes dance from one Petrov sketch to another... As you read each brief description of the most charming, practical—or, according to your feeling—captivating, design.

There are ten of them—ten exclusive designs in addition to the big six hailing from London, Paris, and Vienna, featured in color on page 6. Directions for making these ten are available to our readers on application—FREE!

You've never heard of any newspaper packing such variety and smartness for knitting-lovers into one issue before... We haven't, either!

The "Morris"

Tailored Sweater

Ribbed... and It Tucks in Under the Belt—English Style

A DEEP, sporty yet low was the chosen color for this English style tailored sweater, but you can work it for him in his own favorite color.



Materials: 12 skeins of yellow 4-ply wool, pair of No. 9 bone needles, set of 4 No. 12 steel needles.

Measurements: Chest 38 inches, length from shoulder to lower edge, 22½ inches, sleeve seam, 20 inches.

Tension: 7 sts. in width, and 9 sts. in depth, to one inch, measured after pressing.

Pattern: Row 1 (on right side of work): K. 3, p. 3 throughout row.

Row 2: K. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 3 throughout row; that is, p. the 3 sts. knitted in the previous row, and k. 1, p. 1, k. over the P. 3.

Repeat these 2 rows throughout the work.

THE BACK

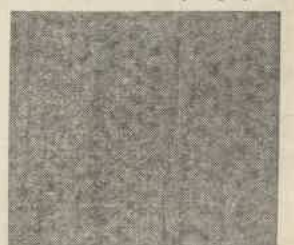
WITH 2 steel needles cast on 130 sts. Knit into the back of cast on sts., and rib k. 2, p. 2 for 3 inches. Change to No. 9 needles and pattern, decreasing 1 st. in the first row. Work in pattern for 11 inches. Shape armholes by casting off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next two rows, then decrease 1 st. at each end of the needle every other row 8 times, a decrease of 32 sts. altogether. Work on these sts. till armholes measure 8 inches, then shape shoulders by casting off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts. for back of neck.

THE FRONT

MAKE the same as back up to 3 inches of the armholes. Now divide work in centre, and shape for neck by decreasing 1 st. at each side every 3rd row until there are 32 sts. on each needle. When armholes measure 8 inches shape shoulders as before.

THE SLEEVE

USING steel needles, cast on 60 sts. Knit into back of cast on sts. and rib for 3 inches. Change to No. 9 needles and pattern, increasing 1 st. each end every 8 rows until sleeve measures 20 inches. Shape top by cast-



SHOWING a close-up of the neat rib stitch used for the man's sweater.

ing off 3 sts. at the beginning of every row until 30 sts. remain. Make another sleeve the same.

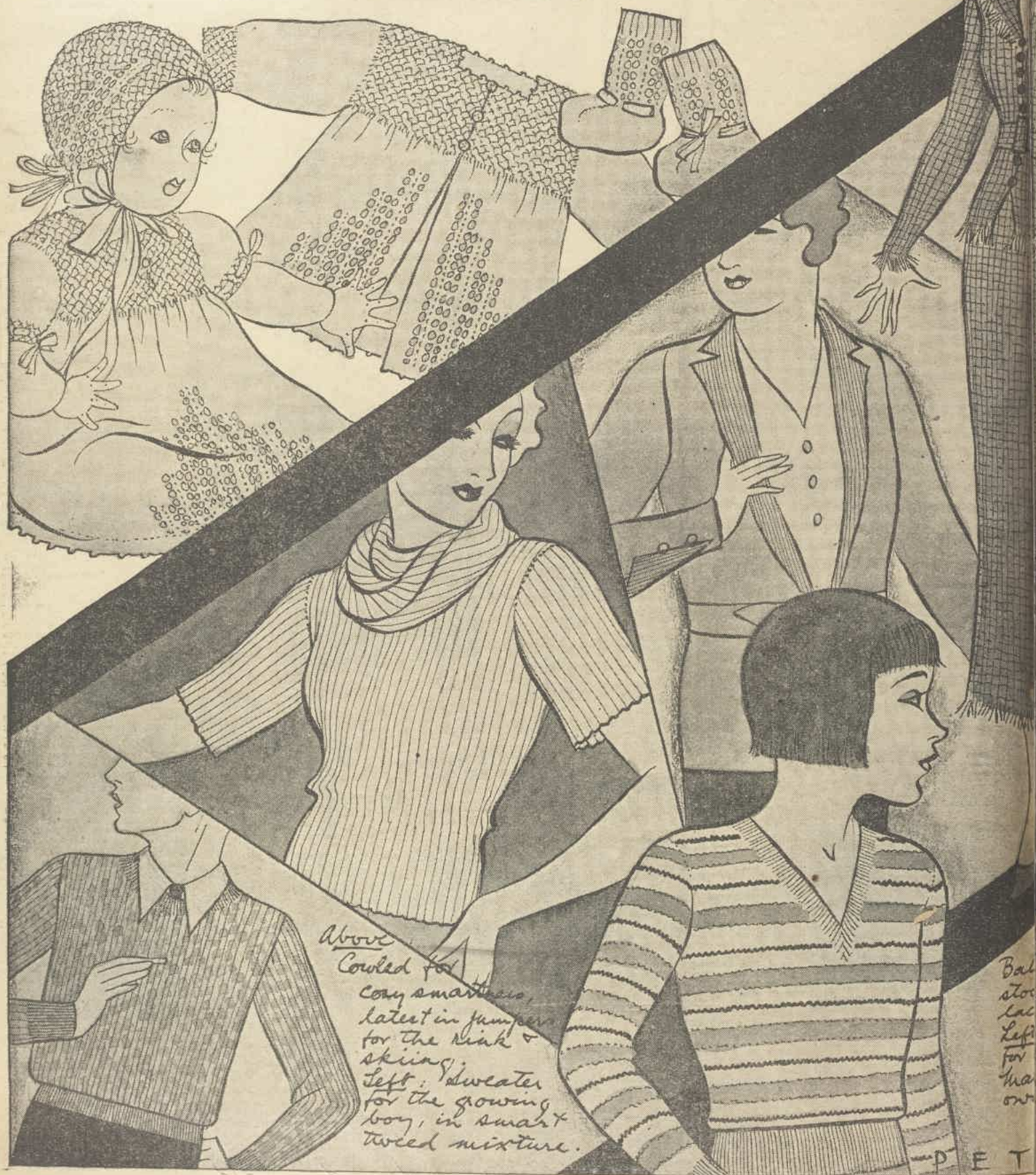
Press all work on the wrong side with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Sew up under arm, shoulder, and sleeve seams, sew in sleeves. With the steel needles, pick up all sts. around back and rib in k. 2, p. 2 for 1½ inches, shaping centre front by k. 2 tog. on either side every alternate row.

Please turn to Page 30

TEN MORE EXCITING DESIGNS

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To obtain full directions for knitting any of the delightful garments sketched here by Petrov, fill in the coupon on page 20 and forward it with a penny stamp to cover cost of postage, to any of the offices of The Australian Women's Weekly.





You must have a woollen knit - in broken rib fringe is last word in chic.

Extreme left:
Tailored cardigan for the nation. Note ribbed revers & sleeve treatment.

Above left:
Knoppe wool fashions. This snug fitting jumper cardigan made in a broad rib.
Below: Chic embodied in stocking stitch & fine ribbing.

For sport
Four-pocket cardigan in double moss stitch.

Snappy scarf set in Marina style - has to the woolly world!

In upper-left hand corner:
my set in stocking stitch & rib.
It: striped smartness the schoolgirl. like it in her own colors.

R O V

MORE DIRECTIONS for EXCLUSIVE

"Sue"—is Simply Knitting DESIGNS

Captivating!

... In Jaunty Beret and Fringed Scarf

COCOWOOD

is the color, the fringe of the scarf in shade-beige—the season's new colors are a fascinating combination.

The scarf is composed of stocking stitch and the following 2 rows, which will be referred to as pattern throughout directions.

Pattern: Row 1 (on right side of work): K. 1, * m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p. 2, o. 2, repeat from * to last st., k. 1.



Row 2: K. 1, then knit the made st. and purl the knitted st. throughout row.

Materials: 6 skeins of cocowood, 1 skein of beige 4-ply wool, pair No. 8 bone needles.

Measurements: Beret to fit a 22½-inch head. Scarf, 44 inches in length and 6½ inches in width.

Tension: 6 sts. to 1 inch in width, 9 sts. to 1 inch in depth, measured after pressing.

Note: Always knit the first and last st. of every row when making the scarf.

THE SCARF.

WITH cocowood wool and No. 8 needles cast on 40 sts. K. into the back of cast on sts. P. 1 row, k. 1 row, p. 1 row. Work pattern, * 16 rows of stocking stitch. Pattern, 8 rows of st. at. Pattern. Repeat from * twice. ** K. 1 row, p. 1 row. Pattern. Repeat from ** for 20 inches from ** to **.

*** 8 rows of st. at. Pattern, 16

rows of st. at. Pattern. Repeat from *** 4 times. K. 1 row, p. 1 row, k. 1 row. Cast off.

Press with a hot iron over a damp cloth.

For the fringe, take a piece of cardboard 3 inches long by 2 deep, wind the beige wool round the centre evenly about 40 times, cut along one edge and you have a number of 4-inch lengths. Take two, fold in half, hold in centre above the first st. of the second row of holes, put a crochet hook through this st., and half draw the loop of beige wool through, push the four ends through, and draw tight. Repeat at every hole and every st. along row. Trim the fringe, which should be a little less than 1½ inches deep.

Cut more lengths of wool as you need

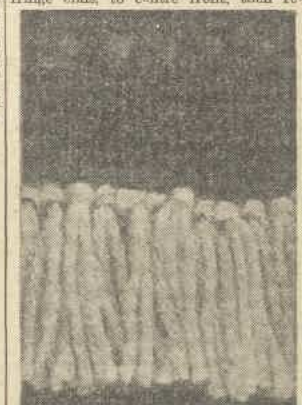
Featured on Page 6

them. Make the fringe at every alternate row of holes, having 3 rows of fringe at the beginning of the scarf and 5 rows at the end.

THE BERET.

CAST on 66 sts. K. into back of cast on sts. P. 1 row, work pattern for 2 inches, now decrease 1 st. at each end of the needle in the next and every following 6th row until work measures 6 inches. Cast off. Make another piece the same. Press very lightly and join together. Thread a needle with beige wool and, holding the piece of cardboard used for the fringe upright in the middle of the seam, sew the wool over the cardboard and through the beret until the cardboard is completely covered; fasten off and remove the cardboard.

Run a thread from where the double fringe ends, to centre front, then re-



A CLOSE-UP of one end of the scarf, showing the first row of fringe, and the pattern above and below.

peat for back, gather up to fit head and fasten off.

For a smaller head fitting, cast on less sts.

Master Bobby

Makes His Bow!

3/6 Makes This Play Suit

COULD anything be more attractive than this dear little play suit for the small boy. It will only take a few days to make, and cost about 3/6. The jumper is made in basket-stitch pattern with ribbed collar, cuffs, and border, and the knickers in stocking-stitch with ribbed borders. The original was worked in blue. Make him one in cream for best; he will look adorable in it.

Materials: 4 skeins of Paton and Baldwins 3-ply wool in blue, pair of No. 9 bone needles, set of 4 No. 11 needles, pointed at both ends, 1-yard elastic, narrow white tape, and 1 button.

Measurements: Jersey, length 11 inches, width, 10½ inches. Knickers, length 8½ inches, width 11 inches.

Stitches used: Basket-stitch pattern, made up of 12 rows. First 6 rows all worked the same, K. 5, P. 5 throughout row. Second 6 rows all worked the same, P. 5, K. 5, throughout row. Ribbing, 1 st. plain, 1 st. purl, stocking stitch, 1 row plain, 1 row purl.



Beauty Sleep—EVERY NIGHT

WEAR A Ladye Jayne SLUMBER HELMET

SKIN DISEASES and THEIR ORIGIN

(Extract from a lecture given by Mr. J. J. McHugh, M.P.S., Ph.D., the well-known skin and scalp specialist.)

Many people who ignore Dandruff seldom realize that many skin infections are caused by this complaint. Dandruff is a scalp, face, and body. Inflamed Eyes (Conjunctivitis), Itchiness, Pimples and Rash on the face, chest, and back, in the majority of cases find their source in Dandruff. Many scalp infections are due to too frequent washing of scalp, use of wrong soap, etc.



Renewing Suede Shoes

In a Very Cheap Way

Better than the very good remedy of a sandpaper rub is this little-known hint to renew the pile on suede shoes.

THIS way will make all the greasy patches disappear, and make your shoes look as good as new.

Put a kettle on to boil, and when a good volume of steam is coming out of the spout, hold the shoes in it by their heels, taking care not to scald your hands while doing so. The pile will rise beautifully, so that all the shabby patches will disappear.

Vim's SOAP-COATED grains

CLEAN FASTER
SMOOTHER
CLEANER

A shake of Vim, a rub or two, and all the dirt and grease have gone. It's Vim's soft, soap-coated grains that make the difference. They release tiny suds that hold the loosened dirt under the cloth so that grey smudges and yellowing stains come clean away at a wipe. It's a soft sudsy action that polishes as it cleans... and does both in record time!

VIM

A LEVER PRODUCT

CLEANS
IN A SHAKE!



7.31.15

Intimate Jottings



Did You Know That—

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Kelly partook of luncheon at the Queen's Club this week en famille? Sons Tom and Carleton most attentive, and Mrs. T.H. wearing a charming autumn model with smart accessories.

Outsize Orchid Spray

LONGEST spray of orchids seen at Romano's worn by Mrs. Pat Levy on Saturday. . . Reached from shoulder to hem or thereabouts. . . Mrs. Doug Doyle, exponent of the smart and slightly bizarre, looked striking in large cheeks of black and yellow chiffon. . . Slight train affected. . . Pleated skirt with apron effect noticed on floral chiffon model fancied by Claudia Benzley. . . Colors used black, yellow, red and blue, but no clashing.

Princess from Portugal

THE Princess de Braganza, widow of the late ex-Crown Prince of Portugal, affected a heavy suntan make-up during her recent visit to Sydney. . . For excursions on shore from decks of Franconia the Princess mostly wore beige suit with shallow-crowned hat to tone. . . H.R.H. is American by birth, and an inveterate world traveller. . . By the way, Franconia passengers danced in far more friendly fashion than is customary in Sydney.

The white wings on Sydney Harbor attracted Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven on Saturday afternoon. He was guest on board Mr. Paul Ross's yacht Sayonara.

Naval Walkabouts

NAVAL circles will be cheered by arrival of Lieut. Commander and Mrs. R. V. Wheatley this week. . . Commander Wheatley has been on service with British Navy for past two years. . . Other naval walkabouts made by Lieut. R. Bill, R.N., who joins H.M.A.S. Penguin, and is accompanied to Australia by wife and child. . . Also by Lieutenant G. O. Gatacre, who is being acquired by H.M.A.S. Stuart.

Masque Revived

THE same masque that was played to celebrate twenty-first birthday of Women's College, Sydney, comes again into limelight for similar celebrations in Brisbane. . . Rhoda Felgate producer for occasion at Kangaroo Point. . . Principal Freda Bage, assisted by students, will entertain at party after church service at St. Mary's.

Whole year's holiday in store for Bonnie Herring, who left recently for England. Bonnie is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Herring, of Wybalenna, Batlow.

European Journeys

MUCH travelled Elsie Segart once more off to Europe. . . Party of fourteen, including Sheila Simpson, Marjorie Martin, of Cairns, and Marjorie Phippard, and several other young things accompany her. . . Elsie has now acquired smattering of Italian to add to knowledge of other tongues. . . Italian ship has been chosen for means of transport.

Would Be Pleased!

NO wonder Mrs. Leslie Utz looked pleased on her return to Sydney early in the week. . . Having achieved victory with her pet racehorse in Melbourne, this sporting young matron is looking for fresh fields to conquer. . . Not many people in dark about identity of "Lorna Doone" . . . Mrs. Utz just as keen about tennis as racing and is first-class player.

A.D.C. To The King

HIGH circles will be order of day for Mrs. Errol Manners, formerly Kathleen Johnson, of Mosman. . . Her husband, Captain Manners, is on way from China to join his wife in London. . . He will then take over duties of A.D.C. to the King.

Raising the Dust

MUCH confusion in household of Mrs. Clive Inglis. . . Carpenters, bricklayers and their off-siders are doing wonderful things to Mona Road home. . . Two rooms being made one, and lovely green carpet will be laid to celebrate extension. . . Birds in nearby aviary not so keen on turmoil.

Melbourne Week-end

ALL of a sudden Mrs. John Keep made up her mind for a hurried visit to Melbourne. . . Her brother, Captain Collin Chisholm, and sister-in-law were ensconced in the south for the race festivities, and telephoned an invitation to Sydney for Mrs. John. . . Packing up did not take long, as visit is to be short.

Interesting, but apparently empty, was wicker keg nonchalantly carried by Doug Levy along Macleay St. a day or so ago.

Still They Go

MRS. CAMPBELL BAUER and Kathleen Betts set sail by Narkunda on Thursday. . . Kathleen's first trip, and excitement ran high. . . Party will be joined in Melbourne by Mrs. Charles Lapage, who is en route for English home. . . Anne Bevan and mother also tripped off, but they will only cruise as far as Tasmania, Melbourne and back.

Sailing the Seas

MRS. CLIFF KITCHEN

has no love of the sea. . . At present on board Orford bound for London, and hoping for calm weather all the way. . . Letters from Tasmania sound quite cheerful notwithstanding. . . Women on board in great majority. . . Dancing somewhat hampered in consequence. . . Mrs. Harold Farncombe and Peggy Ross Nott make congenial shipmates.

Over a hundred guests gathered together for the coming-of-age party of Saidie Spender. Pink flower scheme used for party at parents' home at Clovelly.

"Con." Season Opens

VERY battered was the brass rostrum from which Dr. Edgar Bainton beckoned and waved the Conservatorium Orchestra on the opening night of season last week. . . Lady King, who never fails to appear at musical events, was present, and looked charming in new tulip noir shade in lace. . . Sir Mungo and Lady McCallum, Professor and Mrs. Dakin, Mrs. Wilfred Fairfax, Miss Jean Brennan, and the Godfrey Smith couple among high-brow audience.

Very smart were two country hostesses, Mrs. Bert Mackay, of Warren, and Mrs. Douglas Close, from Illabo, when they met for luncheon at the Queen's Club last week.



MISS HELEN BAINTON, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Edgar Bainton, in the garden of her home at Lindfield. Miss Bainton is a talented musician, and takes the keenest interest in her charming garden.

—Women's Weekly photo.

Elanora Week-ends

EVERY Friday the John Playfair family, including four strapping children, make for their seaside home at Elanora. . . Colonel John, of course, is leading light of Sydney's much-favored country club. . . Except for week-ends Mrs. Playfair, who is one of Sydney's prettiest matrons, is to be found in a new and shining flat at Double Bay.

Edward Cahill, well-known Queensland pianist, enjoyed a round of country visits in English countryside before settling into diggings in London.

Hazel Crace Engaged

LOTS of congratulations for Hazel Crace and brand new fiancé, Hector McFarlane, at Romano's on Saturday night. . . Hazel is charming daughter of late Mr. and Mrs. Crace, of Canberra, and most popular among squattocracy of the south. . . Hector's home not far afield at Toompang, Young.

Paprika Party

DARLINGHURST all agog when Don Finlay's numerous guests arrived on Sunday night at Clifford for paprika party. . . Paprika being green chilli stuffed with spiced meats and served hot. . . Guests most varied and included both social and artistic circles. . . Dr. Wheatley looked coolest man in room in white mess jacket. . . Later in evening, guests regaled with private screening at Variety Theatre.

Elizabeth Clubbe just too lucky. With her mother, Lady Clubbe, she sailed for long European holiday by Narkunda.

Visitor from Country

MRS. JACK HAWTHORNE, better known in Sydney as Lillas Crausle, at present paying us a visit. . . Country home is far away in south-west. . . Gardening occupies lots of this popular country matron's spare time. . . Sister Bonnie, who is Mrs. Norman Reading, also lost to us in fastness of country.

Ethel Morrison Returns

ETHEL MORRISON, who returned from America to take the name part in "Roberta," the new J.C.W. musical comedy, found much to interest her in U.S.A. . . Frivolled with millionaires at their favorite resort at Bar Harbor and spent much time at movie colony. . . Numbers Clark Gable among her acquaintances.

Family Reunion

A REUNION of the Harry Derham family takes place in Melbourne this week. Both daughters, Kathleen and Margaret, have made their homes abroad since their marriage. . . Kathleen, now Mrs. Alex Boyce Gibson. Husband is lecturer in Philosophy at Birmingham University. . . Hugh Berry, Margaret's aviator husband, sent to England for further studies. . . Sisters had few days in Sydney en route for southern home.

Have You Noticed That—

Enid Riddle invariably has a narrow gold chain anklet gleaming beneath her silk stockings?

Jane Lane

G & B BIFOCAL



Modern science has developed an entirely new type of BIFOCAL. These lenses afford much sharper vision, and in addition show no disturbing colour fringes, which irritate the sight of the wearer and cause undue eye fatigue. G & B BIFOCAL lenses give you the eyes of youth—the power to see near and distant objects with the one pair of glasses.

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(opposite Anthony Hardware),
SYDNEY, and at Newcastle.

THE old superstition that it is unlucky to put the right shoe on before the left comes from the fact that in olden days it was believed that the good angels hovered on the right, the evil on the left.

"Do you think the various countries are really wedded to this League of Nations?"
"Perhaps so," replied the statesman, "but sometimes they seem to be joined in holy deadlock."

Even the Best Cooks Make Mistakes

And Here are Ways to Hide the Traces

When the pudding's ruined, there's no need to show the white feather by dumping it. You haven't always the time—neither is it an economical procedure. . . . Now, these hints will help you resurrect an apparently ruined dish or disguise a little mistake most effectively.

FOR example: Bread-making is difficult at any time. If the dough is too soft, knead it a longer time, and add flour till it is the right consistency.

The "Broken" Pudding

If a pudding breaks while being turned out, it can be made to look quite as nice as before. Put it together carefully and then sprinkle with castor sugar to hide the join. If, however, it is completely broken, cut it in slices, place on a hot dish, and sprinkle with castor sugar or sauce.

If a jelly breaks on being turned out it should be broken up with a fork and put into little glass dishes. The addition of custard or whipped cream is an improvement. Of course, if you have time, you can re-melt the jelly completely, add some more gelatine, and remould.

Burnt Cakes

If a large cake is burned, cut off the top and bottom, remove the outside of the sides, and ice.

If it is the small cakes that are burnt, scrape off all the burnt parts and then either ice or brush them over with a little melted jam and roll in desiccated coconut.



Jam

If the jam does not set, return it to the pot and reboil for twenty minutes to evaporate the surplus water.

Other Spoilt Puddings

If the top of a fruit tart is getting too brown and the centre is not done, place the tart on top of a gas burner for a few minutes to cook the centre. Return to the oven to heat the top.



If stewed fruit is too sweet, a little lemon juice should be added.

If a custard curdles, mix two tablespoonsful of cornflour in a little cold milk and strain the custard on to this. Return to the saucepan and reheat till it thickens, adding sugar if necessary. This quantity is for a pint custard.

If a milk pudding is overcooked, remove the skin, stir in more milk and a lump of butter. Reheat slowly.

Meats, Too!

Many a spoilt meat dish may be disguised with sauces and garnishes.

If the mixture for rissoles is too soft, stiffen it with more breadcrumbs. The crumbs will swell in cooking and bind the other ingredients.

If you dry meat that is being fried, remove from the pan and cut into pieces or slices. Make some gravy and pour it over meat.

If the pastry lid of a meat-pie is cooked and the filling is not done, you can remove the pastry lid whole and cook the meat by itself in the oven. Put the pastry on again and re-heat in the oven when the meat is cooked.

SWIMMING.. The Best Sport for Women!

—Says Champion Noel Ryan

THIS unassuming young man—four times representative of Australia—in addressing business girls at David Jones' luncheon last week, said simply: "I'm glad to come along."

Instead of speaking of his deeds at the Olympic Games, Mr. Ryan discussed swimming for women.

He said it was the most convenient sport for an Australian girl, and Australian girls were well to the fore. "We have," he said, "produced lady champions in every style."

"If one intends to take up swimming seriously, one must settle down to a definite basis of progress and study. Read good authors on swimming. When you train, get a coach you have faith in—otherwise there is no hope for you. It takes three years to be a swimmer, two years to reach the top."

Looking at the girls lunching around him he said: "There is no reason why any one of you cannot take swimming up now. With swimming there is no need to start very young—age is no bar."

Scones HOT from the Oven!

Happy thought, conjuring up visions of Devonshire teas, of luscious strawberry jam, and loads of clotted cream and—alas—unhappy memories of sadly irritated digestions. But now Copha has come, Copha the vegetable product that makes all things light and digestible, and one can eat hot scones, many hot scones, with a light heart and a clear conscience. The recipe, like all Copha recipes is simple. Here it is:—

COPHA SCONES

1 lb. self-raising flour,
1 teaspoon salt,
1 oz. Pure Copha,
11ozs. Sugar (if desired),
1 small teacup Milk.

Rub Copha lightly into flour and salt. Dissolve sugar with the milk and make all into a light dough. Roll or flatten with the hand to a thickness of half an inch. Cut to desired shape. Place on greased or floured tray and allow to stand for a few minutes. Bake in a hot oven. It's so convenient always to have a supply of shortening in stock and Copha is the only one that will keep indefinitely. It stays fresh and sweet for ages—never goes rancid. Using Copha in your own recipes remember that it contains no moisture and therefore you need less than of any other shortening. Use 1lb. of Copha to 1lb. of other shortenings and add 2 tablespoons of water and a pinch of salt.

If you write to

Edible Oil Industries Pty. Ltd.,
Box 2625EE, G.P.O., Sydney.

we will send you a copy of the COPHA RECIPE BOOK. You'll enjoy making the novel Copha dishes, they are definitely diverting. You can also obtain a special folder on Copha Vegetable Cookery, a simple and most interesting process which makes all vegetables taste infinitely nicer and does it far more economically than the usual way with loads of water.

If your income has been reduced



"Why not follow the easy line of clothes economy? You can give new colours to costumes, coats, skirts, suits and overcoats with economical, easy-to-use NADCO Dyes. They do not stain your hands—and each of the 30 NADCO colours is fast and permanent. If you want to be sure of best results, avoid inferior dyes. NADCO has been proved as the truly reliable home-dye. You will be astounded at the amount of money it will save for you."

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Costume Jumper . . . Schoolgirl's Jumper . . . Cruise Jumper . . . Schoolboy's Pullover . . . Winter Jumper . . . Man's Cable-knit Pullover . . . Casual Jumper . . . Man's Golf Socks . . . Norfolk Cardigan . . . Golf Club Cover . . . Cani-knicker . . . Babies' Complete Outfit (Matinee Jacket, Bonnet, Booties, Overalls, Gloves, Vest, Pitchers) . . . Panties . . . Gloves.

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IF IT'S SAFE IN WATER . . . IT'S SAFE IN LUX

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

March 16, 1935.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

33

YOU asked for more of Bertha Maxwell's APRICOT LINEN DESIGNS . . . —And Here They Are!

Now . . . complete the enchanting "Apricot" series with this unusual cushion, table centre, and long runner—all traced on cream or white linen to match the sideboard set already issued.

NEEDLEWORKERS, homemakers, brides-to-be, and craftworkers all over the Commonwealth have asked for more of the wondrously beautiful apricot designs for cut embroidery, which appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly on February 16. The sideboard set of three mats on cream or white linen, featured in that issue, became intensely popular, and is a firm favorite wherever a woman appreciates exquisite house linens.

THE three new pieces on this page have been carefully prepared to match the first set, special attention having been given to the sizes so that they are not too large to work quickly, and not too difficult for the newest and youngest worker. Although so simple, they are ideal show pieces for the clever worker who delights in winning prizes.

The Cushion

THIS design is traced on linen measuring 16 inches by 20 inches, and there is exactly the same amount of linen to



THIS LOVELY and exclusive apricot runner, measuring 36 x 12 inches, has its grouped design running to a point at each end for extra beauty. In cream or white linen. Price 3/-, post free.

form the back of the cushion without pattern. The design is set in from the edge of the linen sufficiently to allow a margin for securing the cushion cover together without covering the embroidery. It is a delightful size for both use and ornament. When the needlework is finished and pressed, a slip of colored material can be lightly tacked behind it to show through the small cut pieces; brown, green or orange will suit the apricots and the soft ecru shade of the linen.

The Table Centre

THIS measures 18 inches by 18 inches, and features the apricot group on each corner. A centre of this size is probably one of the most useful dining-room pieces we possess; it could be used also to form half of a little square cushion cover, backed with similar or contrasting linen.

The Runner

THIS favorite style of table decoration measures 36 inches long by 12 inches wide. The design forms a point at each end, thus minimising the amount of work to be done and matching the remainder of the set perfectly. The sides



YOUR POLISHED or colorfully lacquered table will take on new charm with this wondrous centre-piece, in cream or white linen. Size, 18 x 18 inches. Price 3/-, post free.

These three lovely pieces of traced linen are procurable only from the office of The Australian Women's Weekly, and are exclusive to this paper. You may

Remember...

BERTHA MAXWELL'S original designs are absolutely exclusive to readers of The Australian Women's Weekly. They cannot be obtained elsewhere.

call for them, or have them posted without extra cost. (Address letters direct to us, Box 4153X, G.P.O., Sydney.) The linen is of excellent quality, the designs are prepared for you by an experienced needleworker and are carefully traced. The cushion costs 4/-, the centre 3/-, and the long runner 12/-. There are no transfers.

Threads

SUITABLE threads should be carefully chosen to express this work in the most effective manner; threads which are thin and weak only give one a lot of extra work with poor results—correct

NO GIRL or woman who wishes to have the most exquisite linen—featuring designs not only original, but the handiwork of Australia's outstanding needlework expert—will pass these by. The above close-ups of the apricot motifs on cushion and section each of centre and runner, carry their own message of artistry and singular beauty.



EVEN THE newest and youngest needleworker will find Bertha Maxwell's apricot linen cushion cover a thrill to embroider. Size 16 x 20 inches. Price 4/-, post free.

threads do the work quickly and firmly and are satisfying to the eye.

Mercerised embroidery thread, called also cotton a broder, is strong and lustrous; in an ecru shade it is really lovely on cream linen, giving an effect of old ivory which suits all kinds of furniture. It may be purchased in shades of every color if realistic effects are desired.

Stranded cotton should be used only in several strands on this type of work; although a splendid cotton, it wears a little in buttonholing.

The Embroidery

THE designs have been prepared for cut embroidery, which is merely buttonholing worked over one or two running threads placed round the outline of the pattern. As each leaf or fruit is completed, it will be noticed that small pieces of openwork are formed here and there by the addition of a little extra curved connecting line which is also buttonholed; these tiny pieces are snipped away under the edge of the stitching, forming the crisp, open character of this type of needlework. It is so easy to do that anyone may attack it with confidence.

Veins in the leaves may be outlined or satin stitched over one or two threads stitched along the lines. The long curved shapes on the fruits define their roundness and save them from a blank appearance; they should have a few running-stitches, lengthwise, with satin stitching worked across or slightly on the diagonal.

Picots and Edges

THE tiny needlepoints or picots are such an improvement to outwork that they should be included if possible. They should be formed like a French knot on the needle in the middle of the buttonholing on which they occur, or be made like a little buttonholed loop hanging on the edge of the main buttonholing. It is

not necessary to go back and do them; they are done just as they are needed. They give a wonderful effect of needle-lace without a great deal of work.

On the runner sides, and for a small distance on the sides of the centre, double lines are provided for a buttonholed edge between the groups of pattern. Padding stitches should be run between the lines, then covered with good buttonholing, the small picots being well formed as they are reached.

Double buttonholing is very handsome, and is done by working along the edge, then reversing the linen in the hand and buttonholing again along the inner edge, playing the stitches between those of the first row.

Colored Embroidery

APRICOT or orange tones should be used for the fruit, and deep green for the leaves; curved lines outlining the cut pieces may be worked in green or brown.

When the work has been well pressed on completion, it may be cut and trimmed. Washing may be done either before or after cutting.

SPECIAL attention has been given to the sizes of these exclusive traced linens and to the grouping of the design, in order that they may be worked quickly and without the slightest difficulty.

Twofold Genius!

BERTHA MAXWELL'S genius is twofold. She not only gives you clever, distinctive designs, but her directions for working them stand unequalled. New readers are asked to inquire for her precious featured designs, embracing the apricot sideboard set at 3/6; flowered bedspread (68 x 90 inches) for 12/6, plus 1/- postage; also, and by no means least, the darling kooda baby pillow-slip at 2/9 and cot cover 3/9, plus 3d. postage; 20 x 20 kooda transfer 1/6, and 15 x 20 hibiscus transfer for 9d. post free.

CLEVER IDEAS

Clever ideas are worth money—send us yours! A first prize of 10/- is awarded each week for the best idea submitted. For every other item published, 2/6 is paid. No non-de-plumes accepted.

MOST women have experienced discomfort when straps of opera-top slips and vests slip off the shoulders. It not only irritates, but when it shows, looks very untidy. So here's an excellent tip to do away with the annoyance: Thread the straps with blouse elastic. This also keeps the straps—especially Milanese—from stretching. First Prize of 10/- to J. Cowdery, Lockwood, Canowindra, N.S.W.

IF YOU wish to keep potatoes hot after they have been boiled, and to prevent them from becoming soddy and discolored, drain them quite dry, put a white cloth over the saucepan and press lid on tightly. Place saucepan in a dish of boiling water. The potatoes will be beautifully white and meaty. But keep the water in dish boiling continually.—Miss D. M. Nuske, Mannum P.O., S.A.

A HOLE in muslin or net curtains is easily mended in the following way: Take a piece of muslin or net, large enough to cover the hole, and wring it out of a little cold water starch. Lay the patch over the hole, cover with a cloth, and press well with a hot iron. When dry, remove the cloth carefully and press again. The patch will then be scarcely visible.—Miss J. McGinley, Canning St., Warwick, Qld.

WHEN LACE has become discolored through being laid aside, it can be

greatly improved if boiled in a solution of milk and water, equal quantities of each, accompanied by strong soap suds. Allow the lace three-quarters of an hour, then wash in usual way and press before it is quite dry.—Mrs. Siscock, 12 Clifford St., Turrineville, S.A.

WHEN YOU buy all-woollen socks and stockings, wring out a wet cloth, lay it over the stockings on an ironing board, and press with a fairly hot iron till the cloth is dry. This lengthens the life of the hose—they will never shrink or lose color.—Mrs. W. Parker, Kia-Ora, Ross Creek, via Ballarat, Vic.

VERY USEFUL pneumatic cushions may be made from old inner tubes. See that they haven't any holes in them. Make the cover from cotton, leaving one end open. Force the inner tube into it so that it fills out all the corners—the tube should be placed so that the valve comes in one of the open ends. Sew along the open edge, leaving only a small hole where the valve protrudes. This completes the construction of the cushion. When desiring to use this cushion pump it up to the required tension with a motor or bicycle pump. These make delightful cushions for the picnic party, or to take away camping, as they fold up into a small space.—Mr. R. Davey, 15 Albert St., Newtown, N.S.W.

There's a
NEW MOVEMENT
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Stockings that GIVE when you move! And the secret is LASTEX YARN...many rows of y-i-e-l-d-i-n-g elasticity between knee bend and suspender strain.

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Luxury SHEER for evening or daytime . . . 10/6

LOVE at First SIGHT
CAN BE Enduring
... Louise Mack Advises

I have a theory that nearly all lovers love at first sight, though probably only a few know it at the time.

But looking back through the years at that first meeting I believe that many a wife and many a husband can see how they were suddenly and swiftly made immensely contented with that young stranger's look, and that immense content was the love that was afterwards revealed.

IN the greatest love play ever written—"Romeo and Juliet"—we are told that "they never loved who loved not at first sight."

What a strange and sweeping statement!

Yet as Shakespeare has not often been found wrong about anything connected with love, we can confidently assume that he is right about this particular situation also.

Yet doubting hearts are afraid that love so sudden and swift won't last.

WHY shouldn't love at first sight last on?

And if you answer "There's more security in love that grows out of a slow and gradual friendliness," then would I boldly aver that the love might have been there all the time and if you look hard enough, peering and prying into yourself sincerely, you'll find that the feeling you had for that particular man was somehow different from your feeling for any other man, and was really love from the very beginning.

Luckiest Love

"TWENTY-TWO" writes about love at first sight:

"My parents are trying to make me defer my marriage because they say it was love at first sight and won't last. My fiancé sails for the East shortly, and we want to marry and go off together. He has a good job to go to, but I'm having a ghastly time with my mother and father simply because we fell in love the very first time we met. 'Wait a year,' they say. Surely that's absurd. We both feel that we are made for each other and a hundred years wouldn't make us feel otherwise. Don't you think love at first sight can be real?"

I agree with you, "Twenty-two," and so does Byron, the greatest lover of them all.

"Oh! talk not to me of a name great in story,
The days of our youth are the days of our glory,
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two and twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty."

LOVE at first sight has just as good a chance of lasting as any other kind of love.

It has the best chance of all, in fact, when the charming face proves a true index to the charming disposition.

When her beauty proves itself, with the years, to be a true indication of the woman's soul, then love at first sight can be love at last sight, also, whispering confidently,

Grow old along with me,
The best is still to be!

Love at first sight is the luckiest love, really, and the most to be envied.

No other love gives such ecstasy just for the looking.

The woman who loves at first sight, seeing in a man's face just what she wants, is a lucky woman, indeed, when the loved one shows her that he finds her looks equally thrilling and equally irresistible.

HOST HOLBROOK says: No sugar is used in brewing my vinegar. I call it Holbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar. @*@



THIS CHIC Russian tunic suit is a firm favorite with Miss Frances Drake, Paramount player. The square metal buttons are the sole trimming.

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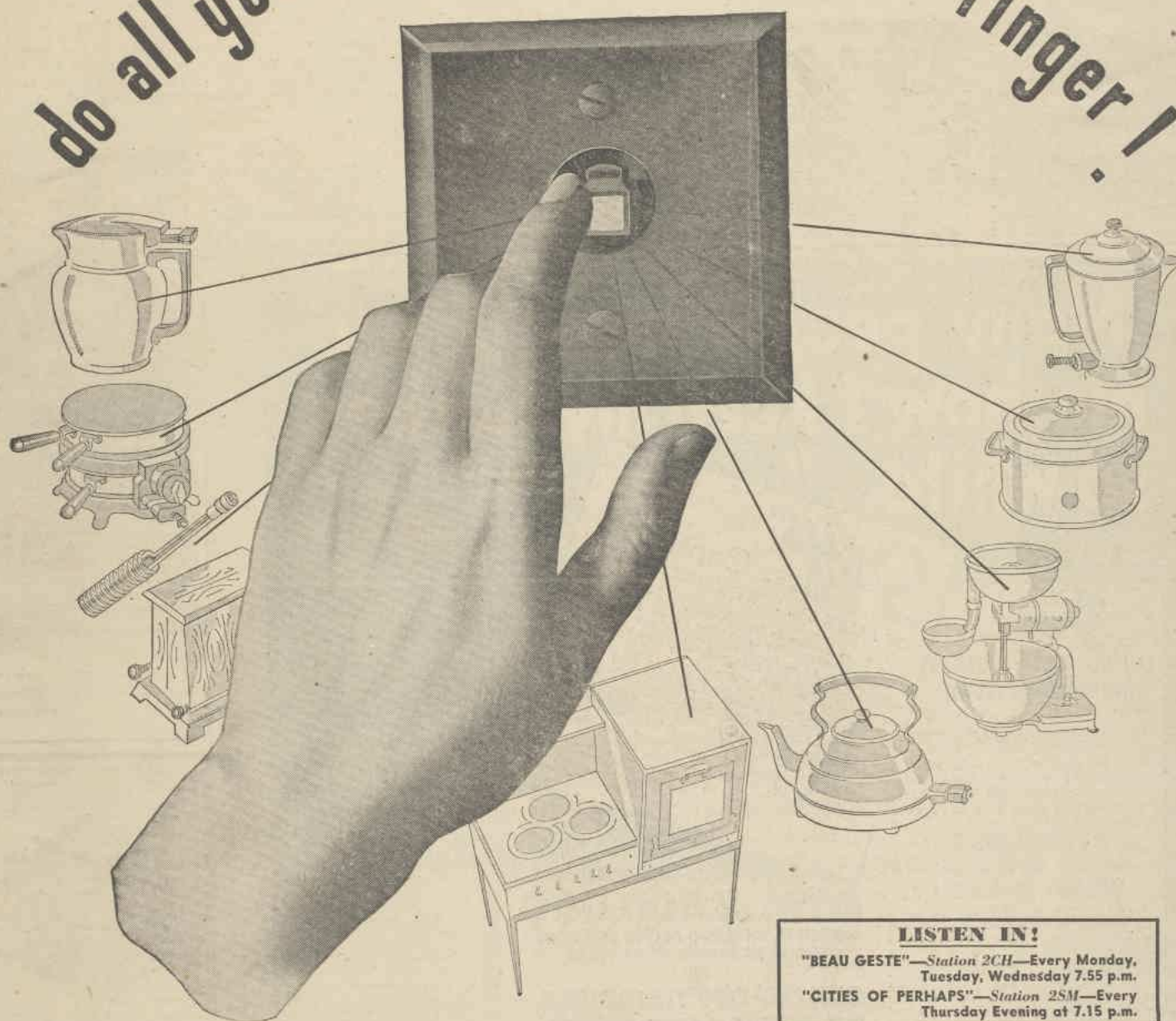
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SEASON TICKETS COST PER DAY: GENT'S, 3/6; LADIES, 2/6; CHILD'S, 1/6.
DAILY FARE: ADULTS, 6d; CHILDREN, 1d. (5 Years and Under, FREE).

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LISTEN IN!

"BEAU GESTE"—Station 2CH—Every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday 7.55 p.m.
"CITIES OF PERHAPS"—Station 2SM—Every Thursday Evening at 7.15 p.m.

THE woman who owns an electric range can cook a meal with *one finger* . . . she has only to press a switch! She has no toil or fatigue, no discomfort from fumes, smoke or kitchen heat, no worry, no uncertainty. By electricity she does better cooking at lower cost — a cost of less than a penny a person per day! And, in addition to the electric range, there are other cooking appliances . . . wonderfully inexpensive . . . some of them costing no more than a few shillings, and all available from your electrical retailer on the easiest of terms. Electric toasters which will toast 30 slices of bread at a cost of 1d. Electric waffle irons which, for a penny-

worth of electricity, will make 30 waffles for you! Coffee percolators, producing 25 cups of perfect coffee for the same tiny sum! Electric grillers, egg boilers, jugs and kettles . . . all ready to cook for you quickly, faithfully and economically at the simple touch of a switch.

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DO IT WITH

ELECTRICITY

VICTORIAN Family ROBINSON

Continued from Page 5

broader, with a little waist and an athlete's narrow loins, with shoulders as wide that they seemed to sway as he moved, with feet that held the ground like roots of trees, and arms that flowed from shoulder to finger-tip, one perfect powerful line, with a strong male face that laughed and sparkled mischievously, and amber eyes below black, thick, shining hair, Malachi (for that was his name) walked forward, colored shell in hand, the perfect animal, sure of himself and of his value. He was younger than any of the others, not more than nineteen, as Eleanor (much in need of reassurance herself, but holding tight to Addie's hand to reassure her) guessed—yet there was something in his face, that soft, youthful face with the curiously hard eyes, that made him, from a certain point of view, formidable.

Formidable. That was it. For all his laughing way, for all the lightness of his manner, as he came up to the row of stranger women, and stood before them, hands on hips, eyes roving, he was a man to be afraid of—this soft, shining youth.

"Where's David?" was Eleanor's instant reaction. During the march from the shore to the Council House, they

had become separated from their men. She was sure, now, that the separation wasn't accidental. And Minnie keeping up, as always, the fiction of her husband's presence, shifted a little, and said: "Gerald ought to be here." Nobody heeded her. Lady Gilliland thought first of James Robinson—no doubt because he was nearest—and then of Sir Thomas, far away in Melbourne; but she remained proudly silent. Addie did not need to call upon the name of Charlie; it was with her night and day, waking, in dreams, when he was with her, and when he was absent. So, each of them after her fashion invoking her saint to aid her, the four women stood, huddled together, staring at the men.

Malachi fingered his round chin, where the down of early manhood was just giving place to the duck of shaven britches. "I take this one," he said. He laid one long finger, as he spoke, on the shoulder of Eleanor. It was as if she had been touched by a fiery spear; she caught her breath, shrank back, and furiously said to herself: "A boy—a mere boy; how dare he?"

Shem, long and lean, with his

colored shell in one hand, reached out, and clasped the other hand round Addie's silk-sleeved arm. "This one," he said.

At that a sudden clamor arose. The two men who had not yet chosen began to talk and shout.

"You Malachi, what you taking first place for?" one of them cried. "This girl for me, not you."

Malachi crossed his arms and grinned at him. He seemed to be amused. Meanwhile the other—Azarias, they called him—was edging up to Minnie Black, twisting his long moustache and blushing dark red with embarrassment. "You like me?" he said. Minnie promptly slapped him. "Go away!" she ordered. The fourth man, pushing forward, made a snatch at Adeline's dress. Shem hit him hard, and he retreated, one hand to his eye. Recovering, he sidled up to Lady Gilliland, and said: "I like you, too; I'll make you good husband."

"No, my good man," she countered, summoning the loftiest of the Vice-

Regal poses that she had practised on the ship—how lately, yet how long ago!—"No, my good man, you're making a mistake. I have a husband, the Governor-General of Australia."

"Governor?" he repeated, blinking the hurt eye.

"Yes," she told him. "Lord Chief, as you say, a very great man."

He did not seem to understand. "The Lord Chief don't want you," he said. "Serem, he thinks you too old, but I don't mind, I like you very much."

Margaret, absurdly mortified (for, after all, the girls, even Minnie, had been selected before her; and no matter who or what these people were, no matter if you meant to refuse to the last gasp, it hurt)—Margaret said, sharply: "Don't dare to speak to me again!"

"Awright," he answered her, and backed away. . . . And that hurt, too, though she would have seen him drowned without compunction.

All the men, she saw, were casting sly glances at Adeline. It was as if they knew she carried a burning flame of love in her little breast; as if they wished to warm their own hands at

that fire, whoever had done the lighting. . . . But no one, it seemed, dared to interfere with the choice of Shem.

Even Serem, obviously indignant at having missed his two chances, obviously determined, by hook or by crook, to set that matter right—even he did not take a step towards the corner of the hall where little Adeline, hands clasped upon her breast, eyes wide with terror, crouchingly stood at bay. Instead, he was making his way towards Eleanor when Azarias, a thick-set, powerful fellow, suddenly stepped between. "You got no more chance!" he shouted.

"You go away; I am Lord Chief," Serem ordered, in an angry yell. The chain of pearls upon his breast swung to and fro as he reached for Azarias; the fourth man, Jonah, flung himself between.

"Let the Lord Chief alone," he cried. Serem struck out, and in a minute the whole hall was fighting.

All but the young man Malachi alone among the islanders he seemed to remember the women, to think of them as something else than prizes. One arm about Eleanor's shoulder, he swept her towards the window, gave one great heave, and dropped her through.

"Run," he said laughing. Something he whispered to her, and then: "Run. You needn't run far." He got in front of Minnie, somehow managed to edge Lady Gilliland safely to the wall. He struck like a kicking horse, wildly, as did all the men, but landing, with his immensely long arms, blows that sent more than one toppling to the concrete floor. Margaret and Minnie clung together, breathlessly watching him, anxiously staring, under his sailing arms, at the crowd of fighting men. These last had lost sense of what they were fighting for; they were furious with one another now because of blows given and taken; the noise of their sandalled feet on the stone floor was like the rustling of a forest in a gale; fists crashed on heads and bodies; men, struggling, yelled like stallions and grunted like pigs. Malachi kept his head through all, and protected the women.

Adeline, standing between them and the tumult, cried: "They'll kill each other." Lady Gilliland, with sparkling, scornful eyes, said: "Too much luck, my dear!"

Minnie sobbed and clung; and of a sudden, when things were at their worst, two men down, Serem shouting orders that no one seemed ready to obey, blood on the floor, and torn fragments of tappa cloth floating out of the windows—the storm ceased.

Two men had come into the hall. One was a Vainamut Islander, very old, with a long white beard and a long white robe, or cassock, of the island cloth. The other was James Robinson.

"Heirs of war!" and children of the devil," the old man said, in a sudden silence, "what you doing?"

Azarias, wiping his short sleeve across his bleeding nose, replied subversively: "Pastor, we have a bit of fun, that's all."

"Thass sort of fun," the Pastor remarked, in a voice surprisingly deep and impressive, "thass sort of fun leads to the lake of fire and brimstone, and the worm that dieth not."

Azarias seemed to think that perhaps it did. He wiped his nose again, and looked at the Pastor ingratiatingly. Serem, Shem, Jonah, and the others had left off fighting, and were staring at one another, as if they were not quite sure who had begun, or why. The graceless Malachi, arms akimbo, grinned in the Pastor's face, at the same time slyly landing a heavy-sandalled kick on the shins of the man nearest.

"This man of God, this stranger within our gates," went on the Pastor, "he been taken with the others to the men's house, when all we hear a noise like as if Satan an' all his angels they kick up a fuss. Then I say: 'I will go and rebuke them like as Moses and Aaron,' and then your brethren say: 'All right,' and the man of God says: 'Let me go, too, for peradventure I shall speak to them, and they be saved from their sins.'"

Adeline, Minnie, and Lady Gilliland, listening, recognised a perverted version of Robinson's usual way of talking. "Now here he is, and here is I," the old man went on, "and we both tell you to remember your Creator in the days of your youth and behave yourselves, or slap me if I don't ask Serem to order out the policemen."

Serem, trying to look as if he had no part in the previous trouble, remarked, apologetically: "Pastor, all the three police, they gone fishing."

"No matter," said the old man with dignity. "God speaking by me. God tell you to hold your row, and this stranger within our gates, he tell you, too. Can you preach them a sermon?" he asked, turning to Robinson, who answered, with some embarrassment: "Not at a moment's notice—a—my sermons—I usually take Saturday morning to prepare them and write them out."

Please turn to Page 42

"Many people have asked me how I keep my clothes so white..."

You CAN HAVE BRIGHTER WASHES AND NO HARD WORK

Don't dudge at a washtub for another minute. Do as millions of women have already done—without any hard work, start getting the whitest whites, the brightest colours and the softest woolies and silks you have ever had—start using Persil!

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Many people have asked me how I keep my clothes so white and I readily advise them to try it and they won't regret it.

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1. Allow one heaped tablespoon of Persil to each gallon of water. Mix to a smooth paste in a bowl with a little cold water.



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Persil WAY

HOT HOLBROOK says: For the unexpected guest a few tasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Holbrooks' Sandwich Paste. &c. &c.

Flower Grace and Fragrance

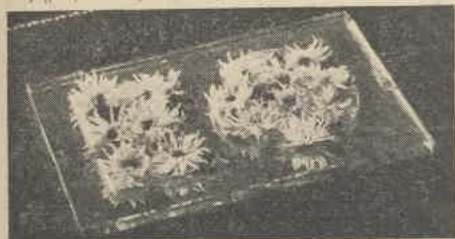
Swift, Happy Ways . . . with Simple Garden Blooms

FLOWERS, however commonplace they may be, can with the right touch transform the dullest room into a place of enchantment. . . One may have the most exotic material at hand; another, just a bunch of geraniums.

And yet a magical touch would give that bunch of geraniums a beauty that would linger long in the memory of a beholder. . . After all, with flowers it's just a matter of balance, the right vase or bowl, and the right setting.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

NATURALLY arranged and so happy—sulphur-yellow daisies in a jug of homely brown pottery.



IN THIS modern mirror-glass setting, cactus dahlias reflect themselves in all their glory of color and tint. Mirror-glass is Fashion's latest for table-centre decoration.

LIKE many others, the happiest hours of my life are spent among flowers—growing, tending, caring for each and every one, and arranging them in divers ways.

Time has not killed for me the wonder of a commonplace bloom, nor caused me to forsake a geranium for an orchid.

I have not, however, the time to spend hours arranging a bowl—neither, I am sure, have the majority of my readers. I know that in many circles form is now studied more than scent or even color in the arrangement of flowers; that careless arrangement has given place to studied effects. Many agree with Japanese artists that the only way to appreciate the true beauty of flowers is to place a single perfect bloom alone in a vase, and put it in some dominating position. I do, and I don't agree with this. But I must confess that I like "friendly" groupings and arrangements best.

This morning, with my readers in mind, I took my basket out into the garden and gathered to my heart's content—filled it with simple, everyday kinds of flowers, and the result you see on this page.

These blooms represent some of the fruits of my week-end activities since November last. It was then I stepped into my new home, bringing with me even the rose trees. An expert would consider that moving mature rose bushes in November a risky un-

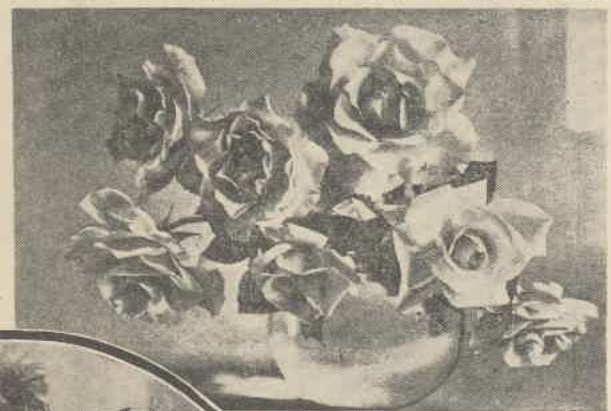
"DO LET ME hold your basket of flowers," said this young maid—and the camera clicked in pleasure at the picture she presented.

dertaking, but there you are! They were cut sharply back, and to-day are a mass of buds and bloom. They are a joy to the eye. . .

Now in the oval picture above

you glimpse a flat bowl which, in its simple, colorful arrangement of petunias, verbenas, a spray of double oleander, and the common privet hedge berries (shading from green to dull orange), is an arresting sight.

On a low table, or as a centre-piece for the dinner table, this type of arrangement is delightful. I sometimes gather asters in all their exquisite colors and arrange



RICH, CREAMY roses, shading to deep gold, arranged in a clear, crystal bowl, with space to breathe and display their beauty.

them in concentric rings in a flat black glass bowl. The effect is striking, and never fails to draw expressions of admiration from those who see it.

I HAVE given the lovely rose her due as the queen of flowers—clear water in clear crystal, and space to breathe and display her beauty.



GROUPED IN A tall, blonde-blue bowl, black-tipped, is the fragrant bundle with just a spray each of the sweet Cecil Brunner rose and old-fashioned hollyhock. The latter also in the same color tones. This is a simple but artistic arrangement, suitable for the hall.

well imagine its magic powers on a dinner table. . . light and color dancing in its glittering depths.

Here, as you see it, decorative cactus dahlias reflect themselves in resplendent glory, and acquire an opulent air, to my fancy.

Grace for the Hall

THE hall offers golden opportunities for flower grace, and I have shown a simple, but effective, way.

Just a clustered spray of the exquisitely sweet Cecil Brunner roses, hollyhock, and buddleia in a blonde-blue bowl, and yet don't you agree they make all the difference between a floral decoration and a mere bunch of flowers dumped haphazardly into a bowl?

At the foot of the page you will see how wondrously simple asters are to arrange. I used a glistening black comport bowl and a flower-holder, or "frog," as some call them. Palest blush and lavender pink and delicate lavender, ranging to the deeper, richer shades seem just to fit the word, "enchantment."

We will soon be saying good-bye for a while to our late summer blooms, but while they last fill your rooms with their grace and fragrance. I have shown you swift ways for arranging a few of them. Experiment with color, try out new ways of grouping, and I am sure beauty will follow as if by magic.

What does your child WEIGH?

Healthy development is shown by weight, and weight depends on appetite. If your child won't eat, if he is pale and sickly, or has a coated tongue, he is suffering from stasis. That means a sluggish, waste-clogged colon. No child suffering from stasis can be really healthy. "California Syrup of Figs" overcomes it in twenty-four hours. Then you will see the listless, cranky boy or girl begin to eat—and gain.

Hospitals advise LIQUID LAXATIVE for children

Doctors and hospitals prefer a liquid laxative for all patients. For children they use nothing else. The reason is simple: a properly prepared liquid laxative brings a perfect movement without any discomfort. Liquid laxatives can be regulated to a drop; pills cannot.

Follow the hospitals' example. Give your child a liquid laxative. Give him "California Syrup of Figs". All children love its delicious fruity flavour. You have the assurance of knowing that "California Syrup of Figs" contains no synthetic chemicals, and is not habit-forming.



IMPORTANT. "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2 1/2 times the quantity for 2/10. Say "California" and do not accept any bottle which does not say "Califig".



HARMONY OF color and form . . . the slender grace of asters—shading from palest blush pink and lavender to the deepest, richest colors—in a jet black, lustrous comport bowl. Arranged this way, they are seen in all aspects. For a more spectacular show, try them in concentric ring fashion in a large flat black bowl.



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Is This How You Spend Your MONEY?

Statistician's Light on the Modern Girl

It has been left to the Government Statistician to find out what we all spend our money on. He, rising to the occasion, has just issued a statement of import figures for various commodities for the seven months ended January, 1935, comparing them with the similar period ended January, 1934.

Remarkable results are disclosed. It appears that the modern girl is spending nearly twice as much as formerly on certain luxury lines. Drinks, foods, furnishings, ornaments are all on a rising scale.

TURNING to such items as fish, preserved in tins, we find £440,000 worth imported, against £300,000 for 1934. Then we have paints and colors (£276,000 against £187,000); brandy (£13,021 against £10,754); gin (£10,611 against £7444), and whisky (£296,028 against £248,145). Not all debited to the modern girl, of course, but she has her share.

But there she stops running true to form.

Apparently all this talk of women wanting careers is so much "flapdoodle." Just to look at the mounting figures of plated ware and cutlery (£339,000 against £192,000), of linoleums and carpets (£829,000 against £562,000), quilts, table-covers and sheets (£151,000 against £90,000) is to realise that she is settling down in shoals to marriage.

Home Purchases Increase

AND when she gets married, what does she do? Trimmings and ornaments (£192,000 against £140,000), grass or straw for hat-making, etc. (£82,500 against £43,350), are only to be expected to be on the rise for her vanity is a byword.

But how do her critics explain away the excess figures for sewing threads and cottons (£329,837 against £274,260)? And how do all those medicos who write frenzied letters to the Press meet the fact that the imports of infants' foods (£35,943 against £18,203) are rising steadily? It is true that "invalid" foods are included in with infants' foods, but, after looking at our surfing beaches, no one could assert that we must be becoming a race of invalids.

It is also said that now we have the telephone we have lost the art of writing.

On the contrary the Government Statistician doesn't argue, just says coldly: "Imports of pens, pencils, and stationery are increasing."

So that while the modern girl may have a liking for cocktails she emerges as domesticated, as house-proud, and as keen on a nursery as the best of the Victorians.

In final proof the figures, which cannot lie, suggest that we moderns are in one respect decidedly throw-backs. For snuff, which has been out of date since the eighteenth century, shows steadily mounting figures (£311 against £175).

GROW SHRUBS Evergreen and Flowering . . . SAYS THE OLD GARDENER

Shrubbery adds a touch of calm distinction to a garden. The neat prim rows offer ordered contrast to the carefree growth of the flowers. Carefully planted, set out, tended, and finally shaped in all sorts of ways, they are very beautiful. Of varieties the Old Gardener knows many, and offers you a list from which to make your choice, with some advice on how to grow them.

GOOD morning, Miss. This month we start about shrub planting.

No garden is complete without a flowering or evergreen shrub here and there, and by wise and careful selection a very pretty shrubbery can be had. Shrub trees are much assets to the garden, also, because very often varieties flower when there is a scarcity of other blooms in the garden.

Plant a tree also here and there where space is available. In selecting trees and shrubs we must first choose the position where they are to be grown. They must have plenty of room and be grown in a plot by themselves.

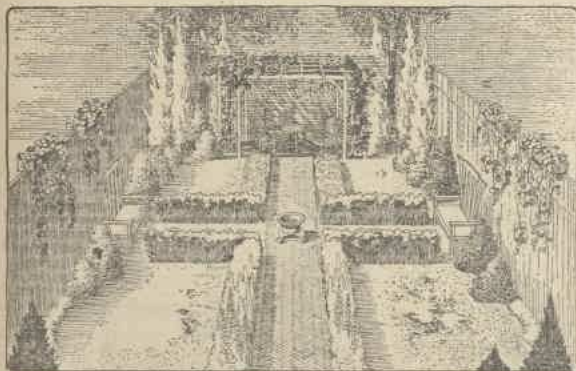
It is a great mistake to grow trees and shrubs in a bed, and then expect a floral display in the same plot. I know

of plant food in the form of well-decayed horse, cow, or pig manure must be added. A tree or shrub is there for many years—therefore the need for thorough planting. Give them a good start in life, and you will reap the reward in good time.

An "Aussie" Corner

REMEMBER when planting to make room for some of our native shrubs! Yes, we must have an "Aussie" corner.

Now just get your pencil and paper, and from this list make your choice. Lastandra, a very showy and beautiful shrub about six feet high. Purple flowers. There are two species. Marantia and Grandiflora. Guelder Rose (*Viburnum Opulus*). Evergreen, height, 8 feet.



FROM TIME TO TIME we have given suggested garden treatments for the narrow back yard. Here is another delightful suggestion incorporating a trellis, bird-bath, brick path, ornamental shrubs, flower-boxes, flower-beds, and a seat or two for rest, and a spot suitable for happy garden meals.

of one large garden which has been crowded out in this fashion. Trees and shrubs have been planted so close that, in a few years' time, there will be no room for any other display. There will be too much shade, the soil will become sour, and lawns full of grass and weeds. Instead of the beautiful couch of which they were made. Yet some people will not look ahead.

A tree planted in a well-thought-out position becomes a landmark and a thing of beauty, but when trees are massed together, jumbled on top of one another, they are an eyesore and spoil the whole beauty of the home and landscape. So keep the shrubbery separate from the flower garden, and the trees in a commanding position, where their majesty and beauty will be admired in years to come.

Let's have a look around, and see where to make a shrubbery for you. Yes, along this bed would be ideal. Keep the tall varieties along the back, then the smaller, and the dwarf along the front. By studying this method of planting, and spacing equally, of course, the sunlight and air can pass in and around, keeping the plant and soil healthy and sweet.

Symmetrical Beauty

SHRUBS systematically pruned are of great benefit, and this should be done as soon as the flowering period is over. If you do this, you keep the shrub in good flowering condition, symmetrical, and there is less work in the combating of insects and fungus diseases.

The bed for shrubs must be well prepared. Dig deep and thoroughly. Good drainage is most essential, and plenty

Hakea Eucalyptoides (crimson flowering), height, 6 feet.

Goldfussia grows 3 feet, and has beautiful bell-shaped flowers. Color, lavender.

Habrothamnus, evergreen shrub, very hardy, flowers profusely, height, 6 feet. *Crotolaria Laburnifolia*, evergreen, height, 12 feet, flowers are birdlike in shape, very attractive.

Duranta, evergreen, flowers two colors, white and blue, height, 6 feet. Erica (Heath), 2 to 4 feet, several colors, very beautiful.

Daphne (red or white), evergreen, flowers highly scented, but must be grown in a shady, moist position, height, 4 feet.

Bouvardia, a bed of these by themselves makes a delightful show, many colors, like well out in the open, and fairly hot position.

Deutzia (wedding bells), a very pretty and attractive shrub 4 feet high, in several varieties. Also find a place for the flowering apple, peach, quince and prunus. These give a wonderful early spring show.

Buddelia, an evergreen, height from 8 to 10 feet, several varieties; colors, orange, purple, lavender and mauve.

Acuba Japonica Aurea. The gold-dust shrub, beautiful variegated leaves, does well in entire shade.

Cytisus (laburnum) deciduous, has beautiful golden tassels, height 12 feet. Cestrum, several colors, white, orange and purple, free flowering, height 10 feet.

There are many varieties of hibiscus. They like good, open positions. Escallonia! Several varieties, very compact growth, height 6 feet.

Also find room for Christmas bush, native rose, Geraldton wax, waratah, flowering gums, grevilles, etc.

A USEFUL HINT

When purchasing Hair Wavers, Wave Setters or Curlers, refuse such articles if made of Iron or Steel, as they are subject to rust, which may be injurious to hair and scalp. For safety, always insist on Wavers and Curlers made of Pure ALUMINIUM, as they are guaranteed harmless and last longer.

ADVT.

Knit Your Own—

ONE LOOK AT THEM—ONE FEEL OF THEM—AND YOU'LL LOSE YOUR HEART TO THESE LOVELY NEW YARNS!

WOOLS from SNOWS

UNDIE AND BABY WOOLS!

"Lady Betty"

Paton & Baldwin's Fleecy Wool for Dressing Jackets and Baby Wear, in White, Pink, Blue and Green. PRICE, 1oz. ball . . . 1/-

"Silversheen"

2-ply Paton & Baldwin's Silk & Wool, in all delicate pastel shades. Use for all dainty garments. PRICE, ball . . . 1/7½

"White Heather"

Paton & Baldwin's Baby Wool in 3-ply—a soft, snug wool for all Baby clothes. White, Pink and Blue. PRICE, 1oz. ball . . . 10½d

"Silverthread"

Lincoln Mills Fine Wool for Knitted or Crochet Baby's Shawls, Frocks or Bonnets. White, Pink, Blue, etc. PRICE, ball . . . 1/6

SUPER SCOTCH FINGERING

Paton & Baldwin's best quality 2, 3 and 4-ply Fingering Wool, in every new season color and Heather mixture. For Jumpers, Cardigans, etc. PRICE, skein . . . 8½d

3 & 4-PLY ROSE FINGERING

Complete range of Winter shades and Marles to choose from! A Paton & Baldwin's Wool suitable for all hard wearing garments. PRICE, skein . . . 7½d

4-PLY "ARCADIA" WOOL

Made specially for Snows! Good soft quality wool, in every new winter shade: Greens, Blues, Red, Brown, etc., and Heather mixtures. PRICE, skein . . . 6½d

"GOLDEN WATTLE" WOOL

Lincoln Mills' reliable 4-ply Wool, for Cardigans, Jumpers, and all Sportswear, etc. Splendid range of colors and mixtures just opened! PRICE, skein . . . 6d

"WILDFLOWER" SPORTS WOOL

Heavy quality Wool, by Paton & Baldwin's, for all hard-wearing garments—Lumber Jackets, Pullovers, etc. In plain colors and fancy Marles. PRICE, 2oz. skein . . . 1/1

4-PLY "LIVERPOOL" WOOL

Splendid quality Fingering Wool, in a complete range of all new Winter shades and Marles. Suitable for Socks, School Wear, etc. PRICE, skein . . . 4½d

Paton's & Baldwin's



Famous Wools!

TOTEM WOOL, thick and cosy, for Jumpers, Cardigans, Berets, etc. Every lovely Autumn shade! PRICE, skein . . . 1/7

KANASTRA WOOL, smart new knobby, Astrachan-like wool, in White, Black, Navy, Brown, Blues, Reds, etc. PRICE, sk. . . 1/4

SUNNY SPORTS WOOL in bright outdoor mixtures or plain shades. For all sportsy knitwear! PRICE, sk. . . 1/7½

PHANTOM KNOP YARN—a crepey, knobby wool in bright color mixtures. Not a heavy wool, but exactly right for Autumn Jumpers, Berets, etc. PRICE, sk. . . 1/1

CREPE WOOL—new, crinkled 3-ply Fingering Wool in plain shades and fancy mixtures—exquisitely blended! PRICE, sk. . . 9d

KEMPY WOOL looks like an Angora material when it's knitted! Every new season color to choose from! PRICE, sk. . . 9½d

SEA URCHIN WOOL, soft quality, thickly flecked, in lovely two-tone combinations! You'll love it! PRICE, sk. . . 1/2

NEW MIST WOOL for Jumpers, Cardigans, etc. Comes in warm, subdued shades, and looks marvellous worn with brightly colored skirts and accessories. PRICE, sk. . . 8½d



3/11 "FASTOBOYL" SCARVES!

All the rich new Autumn color combinations, featured in bright, vivid designs—spots and stripes predominating! And remember, these scarves are fast to boiling! An amazingly low price—3/11—for such quality and dash!

It's a Scarf Season!



WOODEN BUTTONS, specially suited for all knitted sportswear. Red, Orange, Green, Blue, Blk. PRICE, card of 6 . . . 7½d



TRIMMING BUTTONS with Brilliants in Black, Blue, Red, Fawn. PRICE, 4 small & 2 large buttons on card . . . 9d



GLASS BUTTONS are in for a big season! One of the new designs & colors just opened! PRICE, card of 4 . . . 9d



WOODEN BUTTONS in newest Autumn colorings: Green, Red, Fawn, Brown and Blue. PRICE, card of 6 . . . 1/-

SYDNEY SNOW LTD., PITT AND LIVERPOOL STREETS, SYDNEY



How to get them to brush their teeth *willingly!*

PERHAPS, like many mothers, you find it hard to make the children brush their teeth. But why try to make them?

They'll brush their teeth willingly, and without urging... if you give them a toothpaste they like to use. Give them Colgate's... its delicious Peppermint Foam makes children look forward to toothbrushing time as a twice-a-day treat!

And how fortunate that this best-tasting toothpaste also is the best-cleaning! Colgate's removes all seven kinds of stain that discolour teeth. Because it has two cleaning actions... not one.

Some stains yield best to emulsive action. Colgate's emulsive foam loosens these stains... washes them away.

Other stains yield best to scrubbing action. Colgate's has this, too. It rubs and polishes stains away...

safely, without scratching enamel. Get Colgate's. Notice how the children like to use it. And Colgate's contains no ingredients that may upset delicate little stomachs.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth... have children use Colgate's twice a day. Take them to see the dentist regularly.



If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has TWO cleaning actions. It gives the same remarkable results and sells at... 1/6

D.C.3574

SKIN Rejuvenation Comes More Quickly, Surely THIS NEW, MODERN WAY!

THE TWO main items of feminine defence against the attacks of time, climate and untidiness are face cream and powder. Yet there are so many creams, so many powders! How may one be sure one's choice is right? The answer is clear... By using the cream and powder scientific analysis proves to be best for the widest range of conditions. That cream is Facial Youth—the powder, Golden Youth. These two Kathleen Court creations, perfect alone, become idealized when used together. Facial Youth not only protects the skin and holds the powder exquisitely, but it truly REJUVENATES, ending those complexion faults all fastidious women fear. When, over the improved skin texture assured by the use of Facial Youth, a bloom of Golden Youth Face Powder is provided, the glorification of your complexion becomes complete.



This 2-fold, improved make-up technique is available to you now, at all high-class chemists and stores. Facial Youth, in hoodbag tubes, costs 1/3, double sized tubes, 2/6, large jars, 7/6. Golden Youth Powder, in six modern shades, comes in dainty compact boxes at 1/6 and large boxes at 2/6. With each 2/6 box of Golden Youth Powder, a free gift tube of Facial Youth rejuvenating cream is included.



Facial Youth Cream & Golden Youth Powder — by Kathleen Court.

FOR Young WIVES ... and MOTHERS Hot Weather Menus for the Children

By MARY TRUBY KING

The great need during hot days is for extra fluid. Do not worry if the children do not eat as much as usual. The healthy child will take quite sufficient for his needs if left to himself.

The chief thing is to provide the right kind of food, and then leave the rest to the child's appetite.

FRUIT drinks should be made daily, and left in a position in which the children can pour them out themselves whenever they feel thirsty. The following recipes may be used. Make a sugar syrup for use as a general sweetener by boiling 1 cupful of sugar in 1 cupful of water for 10 minutes. Strain this into a heated jar, and keep for future use.

BARLEY WATER

Put two ounces of pearl barley into cold water and bring to the boil. Strain off the liquid and throw it away. Put the barley into a jug with a little thinly-peeled lemon rind, and three lumps of sugar. Pour over this one pint of boiling water, and, covering the jug, set it aside. When cold, stir well and strain.

ORANGE AND PINEAPPLE DRINK

Extract the juice from six oranges. Add to this 6 cupfuls of grated pineapple. Mix thoroughly. Add 2 cups of cold water, and sweeten with sugar syrup to taste. Stir well and place in ice chest.

ORANGE WATER

The juice of 8 oranges and 2 lemons mixed with two cups of cold water, and sugar syrup to taste.

RHUBARB DRINK

Put half a pound of cut rhubarb into a pan with one quart of water. Boil for 20 minutes. Put 3 ounces of loaf sugar and the finely-chopped rind of one lemon into a jug, and strain on to this the rhubarb water. Cool and ice.

PRUNE DRINK

Cut a quarter of a pound of prunes down the sides and place in a pan with the rind of half a lemon and three breakfastcups of water. Simmer for one hour. Add the juice of the half lemon, strain, and mix in sugar syrup to taste. Serve cold.

PINEAPPLE WATER

Pulp a ripe pineapple. Add water and finely-chopped mint. Put on ice, and serve very cold.

WHEY

When no fruit is available, whey makes a good thirst-quencher. Warm a quart of milk, add the dissolved junket tablets, put aside and when set break up the junket with a fork. Allow to cool, then strain off the whey and add sugar syrup to taste. Sprinkle a little grated nutmeg on top.

If fruit cannot be afforded for the

making of fruit drinks, see that the children have plenty of water each day.

Daily Menu

THE following menu is suggested for the runabouts on a hot day:

On Waking: A drink of water and an apple or piece of raw, ripe tomato.

Breakfast:—Any good packeted breakfast cereal with fruit juice, stewed fruit, or milk. Toast and butter (if still hungry). An orange or any other fruit in season. Milk to drink.

Dinner: Steamed fish with white sauce or boiled chicken, or a lightly-coddled egg (not more than twice weekly). Two kinds of vegetables, such as French beans and spinach. A small helping of potato, fruit salad, or stewed fruit, or jelly, or Spanish cream (not on the day coddled egg is given), or baked apple and cream, or flummery.

Evening Meal: Tomato and cheese salad. Wholemeal biscuits and butter. Honey. Drink of milk.

The school child who has dinner in the evening should take with her a bottle or thermos flask of fruit drink, and two pieces of fresh fruit in addition to her sandwiches, which can be filled with tomato, lettuce, cress, dates, raisins, nuts or fish paste. There are various vegetable extracts on the market, which make a tasty sandwich if spread very thinly over the buttered bread.

In addition to the sandwiches it is often possible to provide a small gelatine pudding in an enamel container. Or these small containers may be used for a serving of rice and tomatoes to be eaten with bread and butter, or any other fancied savory.

Mothers should insist upon their children keeping their lunch for the lunch hour and not devouring half of it at the 11 a.m. playtime. An apple or other piece of fruit may be eaten at the mid-morning recreation time.

If half of their food is eaten before lunch time the children will come home hungry from school, and if food is given at about 4 p.m. they will not eat a good evening meal.

It is wise to have a fair-sized drink of fruit juice ready on the ice for the children when they come home tired and thirsty on a hot day. Let them have this, but nothing to eat till the 6 p.m. meal.

It is a very bad practice to give cakes and sweets at 4 p.m., ruining the child's appetite for more wholesome food at the correct meal time.



INDIGESTION Sufferers—Act on this advice To-day

NEW-PRINCIPLE REMEDY
BRINGS NEW HOPE!

Miserable, indeed, is the man or woman whose stomach does not work properly. Even the first symptoms of something wrong are distressing—palpitation, wind, flushing, belching, or griping pains. But when this condition has been allowed to persist without check, the continued acidity actually attacks the fabric of the stomach. Then you get chronic dyspepsia, painful gastritis, colitis, and the dangers of ulcerated stomach or bowel, with intense pain day and night.

While the distressing symptoms of wind, palpitation and flushing are bad enough, the unfortunate sufferer begins to learn what real agony means when the stomach is inflamed or ulcerated. Constant gnawing pain and the dread of an operation is always in his thoughts. No wonder people who have obtained relief by using Dr. Witt's Antacid Powder write us such grateful letters.

You dare not neglect that griping pain!

To those who have any pain or distress in their digestive organs, we confidently recommend Dr. Witt's Antacid Powder. This preparation acts in a three-fold way.

Firstly, it neutralizes the excess acid which the stomach continually produces, and allays the irritation.

Secondly, the ulcers are coated with a film of colloidal kaolin. So finely powdered is this kaolin, it is easily spread over the entire surface of the stomach, protecting the inflamed lining from the hot, burning acids.

Thirdly, it actually digests portions of your food, thereby still further taking the load off the weakened stomach, and finally, the ingredients in Dr. Witt's Antacid Powder build up an alkaline reserve in the body, that, with ordinary care, there will be no recurrence of your trouble. Then your pains leave you for good; you enjoy your food and it does you good.

Every day that you delay in getting a supply of this new and wonderful preparation means a day of unnecessary suffering for you.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Recommended for

INDIGESTION FLATULENCE
ACID STOMACH HEARTBURN
GRIPING PAINS GASTRITIS
PALPITATION DYSPEPSIA
ULCERATED STOMACH

Sold by all Chemists and
Stores, in sky-blue canister,
Full Month's
Treatment— 2/6

Be sure you get the genuine Dr. Witt's Antacid Powder, in the sky-blue canister. Prepared by the well-known house, "De Witt's," which has supplied medicinal remedies to the public for fifty years.

Things That Happen

TOLD BY
READERS

It Came Back—

A PARTY of American tourists travelling overland from Western Australia were treated to the usual spectacle of half-clothed aborigines endeavoring to trade their wares for "bacon" or a "shillie." For a small quantity of tobacco Tommy would throw his boomerang. Then one of the Americans detached himself from the crowd. "Aw, there's nothing in that," he said. "I could do that myself." Immediately the crowd took him up, and reluctantly Tommy handed over the weapon. The American stood poised for a moment—then, whizz... the boomerang circled round... would it come back?

It came back all right. The train was delayed for ten minutes whilst the ambulance chest was opened and first-aid rendered to a nasty gash in the American's forehead.—J.M.M.

Grandmother's Job

THE old pioneer spirit still lives. My neighbor, an old lady well past the three-score years and ten, still battles on, rearing her youngest son's family of five.

The parents being both dead, this fine old grandmother has reared the youngest from babyhood.

She takes in washing, ironing, and mending, and, in addition to these heavy duties, she makes pickles, sauces, chutneys, jam, cordials, and takes orders for large cakes, for which she is famous. The children each have their particu-

EXCITING or humorous incidents brought to your knowledge may be of interest to others. Tell them to The Australian Women's Weekly and mark your envelope "Things That Happen." Items must be true, and must not have been published before, or submitted to other journals. Payment for every item used in this section will be posted to contributors immediately after publication.

lar round of customers and understand, that as Grandma has no income, it is quite necessary for them each to do their share, to enable them to be kept together in Grandma's little home.

Unlike other children, they get very little time for play, yet they are the most happy and contented children one could possibly meet.—D.Q.

Coincidence

WAY back in my school days, a teacher read to the class the story of "The Valkyrie." My school chum and I were much impressed, and vowed, if ever the chance came, to see the play. During the recent opera season I went to book a seat; there were only two available, one of which I quickly secured, the other being taken by a lady standing by. The same evening, while waiting for the show to start, we struck up a conversation; she proved to be my one-time school friend, who had travelled from a far back town, expressly to see this opera. She had not been to Sydney since her marriage twenty years ago.—I.S.A.

FROM Post Office Boy to BISHOP

On Sunday next, March 17, Dr. Norman Gilroy, Roman Catholic Bishop-elect of Port Augusta, South Australia, will be solemnly consecrated in St. Mary's Basilica with all the pomp and splendor associated with the ceremony of the bestowal of the sacred orders on the chief pastor of a diocese.

IT is over a decade since such a ceremony was celebrated in St. Mary's Cathedral, the last occasion being when Bishop Barry was consecrated for the See of Hobart.

The consecration of Dr. Gilroy will be performed by the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Bernardini, who will be assisted by Dr. Carroll, Bishop of Launceston, and Dr. McGuire, Bishop of Townsville. Bishops and priests from all parts of Australia have already arrived to be present at the consecration.

DR. NORMAN GILROY, who was born in Sydney 39 years ago, is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Gilroy, of Brighton le Sands. He received his early education at St. Joseph's College, Hunter's Hill, and afterwards joined the Postmaster-General's Department as a telegraph assistant.

He enlisted for active service at the age of twenty, and had the duty of tak-

ing and despatching the first telegraphic message from Gallipoli at the historic landing.

On his return from active service, young Gilroy decided to join the Church, and after seven years' study at Springwood and Manly Seminaries, he was ordained to the priesthood.

The office of bishop is the highest of the Sacred Orders bestowed by the Catholic Church on its pastors. The bishops are consecrated to rule the Church, confirm the faithful, ordain priests and consecrate other bishops.

They are the interpreters of revelation, the governors of the Church, and the depositaries of doctrinal, sacerdotal,

and disciplinary authority, in subordination to the Pope.

The consecration of a bishop is a great church ceremony, and must always be held on a Sunday or the feast day of one of the apostles.

The consecration is performed during the Mass, and the consecrating bishop and the bishop-elect are required to abstain from all food on the day preceding the ceremony.

The main portion of the office consists of the imposition of hands by the consecrating bishop and the handing over to the new bishop of the crozier, or staff, the fisherman's ring, and the Book of Gospels.

THE head of the new bishop is then anointed with chrism and he is required to take an oath of fidelity to the Holy See and an oath to visit the Shrines of the Apostles in Rome at least once every ten years.

He swears to forever continue a



OYEZ! OYEZ! This watchman decanter, with its six glasses with head motif, is so delightfully English—reminds one of carjacks rung at eight o'clock—and it will be charmingly decorative as well as useful. The color is a lovely brown.

—Photo by courtesy Grace Bros.

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bondman in the affairs of God, estrange himself from earthly affairs and base here, as far as human frailty permits, and to preserve humility and patience, and teach the like to others, and be affable and merciful to the poor, to the stranger, and to all in need.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies gloves are placed on his hands to remind him that he is to preserve free from all stain his hands that are to bless and consecrate, that, covered like the hands of Jacob of old, they may more worthily offer sacrifice.

He then receives the "Kiss of Peace" from the other bishops, who conduct him away after the Mass.

Here are Three Examples of
the Bargains offering at

GRACE BROS.

12 DAYS

COAT SALE



No. 6
TAILORED COAT
in English Tweed

Beautifully lined throughout. Smartly trimmed back. In Fawn and Grey tonings. Sizes S.W., W. and O.S.

12 DAYS' SPECIAL **95/-**
(LESS 2/- IN THE £ DISCOUNT)

No. 7
Smart COAT OF Diagonal COATING

With collar of Shorn Lamb. Neatly trimmed back and sleeves. Shades: Fawn, Brown, Navy and Black. Sizes, S.S.W., S.W., W. and O.S.

12 DAYS' SPECIAL **49/6**
(LESS 2/- IN THE £ DISCOUNT)

No. 2
Travel Coat in CAMEL HAIR CLOTH

Lined throughout. Inverted pleat at back and finished with belt and pockets. Sizes, S.S.W., S.W., W. and O.S.

12 DAYS' SPECIAL **69/6**
(LESS 2/- IN THE £ DISCOUNT)

Not at the Season's end—but NOW—and until Friday, March 22nd—comes this unprecedented news from GRACE BROS!

2/- IN THE £ DISCOUNT WILL BE DEDUCTED FROM THE PRICE OF EVERY COAT DISPLAYED IN OUR LADIES', MAIDS' AND CHILDREN'S COAT SHOWROOMS.

This 2/- in the £ Discount is not an imaginary one—it is deducted from your bill whether you buy for Cash, or on Lay-by.

Make sure of seeing the fine Coat Display in our Broadway Windows—every conceivable fashion note and material is represented, and a closer inspection of these wonderful Coat Bargains in our Showrooms will convince you that NOW is the time to secure your new Autumn and Winter Coat at a substantial Saving.

There are hundreds of Coat Bargains equally as good as the three shown here in our Ladies' Coat Showroom—2nd Floor—Grose Street Building.

GRACE BROS. Ltd. BROADWAY PHONE
SYDNEY M 6506

Try
LEA & PERRINS
NEW SWEET PICKLE
PIKANTI

A delicious blending of
Fruits, Vegetables and
Spices

Ideal for salads, picnics, lunches, etc.



Modern Mothers know what causes *Tummy Aches*



Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES

Eat a Kellogg Breakfast—you'll feel better!

IT'S over-loading that little stomach . . . it's eating a heavy meal too hurriedly and running off to school or strenuous play. That's why good mothers give their children Kellogg's Corn Flakes! They know they're so easily digested that children can have as much as they like. They know, too, that Kellogg's are quickly converted into the energy that little bodies burn up so fast.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes come ready to serve from the packet, saving busy mothers lots of work. Children love them with milk or cream, or with fruits. Grown-ups find them the perfect modern breakfast. If you haven't tried them, order some to-day!

Send for FREE Recipe Booklet

You will be delighted with the unusual dishes and confections which can be made from Kellogg's Recipes—entirely different from any you have tried before. Send your name and address to Kellogg's, Box 8, Rotary, Sydney—you will receive the booklet by return mail.

A quick doctor was holding forth about his "medicines" to a rural audience. "Yes, gentlemen," he said, "I have sold these pills for over twenty years, and never heard a word of complaint. Now, what does that prove?"

A Voice in the Crowd: That dead men tell no tales.

"But, my dear, bleated the poor, little, hen-pecked husband, 'you've been talking for half an hour, and I haven't said a word.'"

"No," snapped his wife, "you haven't said anything; but you've been listening in a most aggravating manner, and I'm not going to stand it."

"Have you brought many people to your way of thinking?"

"No," answered Senator Sorghum. "Public opinion is something like a mule I owned when I was a boy. In order to keep up the appearance of being driven I had to watch the way he was going and follow on behind."

VICTORIAN Family ROBINSON

Continued from Page 36

A CERTAIN palpable uneasiness began to spread among the men. The Pastor, swinging his sharp glance round like a lighthouse ray, said: "You wicked and adulterous generation, your hearts are too hard for me to address you now—" (The uneasiness seemed to lift.) "I will make it my address next Sabbath. Now you shall go to your own homes, and—"

"Stop me," remarked Seremy, "we going to choose our wives first."

"We've chosen," shouted two of the men. Trouble seemed about to recommence. But James Robinson, coming forward, and standing by the side of Malachi, so that he helped to shelter Lady Gilliland from the rude glances of the men, said to the pastor, hurriedly: "Sir, you did not give me time to talk to you, but surely you, as God's minister, can't countenance such unholy unions as these that they seem inclined to force upon our unprotected ladies?"

"Unholy?" countered the old man, drawing himself up. "Not if I marry them."

"But two are married already, and the others—my young, innocent daughters—surely, surely you cannot force—"

"Why no, sir," the Pastor said, Johnsonianly. "These young females will make choice from them that have drawn the luck. As to marriages of the others—this is Vainamu, this the Garden of Eden, the centre of the world. Outside is nothing outside is dogs and sorcerers and whoremongers. We marry here, we don't know what these women, I make honest women of the two, if they say they been married by dogs and sorcerers' laws before."

The heart of James Robinson seemed to stand still. His daughters were at least to have their choice; they might temporise, they might escape in the end. But Margaret—but poor little Minnie . . .

He took off his clerical coat, and deliberately laid it, on the floor. He turned up the cuffs of his shirt. If he did not spit upon his hands, it was not for want of the spirit that induces a man to add this last touch of earnestness.

"I'm not a young man," he stated, breathing rather hard, and looking less like a saint in a stained-glass window than Lady Gilliland had ever seen him. "But I'll—I'll break the jaw of anyone that so much as lays a finger on these ladies—I will, God helping me."

There was a moment's silence, broken by Adelaide's anxious whisper: "Papa! Where is Charlie?"

The Reverend James Robinson said, without taking his eyes off the shifting, staring men: "They surrounded us in hundreds, my love, and tied our hands behind our backs. They took us to the men's house. It's nothing—we are all right—but we suffered cruelly from our inability to— Sir?"

The Pastor was speaking again. "Seremy, what do you say?" Seremy, proud to be addressed thus importantly, fingered his chain of office, and immediately gave forth his opinion.

"I am Lord Chief." (They seemed to have forgotten that; it was time he reminded them.) "I say that all these women can have one week. One week, that's all. They stay here, we shut the doors, nobody trouble them. We look in through the windows, maybe talk a little. End of one week all get married." He swelled out his chest, and looked round.

It seemed that he had managed to recapture his lost prestige. A murmur of assent greeted the speech.

The Pastor nodded. "That is good," he said.

Robinson thought: "I'll manage something, in that time; they appear to have a very proper reverence for the cloth."

Malachi only kicked his legs about, and laughed. Seremy, regarding him unfavorably, suddenly clapped one hand to thigh, and cried out: "Villain! Where is the girl Eleanor? What have you done with her?"

CHAPTER 7

THE sapphire light of a sea-island afternoon filled the low space between the floor and the eaves of the men's house. This house had no walls; only an enormous roof, big as the hull of a liner, deep-thatched with grass, and supported by pillars of natural tree-trunk. The floor was covered with white coral pebbles; on it were piled five rule-colored mats, laid in luxurious heaps; and beside the mats there were bowls of carved wood, and cups of polished coconut, and drinking goblets cut from green and pearly "snail" shell. There were deep earthen vessels, too, smelling of orange and pineapple beer, and there were many pipes, of coral-cob and burnt clay, with tobacco boxes beside them, and heaps of live ashes, pent in rings of stone, to take the place

of matches. Clay and wooden basins stood about, filled with baked bread-fruit, roast bananas, oysters, fowl and fish. Everything that the heart of man could desire was there in plenty, not forgetting one special boon, that of freedom, when freedom was desired, from the society of the women who delighted and tormented the souls of the men of Vainamu.

Commonly the huge cavern of this men's house—this cool and inviting home of amber shadows, of sharp blue lights sifted in from the tumbling sea, this place of peace and dreams where no sound came save the rainy patter of the palms, and far out, the boundless hum of breakers on the reef—was empty in the later afternoon. Then, youths and elders raised themselves from midday dozing, reached for their pipes and goblets, smoked a bit and drank a bit, and all together went laughing and running down the beach to bathe. Then the shadows, undisturbed, gathered on the floor of the great house that had stood there seventy years; the deep have darkened from amber to dusk blue; silence, that seemed to have been growing and spreading in all the years that had passed since the Vainamians left the outside world, fell like a heavy cloak upon the place.

Rats with bright eyes came peering out; lizards scuttled, and crabs on long legs made adventurous dashes from the beach. Not till night came, and torches burned and the great meal of the day was over in the homes of Vainamu, did the men stray back, to lie and smoke and yawn, an hour or two, before the time came for each to seek his own brown house among the palms, explain to his wife, as men over most of the world at the same time were explaining, why he had not come home earlier; and drop off, gently or roughly chidden, to sleep.

This was the immemorial course of the day on Vainamu; after the early

IF!

IF!

*If one could parcel laughter
With paper and a string,
What merry little packets
The postmen all would bring!
There'd be no need for whistles,
The streets would ring and ring
If one could parcel laughter
With paper and a string.
And wouldn't it be jolly
To bend a listening ear,
And deep within the letter-box
Throb soft, fat chuckles
near?*

—C. McIlwain.

work in the food gardens had been done, and before the night fishing came on; fishing with seines, with canoes, and torches, with fish-spears, netting the shoals in shallow places near shore, stabbing the gold and silver monsters that came curiously round flaring torches, out at sea. If you went out night fishing, you slept next day, and did not garden. If you fished in the day, you carried your catch home, and cooked it on the spot, bringing a lion's share to the clubhouse, where the elders, who fished no longer, lay about waiting for choice bits of kingfish and turtle. That was life on Vainamu; food and sport and gardening; swimming in the pink Pacific sunset, dancing on moonlight nights, and love-making always. Routine ruled existence; but it was a soft routine, making life easy, and saving almost all thought.

But to-day routine went flying; waves of excitement, almost recalling the day when the ill-omened Lemora had made the port of Vainamu, swept over the island. Nothing was as it had been yesterday; the great house, no more a cave of silence, was crowded by chattering, pushing, staring men, with women and children, also chattering and staring, grouped outside. In the midst of the house three strange men, surrounded by guards, concentrated on themselves all this excitement and curiosity. A fourth, tall, dressed in worn black, had been escorted away by Japhet, the Vainamu Pastor, some time before; Japhet, who was big and fat and dressed in trailing robes, taking his arm and talking and talking to him familiarly, as to a fellow angur, as they went.

Please turn to Page 44

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

By Evelyn

WONDERS of the Home-Made FACE PACK!

Remember always... Application is best after the skin has been made receptive by massage!

LAST WEEK when I gave you the simple instructions for face massage, I promised to follow up with some very effective packs — and here they are.

THIS first is a very simple one, and is more suited to oily skins.

Mix two tablespoons of boracic acid with enough boiling water to make a thin paste. Now blend in one tablespoonful of cleansing cream, and, when the paste is thoroughly mixed, apply it this way: Wring a towel out in hot water and hold it to your face. As soon as it cools, wring it out in hot water again so that the pores are thoroughly opened by the steam. (Of course, your face has been thoroughly prepared—cleansed of every particle of make-up and massaged.)

Now, spread on the pack and leave on an hour, if possible. Rinse it off with warm water and pat the face dry and apply witch hazel and rose water in equal parts.

The Honey Freshener

THIS pack leaves the skin clean-looking, and nourishes at the same time.

You make it by mixing together enough honey with milk and a dash of witch hazel to make it creamy. Spread over face and throat and leave on from 10 to 15 minutes. Then wash off with warm water and dab the face with a pad dipped in rose water.

To the white of one fresh egg add a heaped teaspoonful of powdered milk such as is fed to babies. Whip together. Apply this mixture to face and throat



after the face has been prepared with hot towels. As the pack is destined to smooth out wrinkles as well as to cleanse the skin, rest and keep the features still for 10 or 15 minutes.

Remove by saturating a cloth with cold water and dabbing gently the skin. Finish by rinsing thoroughly in icy-cold water.

Yeast Pack

THIS, too, should be applied after the face has been made receptive, as already explained. Pure yeast from a

brewery is the best kind to use. Mix it with milk to the consistency of cream. It should be smoothed on with the fingertips lavishly so that not even the slightest glimpse of the skin can be seen.

Your hair, of course, must be covered with a towel. Start at the little hollow at the base of the throat-line, and continue right up over the eyelids to the hair-line. Leave on for fifteen or twenty minutes, or until dry.

While the pack is drying you will experience a slightly "pulling" sensation.

IN ORDER that the face pack may do its good work, rest quietly until it is time to remove it. Do not read, do not chatter—just lie back in comfort.



USED regularly in conjunction with massage, face packs leave the skin radiantly clear... sagging muscles are prevented, the contour of the face is preserved, and tell-tale lines and wrinkles are kept at bay—or banished!

Witch hazel is recommended for final application before you make up.

An Oatmeal Pack

OATMEAL is always good for the skin, and a soothing face-pack can be made from ordinary oatmeal made to a stiff paste with milk. Spread this on evenly and leave it on for a few minutes before washing it off with tepid water. This is a good pack to use after your face has been exposed to the sun.

More Egg Masks

A USEFUL "temporary" mask that is definitely refreshing, and which both cleanses and nourishes the skin, is the egg mask.

No. 1 is made from the yolk of an egg. Beat the yolk until it is creamy and then spread it quickly and smoothly over the face and neck with the finger-tips. Always work upwards. After it has dried—ten minutes should be sufficient for this—remove with a pad of cotton wool dipped in rose water. Follow this by patting the face with a pad soaked in an astringent lotion. A few drops of eau de cologne in cold water will serve.

No. 2. Take the white of an egg and mix with a sufficient quantity of fuller's earth to make into a stiff paste. Apply all over the face like a mask and keep on until thoroughly dry. Remove as you would the yeast pack and apply a gentle astringent before you make up.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: What do you think of the modern idea that two people who are in love, and wanting to marry, should consult a doctor regarding their fitness to do so? This may be all right in the case of such diseases as consumption, but rarely if it were carried into general use there would be many romances blighted because of fears that might never be realized.

MODERN youth may be criticised for many follies, but surely no one should point the finger of scorn when our up-to-date young men and women are sophisticated enough to apply at least the fundamental principles of eugenics to marriage selection.

Not so many years ago eugenics was scoffed at and made fun of. "How absurd," people said, "to want to mate human beings as though they were horses, cattle or poultry!"

Nowadays, however, it is better understood what eugenics really stands for. Eugenics seeks to improve the natural physical, mental and temperamental qualities of the human family.

Could any programme of life be more praiseworthy than this?

There can be no question that people who are absolutely unfit to mate because of disease still continue to marry

and bear children. And in every case it is the offspring who suffer.

That is the chief reason why laws restricting marriage in one way or another have been enacted in various parts of the world. Such laws aim to promote a more healthy and vigorous stock for the nation as well as protect the ignorant and the misinformed.

EUGENICAL principles are not merely applied to matings of epileptics, the insane, the feeble-minded, the incurably criminal and the like, but to race betterment primarily. Eugenics also applies to personal and family happiness. Temperamentally, misfit matings are as certain to lead to discord and



BY A DOCTOR

distress as are the physically misfit ones.

Happily, men and women are no longer allowing pure romance to blind them to the point where they do not know what they are doing. Nowadays they are adding at least a bit of reasoning and foresight when they fall in love.

And particularly, in harmony with eugenical ideas, it is now not unusual for each of the contracting parties to consult a physician before the announcement of the formal engagement, with a view to finding out whether a clean bill of health, mental as well as physical, is obtainable.

MARRIAGE and its obligations are a serious business, as we all know. But youth often is over-optimistic and over-confident. Disasters, that may happen to others, it does not believe, could possibly happen to itself. It likes to think that it is an exception to all the known rules.

Later, of course, such young folks "wake up." They find that they, too, have made a mistake. Then, however, it is too late!

Love and romance are beautiful states of being, and the world needs both, and needs them badly.

Nevertheless, it is far better to apply reasoning and science to a proposed marriage, and even defer it if necessary, than it is to plunge headlong into an entanglement that can only lead to misery.

HOST HOLBROOK says: I have a variety of olives called Small Olives. They are economical and last 12-18 months.

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY



THIS exercise is known as the relative exercise—and it strengthens and reduces the abdominal muscles. Lean forward, with the chin touching the knees. Then lean backward with the heavier person resisting forcibly. Demonstrated by Mary Wallace, Paramount player, and a male masseur.

2 VITAL THINGS

an ANTISEPTIC must do

To wash away surface germs is not enough. To be effective an antiseptic must penetrate—search out and kill germs imbedded in the membranes. Water solutions are useless because tissue is waterproof. Frothing solutions are impracticable for gargling. Test and compare such solutions with Listerine Antiseptic.

This well-tried antiseptic owes its amazing effectiveness to two things: It kills germs in fastest time recorded by science—(The Lancet); it has great penetrative powers.

Remember! When you need an antiseptic, your health—perhaps your life—demands the best. Play safe and use Listerine Antiseptic.

Non-Poisonous . . . soothing and healing . . . Safe

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

VICTORIAN Family ROBINSON

Continued from Page 42

THE three thus left — Buzacott, quiet, watchful, keeping a weather-eye open for any chance of escape; Black, restless, faintly giggling now and then to show that he was not afraid; Charles, with a black eye and a reddened nose, glaring angrily about him, and muttering threatening and slaughter—these, having been made captive, torn violently from the women they would have given their lives to protect, and hustled away to the men's house, waited anxiously the return of Robinson from the uncomprehended errand on which he had been taken by the Vainamu Pastor. Charles, defying common sense, had attempted to resist; the number of his opponents, some fifty to one, had not deterred him in the least from "putting up his daddies" and making the best show he could. Always and anywhere, he loved a fight; he hit hard, and never thought before he struck, being happily sure, without the intervention of any tiresome mental process, that all vexed questions could be settled by fisticuffs. Charles, as most women agreed, was a darling and perhaps not the less so because he followed the lead of his generation in placing feeling before thought. A gentleman didn't think; he left that to the cads . . .

As for Buzacott, he had seen and mixed in too much rough-and-tumble, during his stormy life, to have any idea of wasting strength and courage where neither could be of use. And Black, as everyone knew, had no stomach for fighting. That he was, in a sense, to be the saviour of the party, was the very last thing in the thoughts of anyone that day.

Buzacott said, casting a shrewd glance around: "These chaps are more like girls than men, most of 'em. 'Jever see such hair? 'Je think any one of our girls would give 'em a look? Keep your pecker up, Chaine; they'll get no harm."

IN truth, the white tunics, the filleted hair, worn overlong, and the gay, smiling faces of many of the Vainamu men, did suggest femininity of character. But Charles was not to be consoled like that.

"They're no girls," he said darkly, "whenever they look. The chap who clobbered my peeper, and gave me one on the conk, don't hit like a girl."

"The long-legged fellow they call Malachi—him who has just gone off with the Reverend guy and our Robinson?"

"That's him. Wa' till I get a chance at him without the whole crowd on my back."

"I thought him rather a decent lad. The skinny chap, Sben, is the one I'd like to send aloft in a gale off the Horn."

"Why?"

"Because," said Buzacott, looking round to see he was not being overheard, and cupping his mouth with his hand, "those sort of chaps generally take a fancy to a girl with a tight ankle and a pretty eye. Like Adeline . . . I'd cut his liver out; so would you."

"If that Malachi looks at either—"

"Well, Charles," said Black apologetically, "he's about ten years younger than you are; somewhere near Adeline's age, ain't he?"

Charles did not deign to reply. He was watching the far end of the house, whence Robinson and Japhet the Pas-

tor had vanished; where they would probably return.

"Hi!" said Gerald suddenly. "Keep off."

Two of the men had taken hold of him, and were passing their hands down his arms and legs, feeling his muscles as if he had been a horse.

"Thass the one," a man said, slapping Gerald's thigh. "The Lord Chief, Seremy, he say this man say he can run faster than the wind, faster than any Vainamu man."

"Nobody, not the pig when you want to catch him to kill, can run faster than a Vainamu man."

"Less try," suggested the first.

"Lara," remarked another man, "shall have their part in the lake of fire and brimstone which is the second death."

"Sounds nasty," Buzacott observed.

"That Seremy chap threatened to throw him to the sharks if he didn't come up to specification," said Charles.

Gerald was turning alternately white and red. "They can't beat me," he said. "Nobody can—but I don't see why I—I don't see— Here, leggo! They would not let go. They took

Our Diet Hint

Vitamin B

By R. E. FIGGIS,
Hon. Dietitian to the New Health Society.

THIS member of the vitamin family is one which we should give careful attention to because, although nature supplies it bountifully, we are very apt to lose it by some method of food preparation.

All the cereals, such as wheat, oats, barley, and rice are well supplied with vitamin B. Every grain has its fraction, but the process of milling may remove that part of the grain which contains the vitamins, and then the food prepared from the refined product has lost its original endowment, and is, of course, deficient in that substance.

The American Government recently issued a circular of instructions as to the treatment of undernourished children, and prescribed a quart of milk and some whole grain cereal daily—a good diet hint for all children everywhere, I should say.

Potatoes, parsnips, and cabbage also are fairly well supplied with vitamin B. A shortage of this in our diet means nerve and bowel trouble and indigestion.

him limb by limb and frogmarched him out of the place. Ten men, somewhat reluctantly, remained on guard over the prisoners, while all the rest gathered on the smooth sand before the club-house. There they set a mark for a start, pointing out at the same time to the shaken and indignant Gerald that he was to run with six others specially chosen, to the rock at the end of the beach, turn round it and come back again.

"He'll have a try," Buzacott said, bending double to look out beneath the eaves. "There—they're putting them in line—six of 'em. They can't make out why he's crouching down, they think he— Off! Hooroar for Gerald, he got ten yards on them by that start of his! Keep it up!"

Charles, pushing forward with his guards, who were only too anxious to look on, began cheering and clapping his hands.

"The child he is," thought Buzacott, whose heart had never stopped burning with indignation and anxiety. Little as he showed of any feelings. "He's that much taken up with the race that he might be at the Derby, for all he remembers of anything else."

"Go it, ye cripples!" shouted Charles. "Look out, Black Run, run, Hi! Hool Beat 'em, Double 'em up. Two to one on the favorite—blast you, Gerald, ride—run—they're beating— No, no! Three to one on the favorite—Black, Black, Black! Black wins, Black by lengths—huzzah! He's won!"

"And God save the Queen!" said Buzacott, moved by some obscure emotion.

Gerald, panting wet with perspiration, came up to enjoy his triumph. "Did you see me, you fellows?" he asked. "I left them standing. They never had a chance. It mine . . . think of that day at Harchester when those sixth-form chaps thought they could

CHARLES, who had been at Eton, and forgotten it, didn't care to hear about Harchester. If he had been given to the bad habit of thinking, he might have classified Black among those innumerable cases of arrested development who find all life a postscript to their (usually undistinguished) public school. Black, in truth, had never really grown up; never visualised life in any other terms than those of the playground and the prefects' room. The curse that lies on the championships, the further handicap of a moneyed and adoring wife had kept him away from all wholesome rough-and-tumble in the money-making world; made him a perpetual fifth-form fellow, a chrysalis for life. He was sensual enough; once out of training, one could figure him kept with difficulty from those excesses in food, wine and women that his gift had compelled him to forego; one could imagine him, bulbous, with grey curls growing him, pinching the arms of chambermaids and chasing the home-going shopgirl down side streets, ordering feasts a la carte, and plying guests with wine in order to have an excuse for filling his own stomach and glass.

But even then, he would be merely what he was now; he would be sixteen-year-old swelled to adult size; a schoolboy, fat and grizzled, behaving naughtily.

They had small respect for him, in this little coterie of shipwrecked people, facing, with varying degrees of courage, the ultimate hardships and dangers of life. They had not listened to his tales of athletic victories, his more than flat anecdotes of boys and masters at the "good old school." And now—

Please turn to Page 45

Worst of all for your figure

...THE OLD-FASHIONED WASHING-DAY



DON'T DEVELOP that Washing-day droop



CHANGE WASHING-DAY TO RINSO-DAY

Fifty-two washing days a year—fifty-two reasons why a woman loses her figure, if she washes the old-fashioned way. Bending over tubs until you are too weary to stand erect again is the quickest way in the world to develop those unlovely middle-aged contours. Protect your figure by changing to modern washing-days—with Rinso!

LITTLE WORK AND NO WORRY WITH RINSO

Dirt just soaks out of the clothes when Rinso gets to work on them. And Rinso is no shirker—not one speck of dirt escapes. You'll have gloriously clean clothes and snowy linen after the easy Rinso washing-day.

Rinso

A LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT



RADIO LISTENERS!

RINSO brings you that riot of laughs, fun and melody

"COMEDY CAPERS"

TUNE IN TO every Mon., Tues. and Wed. at 9.30 p.m.





Give
VIVID
Beauty to your
LIPS
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Whatever the shape of your mouth, Michel will make it lovelier, fresher, more tempting. For Michel outlines your lips with glowing, vivid color . . . keeps them soft and appealing. Michel lipstick is truly indestructible . . . it lasts for hours, and holds its delicate perfume to the last.

Be sure to get the genuine Michel lipstick with the word "MICHEL" engraved on the case. All others are imitations!

Other famous Michel beauty aids include the most adherent compact rouge made and cosmetic for eyelashes that is non-irritating and waterproof.

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL
CHEMISTS AND STORES



**IS EASIEST FOR
ALUMINIUM!**

Light rubbing with Stealo gets everything off . . . cleans and polishes in one operation. Buy a 6d. packet . . . 3 peds and special soap . . . enough for 5 weeks.

Face Drained of Colour

Anaemia Caused Collapse

"Years of anaemia caused my nerves to severely break down," states Miss L.H. of Koppio, S.A. "I suffered terribly with my head, which often had a feeling as if a nail were being driven into it. Pains would start from my heart and run right up my left arm, neck and head and used to drain my face of all its colour, and almost knock me down with shock. One bad attack left me with the loss of my voice for a time. I was so knocked up that I could hardly drag myself about, and I felt right down ill."

"Nothing did me the slightest good until an old resident of our district advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. From the beginning I began to feel the benefit in every way. My headaches grew few and far between and I felt less languid. As I continued with the pills I found I could walk about much better. I had a better heart for work, and gained good spirits. My progress has been most satisfactory and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have made me feel a different woman."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a proved remedy for anaemia and run-down nerves. Take them now. They do nothing but good. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle, 5/- 6/-.

Help Kidneys

● If Kidney Trouble or Bladder Weakness makes you suffer from Getting up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Headaches, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching, or Aching, try the new discovery, Cystex. (One box guaranteed to end your troubles in 3 days or money back. At all chemists.)

VICTORIAN Family ROBINSON

Continued from Page 44

THE whirligig of Time had come full circle; life was about to take one of its strange reverses, and exhibit to the castaways one of its "little ironies."

Before Black had time to tell the tale of Harchester he was seized from behind, swept off his feet, and triumphantly carried down the beach by a cheering, yelling crowd. The Lord Chief, Sereny, appeared from somewhere unknown, and clapped him on the back. They were praising him, they were bringing him gifts, they were throwing chains of shells and berries about his neck. "Show us more," they shouted. And Black, freeing himself, and waving them all away with his hand, showed them more. He made the tallest man hold out a stick, and jumped it at heights unheard-of. He seized two sturdy youths, and carried them down the beach on his back. He threw a handspring, and walked upon his hands. Fairly brought down by this last feat, the house went mad. In the midst of all this madness, appeared a tall, commanding woman with a spark in her eye three degrees brighter than the spark in the eyes of any other Vainamu woman—a handsome, curly-haired creature whom the others addressed, somewhat timorously, from whom, with a certain fawning wonder, they kept themselves a little removed. She had a necklace of pearls round her throat, and this, with a splendid gesture, she took off, flinging it over the chains of shells and berries about the neck of Gerald. "Rise up, give you this," she impressively said.

There was more cheering then, and a determined shouting began, in which one word stood out above the others—"Chief, chief!"

Charles, feeling vaguely for an eyeglass that wasn't there (he seemed to need the gesture that went with it) looked at Gerald, and said: "Beggad, he's going to put the nose of Sarah May out of joint. There's nobody seems to wear necklaces but those two—and the saucy piece that gave it to him."

MORE followed. A youth had been busily weaving a crown of flowers. He ran to Gerald and dropped it on the athlete's shining curls. A woman came with a tunic of white tappa cloth in her hands, and a long girdle colored with yellow dye. Sandals she carried too, and these she tied on Gerald's feet, first removing his running shoes, at which she looked with reverential wonder. She was proceeding to other extremities, but Black, with a wriggle, freed himself from her hands.

"Here, I don't want a lady's maid," he said.

"Maid," she replied, evidently not catching the sense of what he said. "No maid, I'm married woman."

"You let my clothes alone, anyhow," he remonstrated, as she ripped off his singlet. It made no difference. The women closed round him, laughing. In a moment they had pulled off everything he wore, and dropped over his head the universal tunic of Vainamu. They tied his girdle, laced his sandals tight, and then danced round him in a ring, singing impromptu songs in praise of someone who was as bright as the sun, as swift as the south-east wind.

"He's eatin' it," Buzacott said. "He's drinkin' it. He's in heaven. Pool!" and he spat contemptuously.

Charles watched the scene with somewhat different emotions. It had occurred to him that a friend at court—as Black might now be called—could be extremely useful.

"Old chap," he shouted, when the singing had died down, "tell 'em to take the guards off, let us go."

"Go, go!" shouted the crowd.

The people of Vainamu, it seemed, were indulging in a sort of collective hysteria. They were in the mood that seizes a drunken man before the final collapse into insensibility. They would have given you anything in that moment, agreed to any request. Black said something, and was answered by cheers. The ten men guarding Charles and Buzacott abandoned their charge, and went whooping down the sands. Farther and farther away galloped the rout; the sounds of singing and shouting gradually died. In place of them returned the uncaring, steady rumor of the reef; the ceaseless, rainy patter of the palms; the rustling of reed that about the edges of the dome-shaped roof.

Charles drew a long breath. "Am I mad, and have I been dreaming all this?" he asked.

Buzacott, busy cutting a plug of tobacco, said: "If so be's you are, then I am too, by all the holy, hopping herald angels." He put the plug in his cheek. "And a right sort of madness," he said, chewing. "For it's you and me for the girls now, spanker and royals set, and fair wind."

They met not a soul, as they hurried along the coral-naved pathway that led

from the men's clubhouse to the shore. They did not know where the women might have been carried, and Buzacott, keeping to his nautical metaphors, gave it as his opinion that they had best "take their bearings from the pint where they set sail." Charles felt his anxiety considerably eased; Buzacott, steadily chewing, seemed to be of a more cheerful countenance than before. They had leisure and attention now to give to their surroundings, and it came upon them both that Vainamu was a very lovely place.

"It's like the scenery in the pantomimes," Charles thought. "You'd swear those hills, all blue and purple and sticking up were painted, and the waterfall like a thread, and the river with pink and blue lilies, and the palms—now there's something about palms, doesn't it? I know what it is, but they seem to get hold of you—and the sun coming all through 'em like in a stained-glass window, and the sea winkin' through at you—gad, there ought to be fairies up in the flies, and a blessed orchestra bellowing."

"Now I wonder," his thoughts went on, "if we couldn't ever get away and if we'd one of these little brown houses given us, uncommon nice and quiet, and the two persons to get us tight married—wouldn't Addie be happy enough? We'd be eatin' our hearts out for England of course, but—What?"

"I was saying," Buzacott answered, "that this is just the sort of place Eleanor would maybe like better than anywhere in the world, with a good husband to keep her happy."

To be continued

He may not be in his best mood in the early morning—but he always sees that his shoes have the best polish . . .

A Kiwi shines for him!



KIWI POLISHES . . . PROTECTS and PRESERVES the LEATHER

KIWI

BLACK The Quality Boot Polish TAN POLISH

TAN—All Shades



White Cleaner and Cream

MADE IN N.Z.

THIS TABLET HAS A HELPFUL MESSAGE for YOU

HERE'S a friend in need—the 'ASPRO' tablet. It banishes your pain in a few minutes—it soothes your nerves—stops sun glare headaches—brings sweet sleep to the sleepless—banishes rheumatic attacks—reduces feverishness in a few minutes—soothes the irritable—in fact it can help every member of your household. Furthermore, 'ASPRO' harms neither the heart nor the stomach. It is the most comprehensive quickest acting, pain-alleviating medicine ever given to the world. By its works 'ASPRO' has demonstrated that it is the outstanding medical success of the age. Why not try 'ASPRO' and prove it yourself. Remember it stops Pain, Headaches, Sleeplessness, Rheumatism, Colds, Influenza, Neuralgia, Nerviness & Irritability.

'ASPRO' GIVES RELIEF in 5 to 10 MINUTES

WIFE LOST HER VOICE

29 Fourth Street, BLACK ROCK, 1/10/34.
Dear Sirs,
I lost my voice through a run-down nervous state, and after other medicines failed my Chemist told me to take two 'ASPRO' every night. I am pleased to say that after a short time I regained my normal voice. Recently my husband had a bad attack of Flu and Tonsillitis, although he gargled with throat lotion. He did not get relief until I gave him two 'ASPRO' to dissolve in his mouth and swallow slowly. After the first dose he felt better, and after taking several 'ASPRO' that way, his throat became quite well.

(Sgd.) Mrs. M. GRAY.

6P/35.

'ASPRO' USED TO AVOID NERVOUS STRAIN

Redfern Street, Off Ipswich Road, South Brisbane.
Dear Sirs,
For 24 years I was a caretaker and instructor in swimming for the Municipal Council of South Brisbane and the Greater Brisbane Council, and I find that 'ASPRO' Tablets are simply invaluable. When you consider that over 1000 children attend the baths weekly, you can guess the strain on a man's nervous system, with the resultant Headache, Sleeplessness, etc. I simply cannot afford to be without those wonderful 'ASPRO' tablets.

(Sgd.) W. R. BLAKE.



NIGHT and DAY ... you need only ONE creme

You need only "NIVEA" All-Purpose Creme, which, because of its special skin-related EUCERITE base, is absorbed by the lower layers of the skin. A vanishing creme, a cleansing creme, and a perfect powder base. It nourishes as well as beautifies, building up the delicate tissues, the real foundation of complexion loveliness.



Try it... it's marvellous!

6⁰ & 1⁶

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CONTAINS EUCERITE
All Purpose CREME

AN English newspaper says that American films have been tried and found wanting.

VERY few people go to a doctor when they have a cold. They go to the theatre instead.—W. Boyd Galewood.

FEW people have learned the art of collecting happy memories; they collect old china and prints and books—all good and pleasant, but fragile and perishable. But happy memories are indestructible possessions which nothing can take from us.—Isabel B. Rose.

BIG MONEY to be WON WEEKLY In Our Recipe Competition! Is Your Name Featured Among the Prize-winners?

Aren't these worthwhile prizes?...

First prize, £2/10/-, second prize £1, and six consolation prizes at 5/- each!

In this big competition, open to all the women of Australia, readers are given the opportunity of exchanging their very best recipes, as well as receiving cash remuneration for the small effort involved.

EVERYONE is eligible for this £2/10/- next week. The judge's decision is final.

ASPARAGUS TIPS SALAD

One tin asparagus tips, one tea-spoon salt, white heart of two sticks of celery, crisp lettuce, salad dress-



ing, three dessertspoons powdered gelatine, one lemon, and water.

Drain liquor from asparagus and add to it enough water to make three cupsful. Add salt, celery, juice of lemon, pepper. Bring to boiling point. Add gelatine, stir until dissolved. Line a mould with asparagus tips and a little celery. Mix the rest with the liquid and allow to set. Arrange on the lettuce, either the whole mould or cut up in dice.

First Prize of £2/10/- to Mrs. Kenny, Balranald, N.S.W.

COCKTAIL SAUSAGES

One pound topside, 2 large potatoes, 1 cup soaked wholemeal bread (white bread will do), 1 onion, 1 level dessertspoon salt, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon Worcester sauce, pinch cayenne, pinch ordinary pepper.

Boil and mash well the potatoes. Mince meat and onion. Add mashed potatoes, bread, salt, pepper and sauce to meat, and mix well. Then add egg and mix well again. Take small quantities of mixture and roll into sausages about 2½ inches long on floured board. Dip in milk and roll in crisp breadcrumbs. Fry in hot fat (about ten minutes). When cold, spear end of sausages with wooden toothpick with sprig of parsley attached. Pick in dish with sticks upright. (Makes about 30 sausages.)

Second Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Loosemore, Crow's Nest, via Toowoomba, Qld.

STUFFED PEPPERS (CAPSICUMS)

Take 6 large green peppers, carefully cut off about half an inch from the stem, dig out the seeds and cores or "paritions". Soak the peppers and tops in salted water overnight and change for fresh water in the morning. Chop some cold veal finely making a small cupful. Add a little salt. Wipe the peppers dry and put in each a small piece of butter; then fill with the veal. Put a small piece of butter on top and cover with the tops. Put into a pan with enough water to come up half way, add 1 tablespoon butter, and simmer for 1 hour. Take up carefully, lay on a dish, thicken the gravy in pan and add a little salt, pour round and serve.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to Mrs. Campbell, 28 Darling St., Waverley, N.S.W.

CARROT PUDDING

One cup grated carrot, 1 cup flour, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup suet, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda in a little milk, ½ cup raisins or currants, salt to taste.

Mix carrots with sugar; add flour and suet, mixed, and then other ingredients. Put in a cloth and boil 3 hours.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to Mrs. E. Keen, Grenfell Rd., Yeung, N.S.W.

JEWISH SANDWICH

Quarter lb. butter, ½ cup chopped raisins, 8 eggs, ½ cup milk, ¼ lb. sugar, ¼ cup chopped almonds, 2 cups S.E. flour. Cream butter and sugar; beat in eggs one at a time. Add flour and milk alternately, then fruit and almonds. Bake in moderate oven 25 minutes.

FILLING.—1 tablespoon chopped almonds, 1 tablespoon chopped raisins, 2 tablespoons icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 teaspoon coffee essence.

Mix all together and spread between the layers. Top with coffee icing.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to Mrs. Mary Sinclair, 41 Mayne St., Bentleigh, N.E.14, Melbourne.

JUMPING JOHNNIES

Whisk well together 3 eggs and 2½ tablespoons sugar, add grated rind of 1 lemon, ½ cup milk, and 2½ cups S.E. flour. Fry half teaspoon of batter in plenty of boiling fat, and when cooked roll in icing sugar, cinnamon, and coarse sugar all mixed together. The johnnies should turn over by themselves when cooked on one side providing there is enough boiling fat. Eat hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to Mrs. H. Rogers, Huntley's Pl. Rd., Huntley's Pl., N.S.W.

RED INDIAN CAKE

Three-quarters lb. plain flour, ½ lb. butter, ½ lb. currants, ½ lb. raisins, ½ lb. brown peel, ½ lb. almonds, ½ lb. sugar, 2 eggs, ½ pint milk, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda. Mix butter and sugar to a cream, add well-beaten eggs, then milk, then all the fruit. Add the flour which has been sifted, and the carbonate of soda last. Bake slowly for 1½ hours. This recipe will make large cake dark in color. It will keep moist quite a long time.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to Miss J. Wilson, 10 Bennett St., Mylands, N.E.

POTATO SWEETS

Two medium or 1 large fluted potato, 1 teaspoon butter, confectioner's sugar, flavoured.

Bake the potato and rub the pulp through a sieve, or, failing that, mash it very, very finely. Add the butter and mix again. Then, while still warm, stir in enough confectioner's sugar to form a stiff workable mixture. Divide this into several portions and flavor each portion differently—vanilla, almond, chocolate, peppermint, etc.—then form into bon-bons of any fancied shapes and sizes. If liked, put a nut or raisin in the centres of some and dip others in melted chocolate. Place on greased plates or waxed paper till thoroughly set.

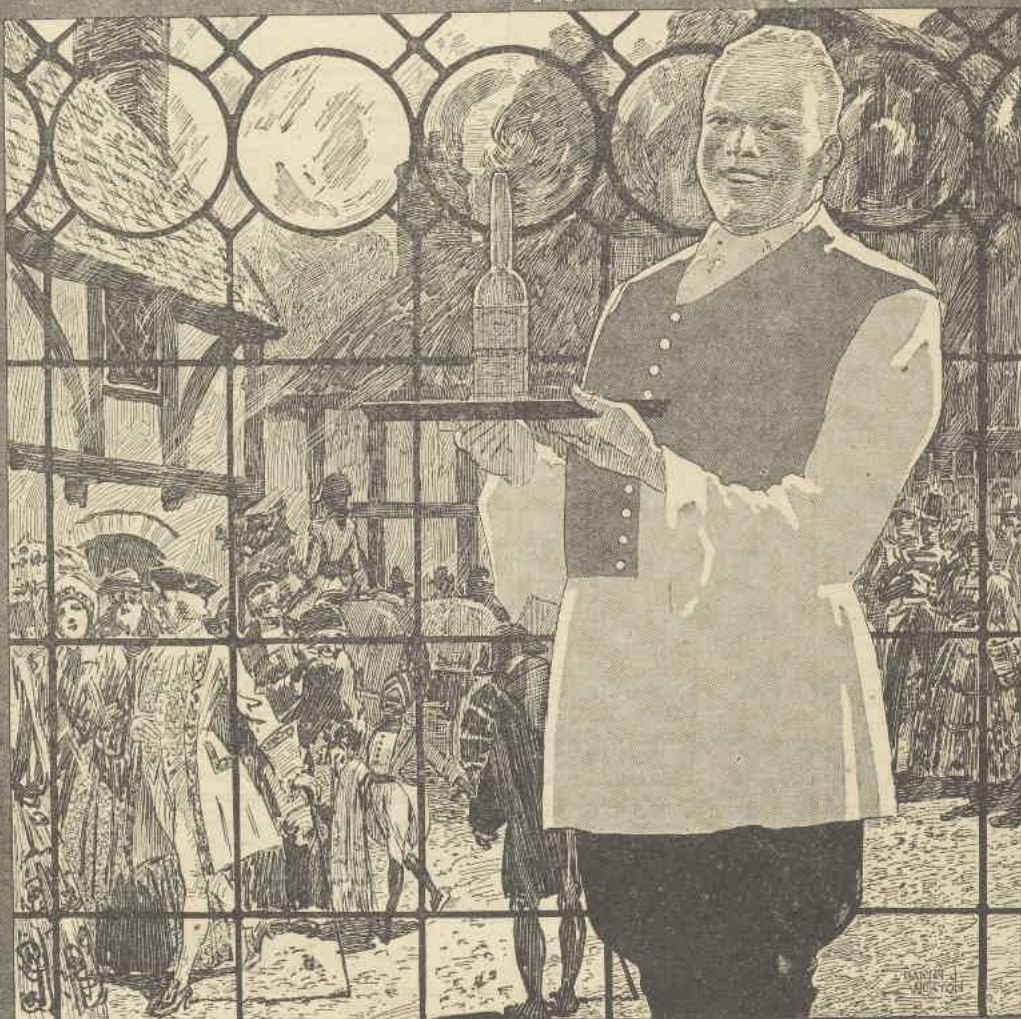
Consolation Prize of 5/- to Agnes M. Doyle, 302 Fl. Nepean Rd., Brighton, S.E. Vic.

Vegetables

If you have put too much salt in the vegetables when boiling them, put in half a peeled raw potato and simmer for a few minutes.

And here's a way to re-make your vegetables. If you have overboiled them drain them well, leave for a few minutes over a low heat to evaporate the water. Mash or chop, adding butter, re-heat either in the pan or in a dish in the oven.

The World's Appetiser!



HOLBROOKS

WORCESTERSHIRE

SAUCE

MS. G.

MAKE Your Own HOT + BUNS this EASTER!

And so that they will be light, full-flavored, enticing... in short "the big success of the season"... have a little practice!

"HOT-CROSS buns— one a penny, two a penny..." So the rhyme runs concerning the old-fashioned cry of the bakerman. To-day the simple bun recipe has many smart young sisters, as other recipes on this page indicate, but at Easter the traditional "hot-cross" bun remains as it was—simple and unassuming, light, enticing.

THOSE who would like to serve home-made buns this year in preference to those—shall we say?—prepared under "mass production" conditions, I am giving you my simple and very successful recipe. And I am giving you this early so that you can try it out before the eventful day, as practice makes perfect.

The other recipes you will like, too, for there are more ways than one for making buns.

NOTE: Yeast acts as a rising property, but it requires warmth. So use warm liquid for mixing, and place in a warm place to rise.

Too much heat kills the action of the yeast, and cold slows its process.

HOT CROSS BUNS

One lb. plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 oz. compressed yeast, good breakfast cup milk, 4 oz. sultanas, 2 oz. butter, 4 oz. sugar, 1 egg, cinnamon if liked.

Crumble the yeast into a basin; add 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon flour; stir in the milk and allow to stand 1 hour. Sift the flour and salt, rub in the butter, add sugar and fruit. Beat the egg well, add to the yeast mixture. Add all to the dry ingredients, making into a stiff dough. Put into a clean, warm basin, stand in warm place about 45 minutes or till well risen. Turn on to a floured board and knead well. Cut into 20 pieces (large or small if liked) and make each piece into a round. Place on a greased swiss-roll tin, close together. Leave for 10 minutes. Mark each with a cross, using the back of a floured knife. Bake in a hot oven 20 to 30 minutes. Mix equal quantities of icing sugar and water. Boil for 1 minute. Brush buns with the glaze. Return to oven for 1 minute. Turn on to a cake-cooler.

SULTANA BUNS

Eight tablespoons S.R. flour, 2 dessertspoons butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, sultanas, sugar, cinnamon.

Sift the flour, rub in the butter, add the sugar. Make into stiff dough with the beaten egg and milk. Turn on to a floured board. Knead slightly. Roll out into an oblong sheet. Sprinkle on the

BUNS WITH that real, enticing, home-made flavor... Buttered they seem to melt in the mouth.

HONEY BUNS

Eight oz. S.R. flour, 3 oz. butter, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon honey, 1 egg, little water, salt.

Sift flour and salt, rub in the butter well, add sugar; add beaten egg and honey, making into a stiff dough. Turn on to floured board. Roll out about 1 inch thick. Stamp into rounds with plain cutter. Place on a greased swiss-roll tin. Bake in a quick oven 8 to 10 minutes. Serve very hot, with butter and honey.

BUN RING

One lb. plain flour, 2 oz. sugar, salt, 1 pt. warm milk, cinnamon, sugar, 1 oz. yeast, 1 egg, 2 oz. butter, few currants and chopped walnuts.

Crumble the yeast with 1 teaspoonful of sugar; add half the milk, which should be lukewarm. Sift the flour and salt, and put 1 of it aside. To the small portion add the yeast mixture, making into a thick batter. Beat well, and stand aside in warm place 40 minutes. Gradually stir in the remainder of flour, sugar, beaten egg, milk, lastly the melted butter. When well mixed put the dough to rise until double its size, then knead well and form into long roll. Roll into an oblong shape, brush with melted butter. Sprinkle with currants, sugar, cinnamon. Roll the shape up and twist it into a ring. Place on greased tin with a cup in the centre. Cut the ring with scissors, not quite to the centre, with an inch and a half space between

By
RUTH FURST
Cooking
Expert
to
The Australian
Women's
Weekly



IF YOU HAVEN'T tried making your own buns, you have missed the opportunity of giving the family a treat and earning glowing praise for the small amount of trouble involved.

each cut. Turn each cut piece over a little and put it out slightly. Leave in warm place 20 minutes; bake in hot oven about 30 minutes. Glaze with sugar and water, sprinkle with chopped nuts. Return to the oven to dry the glaze. Turn on to a cake-cooler.

BATH BUNS

Three-quarters lb. flour, 3 oz. butter, 3 oz. sugar, 1 oz. yeast, 2 eggs, 2 oz. peel, 6 tablespoons milk, grated rind 1 lemon.

Sift the flour, rub in the butter. Cream the yeast with 1 teaspoon sugar; add the warm milk and beaten eggs. Make a well in the flour, pour in the yeast, mixing in well. Leave in a warm place about 1 hour to rise well. Turn the dough on to floured board, work in the sugar and peel. Divide mixture and make into rounds; flatten and place on greased tin for 5 minutes. Glaze with milk. Sprinkle thickly with sugar and bake in quick oven 20 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

LIGHT BUNS

Six tablespoons S.R. flour, 2 oz. butter, 2 oz. sugar, 1 oz. peel, 1 egg, salt, vanilla.

Sift the flour and salt; rub in the butter, add sugar and peel, cut into thin strips. Beat the egg well; add essence, then mix into the dry ingredients, making into a stiff dough. Divide into equal number of pieces; form into buns. Press a thin strip of peel across each bun. Glaze with egg, sprinkle with sugar, bake in quick oven about 10 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

LONDON BUNS

Eight tablespoons self-raising flour, 3 dessertspoons butter, 3 tablespoons sugar, 4 tablespoons currants or sultanas, 1 egg, little milk, salt.

Sift the flour and salt. Rub in the butter well, add prepared fruit and sugar. Make into a stiff dough with beaten egg and milk. Divide into even-sized pieces. Make into ball, then flatten into cakes. Place on greased swiss-roll tin. Glaze the top with egg. Bake in quick oven 10 to 12 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler.

COCONUT BUNS

Twelve tablespoons S.R. flour, 4 tablespoons sugar, 3 dessertspoons butter, small cup coconut, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Sift the flour. Rub in the butter till it resembles fine breadcrumbs. Add the sugar and coconut. Mix into a stiff dough with the beaten egg and milk. Divide into even-sized pieces. Make into balls. Sprinkle with sugar. Bake on greased swiss-roll tin in quick oven. Turn on to a cake-cooler. Serve hot or cold.

RASPBERRY BUNS

Twelve tablespoons plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 4 dessertspoons butter, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 6 tablespoons milk, raspberry jam.

Sift the flour and baking powder. Rub in the butter; add sugar. Make into a stiff dough with beaten egg and milk. Knead well on floured board. Cut into 18 equal parts; roll each into a round; make a hollow in the centre, put in a little raspberry jam, glaze round edge

Pinch together, enclosing the jam. Place on greased tin; bake in quick oven 10 to 15 minutes.

RICE BUNS

Two tablespoons plain flour, 4 tablespoons rice flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 4 oz. sugar, 4 dessertspoons butter, 1 egg.

Cream the butter and sugar, add beaten egg, then the sifted flour, rice flour, and baking powder, leaving a very stiff mixture. Put a spoonful of the mixture on well-greased swiss-roll tin. Bake in a quick oven till a pale straw color. Remove from the tin and place on a cake-cooler.

Film... creeps over Teeth and robs them of Sparkle



the shadow
that hovers
over her

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this scientific method

YOU must know how to keep teeth brilliant, dazzling. If you don't, you can't expect to attract men by your smile. Now there is a special way to make teeth exquisitely lovely. It acts by removing a stubborn, ugly coating that forms on teeth. This coating, called film, is primarily responsible for dull, unsightly teeth. You can feel film with your tongue. It forms constantly—rapidly.

This film absorbs the stains from food—the ugly stains from smoking. In film are the acid-producing germs that cause decay... glued by film to teeth, where they attack enamel and destroy the pure beneath.

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OVER 100 PURE FOODS

A MEAL
IN A MINUTE Pick's
ANCHOVETTE
THE MOST POPULAR FISH PASTE
IN AUSTRALIA

NOT a Moment WASTED

Continued from Page 7

PETER stood as if facing an execution squad, while still being puzzled at his sentence. He was thinking fast. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Aunt Amy looking thin and morose. It was on the tip of his tongue to say:

"As a matter of fact I'm as much in the dark as you are. I have spent the last two weeks in bed."

He could not say it.

He was an idealist, and he did not like seeing women suffer.

Incomprehensible as this situation was, he could not believe that he had been so hoaxed as it appeared. He could not have been so wrong about a girl whom he had liked enormously on sight.

Slowly and calculatingly he said: "Everything which this lady says has been given to her during the past two weeks was given her by me. I don't think you need go any further in this extraordinary investigation."

The other bowed. He reached for his hat. He cocked one eyebrow.

"I don't know if you would care to tell me... just for the sake of clearing this matter up completely... what you have bought for her this evening?"

"A green and white muslin frock."

"And the price you were charged for it?"

"Fifty-seven shillings and sixpence."

Deliberately Pamela unwrapped the parcel. She took out the frock and shook it out. The receipt tumbled to the floor before their eyes.

The representative of Nicholls and Dehley said:

"You quite realise our difficulty, I know. We find that so many of these irregularities do occur, and that when they do they are due to temptation being too strong for a girl who is fond

of clothes... this lady always chose such expensive ones. The other explanation is, as a rule, that a girl will take home things bought at staff rates, and sell them elsewhere at a profit, which we do not allow. In this case the trouble arose because the only explanation given to us was that this young lady was getting together her trousseau, but none of the staff seemed to believe that she was engaged to be married, and nobody until to-night had seen this gentleman. In fact, I understand that your own daughter, madam, who is in another department, had given rise to most of the suspicion herself."

He crossed the floor deep in thought, offered his regrets once more to Peter. Then the door closed, and Pamela looked slowly up at Peter.

"Now," she said, "I will change my mind, I think. I don't think I can stay here to-night. If you would still like me to, I think I will come out to dinner with you, please."

AT the car she shyly spoke again.

"Why did you say that?"

He smiled.

"Good gracious, I had come to say it!"

"You have made yourself what they call an accessory after the fact."

"Yes, if you really took the things. But that isn't how I looked at it."

"I wonder what good spirit was behind me when I picked you this morning?"

"There was never a Cinderella yet,"

he said, "without a good spirit somewhere."

"I'm very, very tired of being treated as a Cinderella. I'm tired of being the poor one... that one who can never pay her way... and I had made my mind up to get out of it. The story I told was that I was leaving... to get married. Really, I was just going to sneak off on my own."

"I don't quite follow that."

"I wasn't going to let them know they had driven me away. I wanted to walk out with my head held high. I wanted them to think I had done better for myself than my cousin would ever do."

"And so you bought... a trousseau?"

Well, would it be inquisitive to ask who really paid?"

"I paid. I'd waited all these years to have the chance. A fortnight ago I was twenty-one. A little insurance policy that was taken out when I was a baby became due then, and so I... spent the money. I always loved nice clothes. I'd never been able to buy them for myself. But for the last two weeks I've really spread myself... and I let them think a man had turned up who actually thought I was worth it."

There was a touching silence.

"Every girl in the shop had a boy friend of some sort... and anyone who hasn't is supposed to be a tramp."

"Where shall we go for this bit to eat. I should suggest some very quiet place where we can sit for a long time and talk without being overheard."

"Why, Platt, old man," said one of Peter's neighbors. "I've not seen you about for quite a time. What's been the matter?"

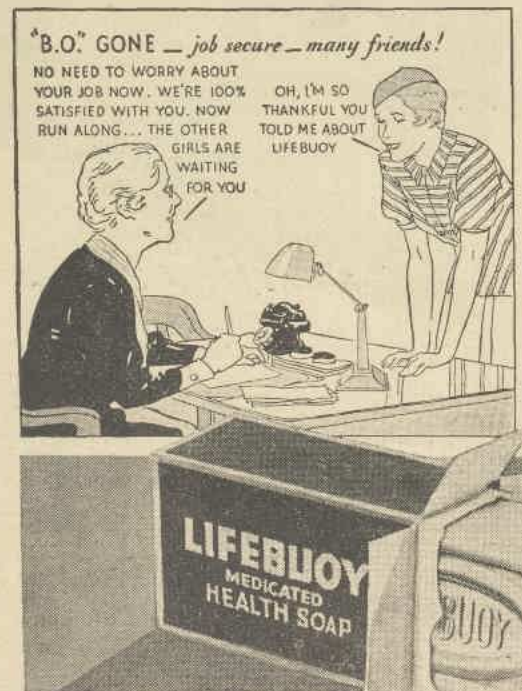
"Nobody's seen me much," said Peter. "And they won't see me much in future. The fact is, I've been... getting myself engaged."

"Really! Good gracious, is that so? Why, how long have you known the lady?"

"Oh, just a fortnight... only, of course, we didn't waste a moment."

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HOW SHE NEARLY LOST HER JOB



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All over the world... every day MILLIONS USE LIFEBOUOY!

Renegade

Continued from Page 12

A TRAM changed along obstructing his path. When it had gone he ran to the pavement and then stopped still. She was moving quickly ahead through the crowd, her arm held confidently by a young man in a grey suit. He saw her head turn, saw her smile, then he strode off in the opposite direction. That had been one of the evenings when Keith was taking Edna to dinner and a theatre.

Two days later Jim had a job with an engineer setting out to build a bridge across the Peel River. Edna was okay! Well, that was a good thing! It hadn't taken her long to find someone to fill his place. As for himself, he was all right, too, doing fine, but what if he ever gave five minutes thought to another woman!

Summer had gone and leaves were blowing dry along the ground.

At the end of a day longer and more tedious than most—and they were all hard days to live through—Edna went into the gardens. From a hundred yards distant she saw a man stretched full length on the bench which had been their meeting place. There were so many other benches on just this evening that one might have been left vacant. She felt wronged, hurt, deprived of everything she had most wanted of life. Tears of self-pity welled in her eyes, a sob escaped her throat and, heedless of all listeners, she sank on to the grass and cried.

The man on the bench raised himself, stretched his long arms and began to walk away. Then he stopped and stared hard at the girl lying face downwards on the grass. He went over to her, leant down and touched her shoulder. She looked up, staring, not daring to believe that he was really there. She was lifted to her feet, and an arm went around her. There could be no doubt about it now, he was there, and almost it seemed as though he had never been away.

"I—I thought you would never come back."

"Say, have you been thinking about me all this time? You poor kid! I guessed you'd have forgotten me long ago."

"Why are you here?"

"Just—remembering things."

"Didn't you like that place you went to?"

"Not much. I've been working on a bridge since then."

"And now what are you going to do?"

"Have a holiday and then go north to another bridge. If you've had enough of that earning-your-own-living racket we might get married meantime."

(Copyright)



Miss Amagee chanced it; she could see the lion—she fired. The lion swerved—fortunately to the left, clear of Mrs. Pelter.

MISS AMAGEE "Sells a Pup"

COMPLETE
Short Story

By
Edgar and
Margaret
JEPSON

Illustrated by FISCHER

"KINDA lonely, ain't it?" said Mr. Amagee, and on his face rested the resignation of the world-wanderer whom no new scene can excite or thrill. "Sure, Pop," said Miss Amagee. Her eyes, which had been gazing straight before her, picked out the smoothest going over the rough ground, rose and swept the vast plain covered with grass and low bush, which rose in the far distance into a half-circle of blue hills. Though she could undoubtedly see a long way, there was nothing in sight but the beauties of Nature, and she had seen Nature more beautiful, though the wind swept the grass on the undulating land into lovely running waves of grey and green.

Her eyes fell back on the rough trail, and they marched on steadily through an immensity that dwarfed them, hardly seeming to move; the blue hills in front drew no nearer; the blue hills behind did not retreat.

They marched in a patient silence, though the three native porters, who carried their light tents and baggage, mumbled and grunted and clicked behind them without ceasing.

It must have been a good half-hour later that Mr. Amagee broke the silence. "Seems as though them mount'n's might be a mirage," he said, gazing ahead at what looked to be a line of tall smoke-wreaths beyond the blue hills.

"Sure, Pop," said Miss Amagee. She wore riding-breeches, mosquito boots, a cotton shirt, and soft, wide-brimmed hat. Her face was set in the same unexpectant patience as that of her father. It was plain that the immensity through which they had journeyed did not impress her. But it was a patience that did not sit on her face so well, for it presented the strongest contrast to that of her father.

Her sombre blue eyes, of the blue of a thrush's egg, against her clear, tanned skin, so astonishingly full of light, her lips so red against that brown, the envy of her slender figure over that rough ground with the heavy rifle on her shoulder, gave an almost startling impression of vitality. Beside her, with his lined and battered face and faded eyes and slouching gait, her father looked almost enervated. But it was a vitality for the time being suppressed. There was no expectation, no admiration or wonder in her face; she wore the air of one who has marched through immense plains before, many immense plains.

They marched steadily on for an

hour through the increasing heat. Mr. Amagee seemed to find his pack heavy, for he kept shifting it a little. He remembered that he was not so young as he had been. The beautiful line of Miss Amagee's jaw seemed to grow more defined. Her lips grew thinner as they set more firmly. She reminded herself that she had known hotter suns in unhealthier countries.

It was an hour later when Mr. Amagee sighted the landmark for which he was looking, five thorn trees in a row on the top of a rise. He took a new compass bearing and turned twenty-five degrees south. Half an hour later, coming to the crest of another rise, they saw the town of Potter's Drift lying below them. On the map it is quite a large town. On the plain it is small—a single store of European build, surrounded by a score or so of round thatched native huts. Though it had stood there for ten years or more, it wore an air of impermanence, as though a giant playing with toy buildings had dropped them in the dip overnight.

"Some city!" said Mr. Amagee, mournfully, and he moved on down the slope.

THE store was the store of Central Africa. Kept by a German with an Italian wife, it was sparsely stocked, and for the most part with the provisions left behind by the luxurious hunting party of a millionaire big-game hunter who had shot there some years before; tins of all kinds of food from bully-beef to asparagus, all with yellow, insect-eaten labels.

Mr. Amagee's indifferent eyes wandered over the tins, and he said: "I want a photo-card of this here Lake Victoria Nyanza."

The German storekeeper spoke poor, but voluble, English. Few white men came to his store, and they had wanted many things, but none of them had ever asked for a photo-card. Mr. Amagee explained that he wanted a photograph of Lake Victoria Nyanza on the back of a card that you sent by post.

The storekeeper proved obtuse. "Don't none of the settlers here ever write home to their mothers?" asked Mr. Amagee, finally.

The storekeeper of a sudden became intelligent. From the bottom of a drawer he took a yellowish post-card. Lake Victoria Nyanza was not an outstanding feature of the picture on the back of it; but he assured Mr. Amagee

that it was a local print, and even pointed out a smudge which he declared to be the island of Ukerewe in the distance.

"I'll take your word for it," said Mr. Amagee in resigned accents. "I haven't been there yet, and I'm breaking my rule gittin' this photo-card here. I always go to a place first and get a photo-card after. But as we'll be seeing the lake quite soon, and stores are mighty scarce in those parts, I thought I'd try for one while I could. Ain't there a huntin'-party hereabouts?"

"Yes," said the German. "There was a safari at Potter's Gap. Two Englishers out from Nairobi they camp there for the

By a Girl of 17—

Moods

I want to go back to the country again,
To the trees and the heat of the sky,
I'm yearning to hear in the mist of the hills
The call of a bushfellow's cry.
I want to be swinging thigh deep in the grass,
With the red moving cattle about;
I'm sick with the longing to roll in the fields,
And to thrill with the lust of a shout.
I want to leap on to a saddleless horse,
And cling by my knees to his back,
And round up the cows with a "Heigh" and a "Ho"
That echoes away down the track.
And yet if I lived in the brown-hearted bush,
With the heat, and the dust, and the rain;
I'd yearn with a passionate ache in my breast
To be back in the city again.
—Yvonne Webb.

shooting—very fine! Ach! Wildebeests, they are thousands! Kiboko and buffalo, and the lions they have the black mane—ja! You shoot them?"

"Black-maned lions?" said Mr. Amagee. "Sure, that's very nice, but it ain't lions I'm out after. Ever hear of a guy called Gupp—Ginger Gupp?" "Nein," said the storekeeper.

"No?" said Mr. Amagee. "Well, I sure do envy you. And this explorer dame, Mrs. Pelter—she's coming up this way, ain't she?"

"She come shoot mit the Englishers," said the storekeeper. "She go from the Cape to Cairo in the motor cars."

"All Africa knows that," said Mr. Amagee. "And a very nice way of gettin' about it is. Anything you want, Sally?"

Miss Amagee bought a tin of asparagus and a bag of flour, and they said good-bye.

"Where are you going to?" said the German.

"Khartoum," said Mr. Amagee, in the tone of one who says: "Round the corner."

They resumed their patient march towards the blue hills. Presently Mr. Amagee said: "I guess, if we're to get to Khartoum in time, we'll have to be pretty quick about it, or Ginger Gupp will be off and half across the world again. Now I've got my photo-card, all we got to do is to start."

"Sure, Pop," said Miss Amagee. She paused, and added thoughtfully: "But if we don't pick up a pretty hefty way of dough, it looks as though we'll have to walk."

"Well, kid, you heard what that Dutchman said. That explorer dame and her flivvers are coming up this way, and unless we're going to foot it, the only transport for us inside of about a thousand miles seems them flivvers. So I say let's go round by Potter's Gap."

"Sure, Pop," said Miss Amagee.

Potter's Gap, on the shore of Lake Victoria Nyanza, south of the Kavirondo Gulf, lying in the middle of a great stretch of bush and sandy veldt, well off the usual safari route, abounds in game and has been very little shot over. Though it was a bare fifteen miles from Potter's Drift, so bad was the going that Mr. and Miss Amagee did not reach it until the afternoon of the next day.

They did not make camp at once, but spent an hour looking round. Then, standing on one of the steep hills above the lake, in a round, childish hand Mr. Amagee wrote on the front of his photo-card: "The shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza," and addressed it to his sister at Burkett, Ind., who, should it be so fortunate as to reach her, would place it in the trunk which contained his collection, probably the finest collection of out-of-the-way photo-cards in the States. He stuck a British East Africa postage stamp

on it and put it in his wallet to be posted at the first post town. Then, following the banks of a stream across the open country towards a column of smoke that rose thinly into the clear air, they came to the camp of the hunting party, two white men and a score of native porters and hunters, and Mr. Amagee introduced his daughter and himself to Dr. Carling Wilson and Colonel Grosvenor.

AFTER chatting for a few minutes and learning by a casual question that this was the safari to which the flivvers of Mrs. Pelter were bending their wheels, he moved on and made camp over a hundred and fifty yards away from them. The sun was setting by the time they were settled, and the swift darkness came down. The fires of the other camp were brilliant through it; but neither Mr. nor Miss Amagee was stirred by that primal instinct which makes men herd together for mutual protection against the unknown. They were used to the unknown. They sat with their three porters by their own fire in a sanctuary that extended no farther than the circle of its light, round which slunk the jackals, dim shadows.

Mr. Amagee talked fully of the advantages of going to Cairo on a flivver. He observed that Khartoum was on the way. He observed, also, that it was plumb greedy for two people to use two cars and a trailer. Miss Amagee observed that some people had extravagant notions of the things you needed on a journey.

During the next day they saw nothing of the hunting party; now and again they heard faintly the report of a rifle. The next afternoon the Pelter carter arrived. It had been delayed, as Mrs. Pelter told them volubly, on the way from Kwa Hindi by getting stuck in a bog for a day and a night.

In the evening the Amagees joined the party round the camp fire. Mr. Howard Hunter, the stout, but adventurous stockbroker who was driving one of Mrs. Pelter's cars for her, looked dirty, weary, and disgusted. The witty, beautiful, and daring Mrs. Pelter, as she was known to the readers of newspapers in the distant capitals of civilization, did her best to live up to her reputation. Certainly she was not bad-looking, though her enemies asserted that she always contrived to look like a superior parlor-maid, and if she was not witty she was now and again facetious.

Please turn to Next Page

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FASHIONABLE women have long realized the charm of delicately tinted nails. That is why wherever smart women congregate you can be sure they are wearing one of the beautiful Cutex shades.

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189 Queen's Gate, S.W.2. **GORE HOTEL** Telephone: 3408/7.
Quiet and Comfortable. French Cuisine. Exquisite Cocktail Bar.
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Keep your blood free from uric acid, and ageing pains will not molest you—Rheumatism, Backache, Swollen Joints and other tortures cannot then rob you of your healthy activity and strength. The reliable, guaranteed way to get rid of the harmful, pain-causing acid is to take Harrison's Pills, bearing the signature of a London doctor. Harrison's Pills dissolve the uric acid crystals which lie along the nerves and muscles, torturing them with every movement you make. When you take Harrison's Pills you feel the aching aches and pains glide away; you feel strength and health return. Hundreds of testimonials. A hospital nurse writes:—

Harrison's Pills Remove the Cause

"To Anonymous, Leamington, Sydney.
Dear Sirs—You might be interested to know that the success of Harrison's Pills in treating my Kidney and Bladder troubles, Backache, etc., has been such that I have recommended this remedy to several of my patients, and I can testify decisively to their universal efficacy and great value for use in their painful troubles."
(Signed) Sister B. Piper.

Decide NOW to rebuild your life—no get rid of Rheumatism, Backache, Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and Uric Acid Disorders! Get a package of Harrison's Pills from the nearest chemist. Three sizes—18 pills, 2/-; 36 pills, 3/-; and 66 pills, 5/-.. Take as directed, and if not pleased with results from the very first bottle—money back!

MISS AMAGEE "Sells a Pup"

Continued from Previous Page

MISS AMAGEE knew little of women, especially of ladies who frequent the polite world, but she knew the reactions of men to the wild. And sometimes when the profound hush of the night was broken by the roar of a lion out on the plain, a daunting sound that filled heaven and earth, she saw Mrs. Pelter start a little and cast a quick glance over her shoulder. The men did not see that swift movement of the head and the flutter of the eyelids. But Miss Amagee had seen it before, in men, and she knew it.

She was not attracted by Mrs. Pelter. Dr. Carling Wilson she liked. He was grey-haired, wisened, and hard-bitten, and he seemed to be in his element. She liked his smile. She had not sat by the fire for ten minutes before she dubbed Colonel Grosvenor "Stiff-faced Stephen." He had high cheekbones and an arched nose in a thin, dark, and rather pale face; and it seemed to her that his cold grey eyes rested on her with disapproval. She had seen many kinds of people in many cities and at the ends of the world, but Mrs. Pelter and Colonel Grosvenor she did not know. She took it that they were the salt of that polite world into which she had never wandered, and her belief was strengthened by the fact that they so plainly shared it with her.

Naturally the talk ran on big game, and Mrs. Pelter spoke confidently of getting a lion. Mr. Howard Hunter grew a little restive; he did not like lions. He did not mind shooting impala or Tommies for the pot, but he did not want to shoot lions. He had seen them often enough, wandering peacefully about quite near the wild herds in the daytime, when they were harmless if you kept out of their way. Even the herds knew that, and paid no heed to them. Night is the lions' time. This motoring across Africa was bad enough without lion hunts.

He wished he could say with Mr. Amagee: "I never got a game-licence, and I guess the British Government would be plumb upset if I shot one of their lions without one."

"Five hundred dollars is a lot to pay for a licence," said Miss Amagee.

"There's not much point in getting one unless you're a good shot," said Mrs. Pelter.

"Sure, lady. Sully can shoot all right," said Mr. Amagee, mildly. "You should have seen her get a gazelle through the head at two hundred yards, and him doing forty miles an hour."

"A Tommy, do you mean?" said Colonel Grosvenor. "They certainly run, but they don't run as fast as that, sir."

"This was an Arabian gazelle, up at the Waddy Moun," said Mr. Amagee. "They run faster than a Tommy, a lot. I've never seen anything run faster, except those little American rats—what's their name? Guinea I've forgotten. Grey they are. You see them down in Oran."

The other four looked at Mr. and Miss Amagee with a new interest and curiosity awoke in their flame-lit faces.

"You've travelled in South America?" said Colonel Grosvenor.

"Why, yes—on and off," said Mr. Amagee.

NIGHT and the inhospitable wilderness drive men into an immediate amity, and by the camp fire they accept one another with little question. Mrs. Pelter had supposed the Amagees to be local people, settlers. She saw Colonel Grosvenor studying Miss Amagee, not with an approving air, but with interest. At once she looked to her own laurels; she began to talk about the magnificent tiger she had shot in India; she had the skin at home in London. It became clear that if Mrs. Pelter had not been a fine shot, at least two people would have met their end instead of the tiger.

"Then tigers are devils," said Mr. Amagee. "Recollect that old brute in Assam that walked into the compound and carried off our boy, Sully?"

"Sure, Pop," said Miss Amagee. "They did not elaborate the story. Mrs. Pelter looked at them with dislike. Dr. Carling Wilson with lively interest. Mr. Hunter gloomily, Colonel Grosvenor with a faint incredulity.

"Bears," said Mr. Amagee, "are worse." He left it at that. The party round the fire was silent, plainly speculating in what country he had met bears. Colonel Grosvenor had a strong suspicion that it was in no country at all. He broke the silence and began to talk about lions again. He knew that Mrs. Pelter was very keen on getting a lion, for she had come some hundreds of miles out of her way to meet him on his favorite hunting-ground in order to get one.

"I won't leave till I get a lion," said Mrs. Pelter in a tone that boded ill for the lions of Potter's Gap.

"It ought to be fairly easy," said

HERB TOLLROCK says: For picking at table use Holbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar; it is a brew of excellent quality.***

Colonel Grosvenor. "You shall go out to-morrow morning. Better use my boys. They're experienced hunters, M'gom! especially."

"No, no," said Mrs. Pelter, quickly. "Not for at least a couple of days. I'm black and blue all over from jolting along in that perfectly terrible car."

They left it at that, though one would have thought that, having been jolted all the way from Capetown, she was by now used to it.

On the way home Miss Amagee said: "I guess that tiger was doped and muzzled and hamstringed in four places."

"Sure, kid," said Mr. Amagee.

DR. CARLING WILSON had not taken to Mrs. Pelter. She was a great friend of Grosvenor's, of course, and he liked Grosvenor. But there it was. He did not like her. He was glad she did not come with them when they went out after roan next morning. She gave them the impression that she was burning to snatch up her rifle and dash off over the veldt after lions; but she did not come. They found no roan. On their way back they came upon the Amagees' camp.

Miss Amagee was there alone, sitting under a shelter made of leafy branches by their boys, cleaning her rifle. One of those boys was skinning a koononi. She greeted them amiably and went on with her cleaning.

"You seem to have had better sport than we have, Miss Amagee," said Dr. Wilson.

"I was shooting for dinner," said Miss Amagee.

Dr. Wilson somewhat mournfully deplored the reluctance of roan to come and be killed. Grosvenor watched Miss Amagee's hands at work, small hands but uncommonly capable. Also he wondered, idly, why her eyes, which never seemed to rest on him, were sombre. He did not like her chin. It was too determined, and it was against Nature that any woman should have such a firm mouth. No, she was not womanly. But how extraordinarily blue her eyes were against the egg-shell brown of her small face. He gazed at her with cold, disapproving, but unconscious deliberation. And then her eyes did rest on him. Her expression seemed to say that she had seen men like him before, many of them and that she had had little use for them.

Rather hastily he said: "I can't understand how you get on with so few porters, Miss Amagee. Wilson has seven and I have six, and even so we had most of our outfit dumped by trek-wagon from Nairobi."

He did not wish to say this. He said it under an impulse to say something. It sounded like bragging. "Pop and I like to travel light," said Miss Amagee, and the tone in which she said it made his speech sound yet more boastful.

Perhaps it was this that made him say:

"I ought to be getting back to camp to talk to M'gom about those skins."

He walked off, disapproving keenly of Miss Amagee. Dr. Carling Wilson stayed where he was.

"What does he do?" said Miss Amagee, nodding towards his back, when he was out of earshot, and there was a hostile note in her tone.

"Oh, he's rather the big noise, politically, at Cairo, and he's a keen sportsman and a fine shot," said Wilson, rather amused by the clash of temperaments and civilisations he had divined rather than perceived.

"I see," said Miss Amagee. "That's why he goes about the world disappearing of people."

Please turn to Page 53

Miss Gibbs says:



"These are the
nicest junkets
I've ever made!"



"I've been cooking for a long time, and I know when a dish is just right. This Hansen's Essence for making Fruit Junkets makes the smoothest, creamiest, most delicious Junket I ever saw! And it's so inexpensive to use, too."

Follow this expert advice by the head of a Sydney Cookery School! Get some Hansen's Essence for making Fruit Junket to-day—it comes in four delicious flavours—and make sweets that are different from any you've ever had before!

HANSEN'S Essence for making FRUIT JUNKETS

ORANGE—LEMON
RASPBERRY—VANILLA

Actor: And now, laddie, I would be pleased to hear what are your lowest terms for members of the profession? Landlord: I'm afraid I can't tell you while my wife's in the room.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Readers need not claim for prize unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions, payment goes to the first received.

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See special notice on the pattern page.

Our FASHION SERVICE & FREE PATTERN

PLEASE NOTE!
To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post, you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state child's age.



WW145A

WW146A

WW147A

WW148A

WW149A

WW150A

WW151A

WW152A

LUXURIOUS EVENING COAT

WW145A.—Make this new evening coat with large armholes and raglan sleeves. Fur collar extends to the wrap-over fastening. Material for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

VERY GRACEFUL LINE

WW146A.—The soft and graceful lines of this evening frock should find favor. Side pieces of the skirt are cut on the cross. Front is cut with a slight cowl. Material for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

TRIM AUTUMN STYLE

WW147A.—Decidedly smart for autumn wear. Blouse has side fastening, and the neck bordered with a contrast collar. Skirt has a panel back and front continuing to the side seam. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

NOTICE THE SLEEVES

WW148A.—Notice the new sleeves in this frock. They are something different. Frock fastens down the back; front is slightly gathered where it joins the yoke. Material for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

A ROBIN HOOD HAT

WW149A.—Follow fashion's latest whim, and make one of the new Robin Hood hats. You'll need a smart finishing feather. Full directions accompany the pattern. Sizes: 31 and 33½-inch head. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

COOL AND EFFICIENT

WW150A.—If you are looking for a smart house-frock, choose this model. Fastening slips through the waist and ties at the back. Sleeves are cut above the elbow. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FOR THE SCHOOLGIRL

WW151A.—Something new and chic for the modern schoolgirl. Back is in one piece from neck to hem; front joins at the waist and has side fastening effect. Pattern for 12 and 14 years. Material: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

VERY CHIC BLOUSE

WW152A.—This blouse has unique jabot fronts which should prove very effective. Blouse fastens over the skirt in front in waistcoat effect. Material for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

A BABE'S SHORT SET

WW153A.—A dainty little short set for the baby, including two frocks, night-dress, and petticoat. They are prettily worked with an embroidered design. PAPER PATTERN for the set of four garments, 1/6.



Our Free Pattern

FOR this week's free pattern we have chosen a design for a matron, revealing the newest autumn fashion points.

Pattern is cut to fit a 40-inch bust.

Material required: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide.

Turnings must be allowed when cutting out.

Free Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 1d. STAMP, to the editor of this paper, clearly marking in the envelope "Pattern Dept." to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old.

SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1153, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses at our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

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State

Pattern Coupon, 3d/6d.

NOW IT TAKES ONLY 3 DAYS TO MAKE DULL TEETH WHITE

Double Cleansing Achieves Quick Results

Removes Ugly Tarnish and Stain. Makes Teeth Sparkle

TRY IT TO-DAY



Don't believe that your teeth are naturally dull, off-colour, or susceptible to decay simply because brushing fails to keep them sound or make them white. Remember this—

Any preparation that polishes teeth and fails to kill germs—millions of germs that swarm into the mouth and cause most tooth and gum troubles—ONLY HALF CLEANS TEETH. One dental cream that kills troublesome germs as it cleans the teeth is KOLYNOS. Try it—a half-inch on a DRY brush, morning and night. Soon your teeth will look cleaner than ever before.

This unique, scientific dental cream contains two priceless ingredients that

give the teeth a DOUBLE CLEANSING. As one foams into every crevice, over every tooth surface and washes away food accumulation, stain and tarnish—the other kills millions of germs.

Thus, in a remarkably short time, teeth are cleaned right down to the beautiful natural white enamel—without injury. They look more attractive than you ever believed possible. They are safeguarded against decay.

No, you need not put up with dull, HALF-CLEANED TEETH. Start using KOLYNOS, the antiseptic dental cream. Get a tube to-day. Sold by all chemists and stores. KOLYNOS lasts twice the usual time—because you use half as much.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

The Antiseptic, Germicidal and Cleansing TOOTH PASTE

TERRY and TEDDY

TERRIBLE TWINS

by HARRY EYRE JR.

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

by C. Marshall

IT was 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon when Fred finished making a big billycart. Now this cart had taken quite a while to piece together, even though it only consisted of a box, a few nails and screws, a piece of board and a bit of rope.

Fred carefully climbed up the steep road in front of his place and tugged the cart up the hill. When he reached the top he prepared to go down "full speed ahead" but a voice nearly stopped him.

"Let's go down with you," it said.

On looking round Fred discovered a very dirty-looking little boy.

"I guess you can if you want to. You won't take up much room," commented Fred as he sized the boy up. "You had better sit down and I'll stand up and keep the thing on the ground."

The next few seconds were taken up getting comfortable, and then they were off.

Whoop, whoop! What speed they gathered as they went down that hill. It was all Fred could do to keep his balance, let alone keep the billycart in the centre of the road.

Fred tried to stop the billycart,

and in his effort to do so he reared off the road and knocked the footpath and was going crash into a woman and her pram.

With a cry Fred avoided what seemed an inevitable collision. Fred swerved and the cart stopped abruptly as it hit a fence.

Fred saw black and when he awoke he found himself in bed. Bandages covered his head and legs. He wondered how on earth he had got into such a mess, and then he remembered "How is the little fellow who came with me?" he asked, wondering if his little friend was badly injured.

"Who?" asked Wunderlust, who was sitting near to him.

"The boy that was in the billycart," said Fred in a surprised tone.

"Oh," replied Wunderlust, "he's quite all right. I hardly think he got a scratch. He came down to see you a short time ago, but as you were so soundly sleeping I didn't like to disturb you."

And as Fred was so sore and tired he just turned over and went to sleep again, quite happy because the little boy wasn't hurt.

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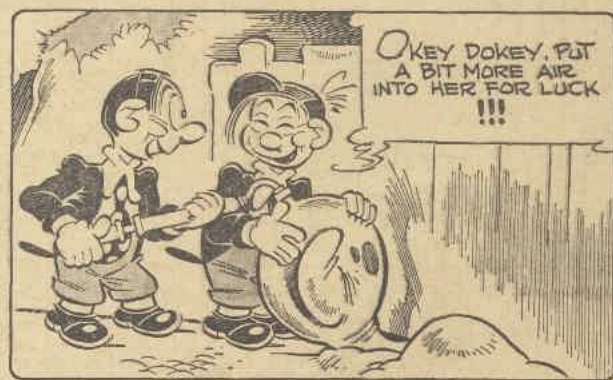
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Gill's Letter

MY Dear Jacks and Jills—

Quite often, when you are practising for sports you need to know some sure way of measuring 100 yards without a rule or tape measure. Here's a way you can do it.

In your school - room to - morrow measure out very carefully, say, 4 yards. Now, if you walk across that in a straight line, you will find that it is 3 steps to 1 yard. Or, if you multiply both the 3 and the 1 by 100, you get 300 steps to 100 yards. Now, you know. If someone asks you to measure 100 yards, off you'll walk for 300 steps.

Good-bye until next week.

Cheerily yours, JILL.

Teacher: Tranny, what are the three words used most by schoolboys?

Tranny: I don't know.

Teacher: Correct.

Price Card to T. HEWITT, 10 Arthur St., Fern Hill, N.S.W.

Australia!

By GEOFFREY WHIMPEY

I LOVE the open country, The greenest grass and high, That ripples swiftly by; The great, grey, bounding kangaroo With its young ones in its pouch, The big, white, shattering cockatoo, The quail that in the grasses crouch.

I love the merry jacks, Laughing in the trees, And the billie's note That echoes on the breeze; The frosted fern that bends their heads Towards the sun's clear, pebbly bed, I love them all, you understand, And so I love this Austral land.

Price of 3/- to Geoffrey B. Whimpey (14), 83 Danden Rd., Heidelberg, N.S.W., Melbourne.

LEGEND OF THE STARS

By LILY TURNER

ALONG time ago, before the stars were in the sky, Queen Moon and King Sun had a quarrel. King Sun started a nobody knew, but it continued until one day, Queen Moon, forgetting the hour, sailed over the sky while King Sun was still shining.

Once more they started quarrelling. King Sun accused the Queen of having a silver box which did not belong to her. The Queen denied it, but the King insisted the argument by saying that he would come over one day to her home and have a look for the box.

So towards evening, when King Sun was preparing to go to sleep, Queen Moon hurried home, and from beneath a cloud she took the silver box. "If I can't have it, he shan't," she said spitefully, and throwing back her arm, she flung the box with all her might across the sky.

There was a deafening crash as the box went to pieces, and when the Queen looked out she saw the night sky studded with little bits of silver which afterwards were called stars.

Price of 3/- to LILY TURNER (12), Gilles Avenue, Matherfield, N.S.W.

Employer: Well, you can have the position, my lad, but you would not have got it if I had any choice. Every coming after a situation with a dirty collar, a torn coat, and a black eye.

Boy: That's nothing, you should have seen the other three chaps that were after the job.

Price Card to IAN LAUDER, 17 Deakin St., Auburn, N.S.W.

About Ourselves

ELBIE HUMING, of Willow Tree, is fond of jokes and puns of all kinds; IAN COOPER, of Reckitt's Marsh, via Boregon, writes good verse; JACK O'REILLY, of Adelaide (S.A.), is fifteen years old; HELEN ROWE, of Newcastle (N.S.W.), writes an interesting letter; NIGEL WRIGHT, of Raleigh (N.S.W.), some time ago spent a very enjoyable holiday at Graton.

JACK SHALER, of Waverley (N.S.W.), is fond of pickering; IRENE BURCHER, of Raby (N.S.W.), is a lover of all animals; HEMME GOSSETT, of Bendigo (Vic.), is fourteen years of age next month; MARY CONNINGHAM, of Rockhampton (Qld.), is a good swimmer and diver; JOYCE PEARCE, of Tazewell (N.S.W.), writes a very interesting letter; PEGGY McDERMOTT, of Hunter's Hill (N.S.W.), has a cat, five bananas, a canary, two lovebirds, and an Alsatian pup for her pet; DON ROBINSON, of Townsville (Qld.), is fond of birds; HILMA LAING, of Goulburn (N.S.W.), says there are hundreds of grasshoppers round her place; HILMA LAING, of Valley (Qld.), is fond of reading, sewing, and painting; PEGGY McKEE, of Mt. Kils, writes pretty verse; D. CALLAGHAN, of Windsor (Qld.), is fond of entering competitions; ROY FELLOW, of Waverley (N.S.W.), does good painting.

JOAN CAMPBELL, of Marrieville (N.S.W.), is very fond of swimming; FRED MARSHALL, of Brisbane (Qld.), recently spent a very enjoyable holiday at Bosphorus; JILL DREMOND, of Geelong (Vic.), is fifteen years of age and has a little brother four; AGNES DUNNE, of Adelaide (S.A.), is a constant reader of our weekly; MAYIS NEWMAN, of Woe Woe (N.S.W.), has a big brown dog for her pet; EMILY DODDS, of Murrumbidgee (Vic.), is nine years of age and is fond of hiking; FRANK MANNING, of Newcastle (Qld.), loves animals of all kinds.

RUBY SMART, of Ararat (Vic.), does clever sketches; FRANK WILLIAMS, of Dunwich Hill (N.S.W.), is a club; GWYNETH ROBINSON, of South Yarra (Vic.), is fond of jokes and sketching.

FOR FUN & FANCY

AN old tramp was sitting by the roadside, and when asked by a kind hearted woman the way to the nearest town he merely wagged his head in the direction of a nearby signpost.

"Well," said the tramp, "if you can show me a better trick than that I'll give you a shilling!"

"All right," said the tramp, "just put the shilling in my pocket."

Price Card to DON DUNN, 48 Wellington St., Newcastle, N.S.W.

Astronomy Professor: Can you name me a star with a tail?

Ardent Student: Sure, King 'Tis 'Tis!

Price Card to EDDIE TREMAINE, James St., Napier, N.S.W.

First Day: A Scotsman next door bought a chemist shop last week, and what do you think he did?

Second Day: I don't know.

First Day: Set up all night watching the washing cream.

Price Card to RON HAMFORD, Great Northern Hotel, Byron Bay, N.S.W.

"Well, my boy," said Uncle Tom, "and how are you getting on at school?"

His nephew looked a trifle dejected. "Oh, not so bad, Uncle," he replied, "and I'm trying very hard to get ahead."

"That's good," said Uncle, absent-mindedly. "You needn't."

Price Card to ARCHIE PARTRIDGE, No. 3 Pier Card, Gangee Bay Rd., Oatley, N.S.W.

Mother: Oh, Lily, why do you eat your bun so fast? There are plenty more of them.

Lily: I know, but I'm afraid my appetite will be gone before I get to the end of them.

Price Card to CHARLIE OSBORNE, 35 Gough St., Paddington, Qld.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF—Price of 3/- to Harold Wright, 121 Chalk St., Warrimoo, Brisbane, Qld. Color in nicely and send entry to JILL, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney, no later than March 25. Price of 2/- for the prettiest effort.

A guide was taking some people through a mountain region and was annoyed by a young man who kept asking a lot of useless questions. "I say, guide, where do all those big rocks come from?" asked the inquisitive one.

"They are brought down the mountain side by the glaciers," replied the guide.

"Ah! But where are the glaciers now?" cried the smart young fellow.

"Come back to fetch some more!" snapped the guide as he walked on.

Price Card to ALLAN OTAG, Jackson St., Whistans, Brisbane, Qld.

THE GREATEST RISK HE RUNS—INFECTION



LIFEBUOY SOAP
DESTROYS GERMS
HE'S SAFE... IF HE USES
LIFEBUOY
THE HEALTH
SOAP

A LEVER
PRODUCT



Actually KILLS FLEAS

Then keeps others away.

Many "Flea" powders simply stun the pests, but Pulvex kills them dead and prevents reinfestation. It is so repellent to fleas and lice that others keep away. Pulvex is economical, harmless, odourless and non-irritating. Sold by all good dealers, in tins at 1/3; double size, 2/-. Wholesale Distributors: Wm. Cooper & Nephews (Aust.) Ltd. 4 O'Connell St., Sydney.

PULVEX
KILLS FLEAS OFF—KEEPS THEM OFF

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Tired nerves are the cause of Headache, Neuritis, Neuralgia. Get instant relief from all nerve pains with genuine Vincent's A.P.C. Avoid imitations—they may be injurious. 12 for 1/6; 24 for 2/6. All Chemists and Stores or direct from Vincent Chemical Company Limited, Sydney.

**VINCENT'S
APC**
POWDERS
AND
TABLETS
FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

Nic-o-cin NEUTRALIZES NICOTINE

—AND KEEPS
SMOKERS FIT

PRICE, 6d. and 2/- at all best chemists and other stores. Wholesale inquiries, Howard & Co. Pty. Ltd., 324 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, C.I.

MISS AMAGEE "Sells a Pup"

Continued from Page 50

SHE shifted to one side in her shelter and made him come out of the sun. He sat down beside her, pleased. He was a travelled man, interested in his fellow creatures, above all in new types. This was a new type. They talked of the country.

Presently she said: "We came to Zanzibar to see a guy called Gupp-Ginger Gupp. Ever heard of him?"

"I don't think I have. What does he do?"

"Most things and most people. Nothing good," said Miss Amagee. "He wasn't there, though, when we got to Zanzibar. We found he'd gone on to Khartoum. It's more'n a year ago that a friend wrote to us from Zanzibar to say he was there, and the letter followed us from Bombay round by Teheran, so we only got it four months ago."

"It sounds rather a long way to go to see a man and then find he isn't there," said Dr. Wilson, amused by her casualness.

"Why, yes. But we were in Aden, selling oil shares for a friend, and when we found Ginger wasn't in Zanzibar, Pop thought he'd like to push on and take a look at Lake Victoria Nyanza on the way."

"Aden doesn't sound a good market for oil shares!"

"Oh, sure. But we sell them to all colors, Arabs and negroes, and Hindus and officers from ships all over the world. Everyone's going in for oil nowadays," said Miss Amagee, and added naively: "They were quite good

and Oromo—and especially that one about the cattle," said Grosvenor.

"I think the stories are fairly all right and that they have been there," said Dr. Wilson.

"Ah, well, I'll believe in the shooting when I see it," said Colonel Grosvenor.

"And so will I," said Mrs. Pelter.

At supper at the Amages' camp, Mr. Amagee talked about going to Khartoum in a flivver built by Mr. Henry Ford. After supper they walked to the other camp. Dr. Wilson welcomed them warmly, Mrs. Pelter and Colonel Grosvenor with less warmth. The gathering did not feel quite harmonious; there was a faint sense of strain in the air. Colonel Grosvenor looked at Miss Amagee with wholly unconscious disapproval; Mrs. Pelter, the woman of the world patronised her with an almost effusive firmness. As a rule Miss Amagee was not easy to patronise; that night she was: she desired to travel to Khartoum in a flivver built by Mr. Henry Ford.

NEXT morning Mrs. Pelter was in a gloomy mood. It was being borne in upon her that you cannot fool all the people all the time. Colonel Grosvenor and Dr. Wilson had again gone out after rain; she had leisure to reflect and she wished that she had never come to Potter's Gap. Her stay there seemed unlikely to turn out the way she had pictured. She had seen herself sitting by the camp fire and Stephen Grosvenor, the hunter, coming home from the chase to sit at

A BACHELOR'S PHILOSOPHY

AN English cleric
wonders why it
is widows remarry
so quickly.

Well, there's an
old saying, "Dead
men tell no tales."

shares, you know. Pop and I hung on to some for ourselves."

"Of course," said Dr. Wilson. "You seem to travel a lot."

"Sure, Pop and I get about a bit," said Miss Amagee.

SHE went on to say that they had done it ever since she could remember, ever since her mother died when she was a kid in Arkansas. Mr. Amagee could turn his hand to anything and on that turn of his hand they lived. There was always money to be made in out-of-the-way places. Sometimes it might be a job for a friend; once or twice it had been gold in India rubies; often it had been real estate. Mr. Amagee had some thousands of dollars put by in a bank in Montreal, but they never touched that. With what they picked up in one place they went on to another.

She had traversed all the continents.

"Pop likes to get about a bit," she said. "Besides, he's looking for Ginger Gupp."

"But why on earth doesn't he write to him and fix a meeting place?" said Dr. Wilson.

"Well, it's like this. Pop wants to meet up with Ginger Gupp, but Ginger Gupp doesn't want to meet up with Pop." She paused, and added gravely: "I think Pop aims to sink an axe in his head."

"Rather drastic," said Dr. Wilson. "Pop is drastic—sometimes," Miss Amagee admitted.

That night at supper Dr. Wilson talked about the Amages with interest. He talked, rather over Mrs. Pelter's head, about their Odyssey, and said that Mr. Amagee was the modern Ulysses who had by accident begotten a modern Nausicaa. "The young sapling, you know," he added, speaking to Grosvenor.

Grosvenor nodded, but Mrs. Pelter did not know, and she resented Miss Amagee being called modern; she liked to think herself the one modern woman in Africa.

"Pretty tall stories, though—Teheran

her feet, but he did not sit at her feet. And now she did wish that she had not expressed that firm intention of getting a lion! It seemed that at Potter's Gap, if you talked about your shooting, you were expected to shoot; but she had taken it for granted that that strong pen, which is known as a bribe and is used by hunters free from all reclusiveness, would be erected for her to shoot a lion from in perfect safety. Colonel Grosvenor's suggestion that she should take his boys and go out and shoot one in the open seemed to her in the highest degree callous. She had no more use for a lion hunt of that kind than had Mr. Howard Hunter. She was pluckier than most women, but the lion's habit of lowering his head to the ground to roar, and so contriving to fill earth and heaven at night with the dreadful sound, had daunted her. Nothing would induce her to go on any such hunt; at the same time, nothing would induce her to forfeit the good opinion of Colonel Grosvenor. This was a dilemma.

THAT little American girl was a nuisance. Mrs. Pelter had not missed the disapproving air with which Colonel Grosvenor had regarded her, but she had divined that, disapproving though it was, under it lay a considerable interest. She was aware that the fact that an interest starts with a little aversion does nothing to prevent it from becoming uncommonly keen. She decided to walk to the Amages' camp and patronise the tiresome creature a little more. It would ease her annoyance, and the walk might clear her mind and help her find a way out of her dilemma.

She walked slowly through the long, thick grass, and she had not gone fifty yards when there came the happy idea: a sprained ankle was the very thing. Walking through that grass one could not be expected to see holes. What could be more natural than to twist one's ankle in one? She would not, however, sprain it so far from the Amages' camp. She walked on, then, pivoting round on one foot, the tank down on her hands and knees.

Please turn to Page 54

A NEW LAMP IS BORN

20% MORE LIGHT

No extra cost

A NEW lamp is born... introduced by Philips, pioneers of the lamp industry. A lamp with a "Coiled-Coil" filament glowing in a rare gas... a double-spiral filament, more luminous; giving greater light output, and delivering up to 20% more illumination than the best of ordinary lamps without the slightest increase in current consumption, and as much as 50% more light than so-called "cheap" lamps.



Sold everywhere at the same price as ordinary lamps.

PHILIPS Coiled-Coil LAMPS

MADE IN AUSTRALIA

OVER 60 MILLION PHILIPS LAMPS
HAVE BEEN SOLD IN AUSTRALIA

REDUCED 30 lbs. AT AGE 60

Could Not Do Her Work

Now Walks 4 Miles a Day

Thirteen stone eight pounds was the weight of this 60 years old woman. How long she had been burdened with all that superfluous flesh we do not know, but she proves that it is "never too late to reduce."

She writes:—"I could not walk around to do my work. I started to take Kruschen. When I had taken three bottles, I found I was able to walk four miles a day with comfort. I am 60 years old and my weight was 13 st. 8 lb. Now it is 11 st. 8 lb. I did not diet, and my appetite is good. I have found Kruschen Salts of great benefit for all my ailments."

—(Mrs.) G. G.

Kruschen is a scientific blend of various mineral salts found in the waters of those European spas which have been used by generations of overcast people to reduce weight. These salts combat the cause of fat by assisting the internal organs to perform their functions properly—to throw off each day those waste products and poisons which, if allowed to accumulate, will be converted by the body's chemistry into fatty tissue. Unlike ordinary aperients, Kruschen does not confine its action to a single part of the system. Its tonic affects



extends to every organ, gland, nerve and vein.

Furthermore, there are millions of people the world over—lean people—thin people—all kinds of people—who take Kruschen Salts for rheumatism, constipation, dizzy spells, sluggish liver and headache—it helps to put vigour and ambition into them, and makes them gloriously alive and active.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/6 per bottle.

Relief for Constipation

"What is the use of taking purgatives and so forth when what you really need is something that will give permanent relief for constipation?"

"If you take steps to ensure that your diet contains the necessary amount of roughage to stimulate the bowels naturally, you'll soon notice a wonderful difference. No more sick headaches! Sanitarium San-Bran is a most valuable source of roughage."

"It's expertly cooked and appetisingly flavoured; you'll like its taste. You don't need much of it—just two tablespoonsful added to the breakfast cereal every morning is usually enough to keep the bowels regular."

"Best of all, San-Bran has no harmful after-effects. Yes, you can get San-Bran from any grocer."***

When Somebody's growing old in your House!

Time slows up the ability to digest ordinary food and brings for elderly folk the best of all special foods, Benger's, because it can be assimilated with ease and comfort. It is fully nourishing and very delicious. A cupful of Benger's Food between meals and last thing at night enables thousands to enjoy a vigorous and happy old age. Recipes for many dainty dishes will be found in Benger's Booklet, post free—Benger's Food, Ltd., 350, George St., Sydney.

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IT'S A CESARINE PRODUCTION
Finest Quality... Fully Bleached and Guaranteed for 5 Years.
Twill or Plain: 54in. 2/6 yd.; 54in. 2/11; 72in. 3/6; 80in. 3/11; 90in. 4/5.

New Hope for Sufferers

The latest German Remedy (internal) for healing various Ulcers and Rheuma without interruption to your duties is available now. No need to lie up. Guaranteed never to break out again. Bad cases heal up in a few weeks. Inexpensive. It never fails.

Write or Call for Wonderful Book. Treatments by mail a specialty—distance no object. You will be delighted with my treatment—no pain from start.

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MISS AMAGEE "Sells a Pup"

Continued from Page 53

THERE she was: her ankle was sprained. For a moment she crouched there, viewing the world from a new angle. The grass was even longer than she had thought; it came right over her head. Snakes! She began to crawl forward to the Amagees' camp, shuddering, but she crawled forward. The tangle began to thin a little. There were bare patches of sand; on her right there were dense thorn bushes, on her left the high reeds of the stream. She must not forget which ankle she had sprained—which was it, left or right? Then it occurred to her that Colonel Grosvenor was uncommonly astute, and it might be well to make that sprained ankle more convincing. It ought to be swollen a little. . . . The butt of her rifle would do.

She sat up and set her teeth and raised the butt of her rifle, not very high, above her ankle. She did not strike it. Or a sudden she seemed to freeze into the position in which she sat; her fingers certainly froze on to the barrel of the rifle; her jaw dropped; she stiffened all over in a horrid paralysis of fear.

What was it?

There, in the reeds, not fourteen feet from her, crouched a long, yellowish-grey form, with a huge dark head, watching her.

Mrs. Pelter tried to scream, but the scream stuck in her throat. The sunlight struck down through the reeds, striking the yellow body with bars of shadow. Now it moved, raised its heavy head a little, its lips twitching and lifting in a snarl; its whole body, from quivering nostrils to hushing tail, alive and uneasy with suspicion. Mrs. Pelter and the lion looked at one another. Then she got her throat clear, uttered a feeble scream, dropped her rifle, and sprang and ran. The thorn bushes barred her path. She dodged frantically to and fro in an extremity of terror, trying to find a way through.

The lion trotted out of the reeds and stood flapping his tail and snarling at her.

Mrs. Pelter screamed again and yet again. The sound seemed to annoy the lion, for he roared, and then, just as she found a gap, came loping towards her. She came through the gap to see the Amagees' camp, sixty yards away, and on the edge of it Miss Amagee, rifle in hand. She had not supposed that Mrs. Pelter would scream like that for nothing.

Out of the gap in the thorn bushes came Mrs. Pelter, running like the wind; after her, directly behind her, came the lion.

"Swerve! Swerve, you fool!" shouted Miss Amagee.

Mrs. Pelter was far too frightened to hear, much less to understand. The lion was right on her. Miss Amagee changed it. She could see the lion's hindquarters; she fired. If the bullet missed Mrs. Pelter by three-quarters of an inch, it was all it missed her by. The lion swerved—fortunately to the left, clear of Mrs. Pelter. Miss Amagee fired again. The lion leapt oddly and clumsily six feet into the air, and came down and rolled over and over, snarling and clawing at the ground, and lay still. Mrs. Pelter ran on and dropped in a heap at the feet of Mr. Amagee.

They gave her brandy, neat, and it soon restored her, for she was of a considerable toughness. She told them that she had been walking along to pay them a visit and had seen the lion in the reeds, and he had gone for her.

"What?" said Miss Amagee in astonished accents. "Do you mean to say that you came out without your gun?"

"No. I had my rifle," said Mrs. Pelter.

"And you didn't use it?" said Miss Amagee, and there was a note of contempt in the astonishment.

"No. I dropped it. It was the surprise and the shock," said Mrs. Pelter.

"I ran."

"M'm. If you'd walked, the lion would have walked the other way," said Miss Amagee.

They walked down to the lion cautiously, the Amagees with their rifles trained on it; but the lion was dead. Mr. Amagee examined it.

"Scored his hindquarters pretty deep with the first shot and got him plumb in the centre of the chest with the second," said Mr. Amagee in pleased accents.

Miss Amagee examined the lion. "I don't know as he would have walked off if you had stood still," she said to Mrs. Pelter. "He's old and thin, and a bit mangy. Might be a man-eater. They take to men when they're not quick enough for animals."

There was a pause; then Mrs. Amagee said thoughtfully: "I wonder what they do to people who shoot lions without a licence?"

Miss Amagee shrugged her shoulders. "If it's a fine, I don't know how we're going to pay it," she said.

Mrs. Pelter was herself, or very nearly herself, again. Another happy idea came to her.

"I believe the fine is very heavy," she said. "Of course, you did it to save my life; but I don't think that that would weigh very much with the authorities. How would it be—how would it be—"

She paused and they looked at her. "How would it be if I said I shot the lion?"

They went on looking at her, with eyes more thoughtful.

Then Mr. Amagee said doubtfully: "That's a very kind of you, lady."

"If it would work," said Miss Amagee, doubtfully. "And you sure would get a lot of credit for shooting a man-eater."

Mrs. Pelter's eyes sparkled, and she said quickly: "Why shouldn't it work?"

"Our boys saw me shoot him," said Miss Amagee.

"I should have thought that you could get them to hold their tongues for very little," said Mrs. Pelter.

"You can't get a nigger to hold his tongue," said Mr. Amagee with conviction.

There was a pause; they pondered. "Of course, if we could get them out of the district quite quick enough before they talked," said Miss Amagee.

"But what's to prevent you? You've no particular reason for staying here," said Mrs. Pelter.

"We've made a long trek, and we aimed to let the boys rest a while. Besides, travelling as slow as we do, they're always meeting up with other niggers and talking," said Miss Amagee.

"And after all the lion was a man-eater. I ought to get a reward, not a fine. And they take a lot more shooting than a young lion; they're so cunning. But I never did have any luck. I sure wish we could get out of the district quick."

There was another pause; again they pondered.

the secret was safe this side of the crack of doom.

Then through the bushes came Colonel Grosvenor and Dr. Wilson. Mrs. Pelter stepped forward and told them, proudly, of her shooting of the man-eater. She said that her first shot was bad, for it was the first time she had fired at a lion, but her second shot was all right. Dr. Wilson looked surprised, but his congratulations were warm; Colonel Grosvenor's were not warm. He looked at Miss Amagee with an expression in which loathing seemed to be mingled with admiration.

Miss Amagee was sorry to part with Dr. Wilson, and she said so. He shook hands with them both; Colonel Grosvenor held aloof.

They stepped into the car.

"So long, Doc," said Miss Amagee.

"Good-bye, Miss Amagee."

"Good-bye, Colonel," said Miss Amagee.

"Good-bye," replied the Colonel, and loathing and admiration appeared to struggle in his eyes.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Pelter," said Miss Amagee. "You sure have been terribly kind to us."

In Colonel Grosvenor's eyes loathing won.

"Only too delighted," said Mrs. Pelter in the kindest accents.

THE car jolted off; they watched it go. It jolted down the hillside. Mrs. Pelter sent Mr. Hunter and three boys to skin her man-eater, and went into her tent to write up her diary—for publication.

She wrote: "This morning I shot a lion, a fine black-maned man-eater, who has been preying on the unfortun-

DOCTOR Talks on TWINS

Man and Armadillo Have Point in Common

From our London Office

AN ENGLISH scientist sprang a surprise on a gathering of eugenicists who listened to him at Burlington House, London, recently. He was Dr. J. A. Fraser Roberts, who informed his audience that man and the armadillo were the only two animals that produced "identical" twins.

Whether we are like the armadillo in other respects was not, however, stated.

"Twins, as objects of study, are of incomparable value to science," was one of the doctor's arresting statements. In his audience were a pair of twins—two beautiful women dressed alike. They smiled pleasantly at the science of twinning was unfolded.

That heredity was "practically three times more important than environment in determining mentality" was another of the speaker's conclusions that roused attention.

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"Why do I often feel like this?"



The Answer to a Question Many Women are Asking

Thousands of women, and men too, live in a perpetual state of ill-health and are at a loss to know the reason why. In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred the cause is acid dyspepsia. With the stomach in a constant state of sourness you are bound to get the following symptoms—Always tired and low-spirited, frequent headaches, disturbed sleep, overstrung nerves, loss of appetite, nausea, flatulence and indigestion. To restore normal health it is necessary to overcome the habitual sourness of the stomach and this can be most effectively accomplished with 'Bisurated' Magnesia, the supreme stomach remedy with over 20 years' reputation for unfailing efficacy. A teaspoonful of powder, or 2 to 4 tablets, three times daily after meals, never fails to work wonders. If you have the symptoms described above, why not try putting your stomach right? Get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, powder or tablets, from your chemist and start your recovery to-day by taking the first dose after your next meal—its restorative effect will be a revelation to you.

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA
Banishes Stomach Ills
Every package bears the
dual 'Bismac' Trade Mark—BISMAC



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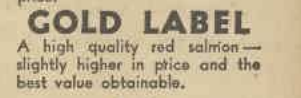
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The dam doesn't think so. She wanted that lion mighty bad, and she got him," said Miss Amagee.

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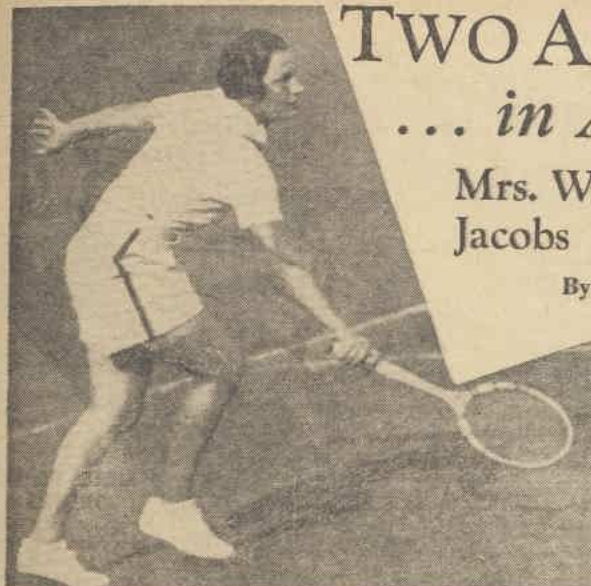
TWO AMERICAN HELENS ... in Australia!

Mrs. Wills-Moody, Miss
Jacobs Likely Visitors!

By RUTH PREDDY

The women tennis players of Australia are interested in the fact that Mr. Norman Brookes, captain of the Davis Cup team, carries with him an invitation for the two American Helens to visit Australia next year.

Helen Wills-Moody and Helen Jacobs are America's most outstanding figures at women's tennis, and have done much to put the women players of their country in the front rank of world's champions.



MISS HELEN HULL JACOBS, the American champion, who can only win a national championship in her own country, although on many occasions she has contested the finals at Wimbledon and also in the French championships at Paris.



MRS. HELEN WILLS MOODY, who spent last year at Wimbledon writing for the Press, instead of in her usual role as a player.



When you feel bilious—wake up every morning with a heavy head, experience discomfort after eating, broken sleep, lack of energy and want of tone, it is not hard to determine what is wrong. Suspect your liver! Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels will usually be upset also. You need the four-fold medicine BEECHAM'S PILLS.

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TWO years ago Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody had to quit playing tennis owing to an injury to her back. As a consequence she forfeited to Helen Jacobs in the finals of the Forest Hills championships, and thus Helen Jacobs became the United States champion for the first time.

When Helen Wills-Moody, then known as Helen Wills, first made her appearance at Wimbledon, she was instantly dubbed "Poker Face" by the spectators, because she never allowed her face to show or betray her feelings. In America she was christened "Queen of the Courts," a sobriquet that more aptly described her.

Since 1924, when Helen Wills-Moody was defeated by Mrs. Godfree (then Kitty McKinn) in the Wimbledon championships, she has never looked back. She has won the singles of this

world's event six times in succession which is considered to be a record.

Just prior to her retirement in 1933 she had won practically every other tennis title.

"POKER FACE" is not a nickname that describes Helen Wills-Moody. It is said by players who have played with her and against her that she has a most pleasant manner, and enjoys her game to the full.

She advocates the playing of tennis in the spirit of the game, and considers all games should be peaceful and should be played under peaceful conditions. It is said that her court demeanor is perfect, and that she has never been known to question an umpire's decision, no matter how flagrant the mistake.

Helen Wills-Moody was unable to compete in the Wimbledon championships last year, but it is expected that

she will endeavor to stage a come-back this year, and is at present practising hard, with the view of taking part in all the European championships this year.

Miss Helen Jacobs

HELEN HULL JACOBS should be known as the "final" girl, for she has perhaps played in more finals than any other player over recent years, without eventually winning.

Ranked as the second-best player in the world, she came into prominence when Helen Wills-Moody abdicated. It is said that American never realised her worth until they lost the services of the other Helen, and only then did they realise that they had another world-beater in Helen Jacobs, who has for two years held the American championship.

Miss Jacobs won her first title when, at the age of fifteen, she annexed the National Junior Championships of America and later on won the California Star and the Pacific Coast Junior titles. Later, Helen Jacobs played in the

National Championships, where, in 1927, she was defeated by Helen Wills-Moody in the finals, a performance which was repeated the following year.

In 1929, Miss Jacobs was defeated in the finals at Wimbledon by Mrs. Wills-Moody. She later won her way through to the finals of the French Championships, only to meet defeat at the hands of Peggy Scriven. She was defeated by the same player again last year.

In 1931-2-3-4, Helen Jacobs contested the finals at Wimbledon, only to be beaten, first at the hands of Helen Wills-Moody and later by Dorothy Round. Surely this trier and never say-die player deserves to win at Wimbledon this year.

If the two Helens will accept the invitation issued to them to tour Australia, it is perfectly safe to prophesy that these two Americans will endear themselves to the Australian public.

Helen Jacobs is sure to appreciate our beaches, for she is a keen swimmer, and is also an excellent horsewoman.

AGE WON'T COUNT in Women's SPORT

Mind and Physical Fitness the Test

By RUTH PREDDY

The age question in reference to sport seems to have undergone a change—as is perhaps natural—since women came into the arena.

Whether a player is in her twenties, thirties, or forties will matter very little in women's games. In sport a woman's age is to be measured by her physical and mental alertness and not by the years.

WITH men's games one has frequently heard it said that the reason they failed was because they were "too old for the game," and even the players themselves often remark that they will be "too old" in a year or two, so they had better make the most of the time at their disposal.

How often has one heard during discussions of the Test teams for England, the prospective players, who may at that time be making great scores, described as being past the recognized age for a cricket tour, and therefore they are sure the selectors will pass them by.

Bunny Austin, the English tennis player, once asked the question "Am I past my best at twenty-six?"

Don Maclell, the professional tennis player, asserts that a player's best years are before he is twenty-five.

However, the women sports players are setting a different example to that followed by the men. Their one worry is youth. England at the present moment has set the example, in considering players too young for overseas play if they have not passed the twenty-one years' mark.

The recent English cricket team that toured Australia was composed of players over twenty-one. This was one of the conditions of their selection. Many

players under that age were qualified as to ability, but they were not eligible for selection.

"There is plenty of time in the future for these players," it was stated. The English women tennis players who visited us last year were all of adult age.

It is not known whether this edict was used in the selection of the women's golf team to visit Australia at the end of August, but it is noteworthy that Miss Nina Barton, the seventeen-year-old player, who so brilliantly won the French championship, was not included in the players invited to practise with a view to ultimate selection.

It can be safely assumed that this team of golfers will be composed of players who have gained their majority.

Of the sportsmen of Australia who have been sent abroad to represent their country, Miss Bonnie Meeking and Miss Claire Dennis, both sixteen, are probably the youngest. Miss Dennis, although she represented Australia at the Olympic Games four years ago, is still in her teens. It is doubtful if any woman tennis player as young as these has ventured abroad in quest of international honors.

It is being inculcated into the minds of women sports players that they are never too old to be a useful member of any association. It is hoped that this feeling will always exist. Age represented by years counts for little. It is the mental and physical equipment that

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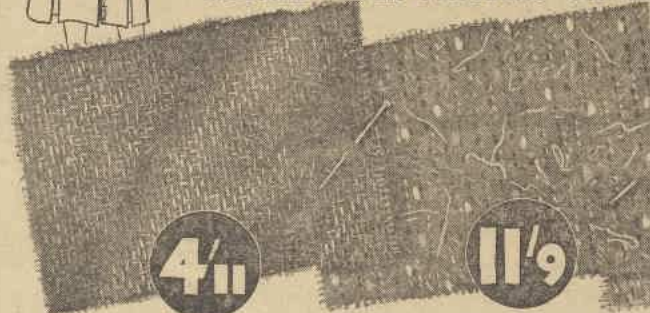
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SECOND WIND

By F. A. M. WEBSTER

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

CHAPTER I THE RAIDERS.



LONG the bottom of the valley, between the slopes of the hills, a straggling mob of men and animals moved steadily northwards. The hot, still air was rent with discordant sounds: the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, the occasional scream of an angry camel, Gosta, lean and nimble-footed, led the way. Donkeys, some of them ridden by fierce men with rifles slung across their shoulders, moved hither and thither. Over everything hung a cloud of thick, stifling dust.

The caravan was fully half a mile long, and in the middle of it, carefully guarded by armed men, shambled a number of dejected natives, men, women, and even small children. They were despondent, miserable creatures, and they had good reason for their dejection, for they were being marched into Abyssinia to be sold as slaves.

At the head of this little band of natives rode a white man. His wrists were bound behind him, his feet were roped together under the donkey's belly. He sat hunched up, his shoulders bowed, his head hanging forward.

Two days previously, while patrolling a section of the North-East Frontier of Kenya, with half a dozen men of the K.A.F., Lieutenant Victor Saumarez had stumbled unexpectedly upon a party of Abyssinian slave raiders. From the amount of stock they were driving towards the frontier it was plain that their expedition had been a success, and it was no doubt this success, together with the fact that they had no intention of parting with their spoil, that had prompted them to attack Saumarez's party.

While the stock was driven steadily northwards the K.A.F.'s were engaged by a large number of well-armed and well-trained men. Outnumbered and caught at a disadvantage, Saumarez's position was hopeless from the start. Two of his men fell during the first three minutes of the engagement, and Saumarez had enough experience to know that his pith helmet made him a special mark for the Abyssinian riflemen. It was not long before their efforts were rewarded. A bullet passed through the topee, but fortunately it must have been slightly deflected by the tough material, for it struck Saumarez a glancing blow. The wound was not serious, but it was sufficient to render him unconscious.

On the second day after the fight Saumarez was transferred to the donkey which he now rode, but great care was taken to prevent him escaping. Not that he felt like it. His head ached vilely, he was thirsty and hungry, and the plodding of the donkey over the uneven ground tried his already depleted strength. When the raiders halted that evening beside a convenient water-hole, and he was released from the donkey, he flung himself on the ground and did not stir until the march was resumed in the early morning.

The long rest did him good, and he found that day's trek slightly less trying. For the first time since he was wounded he had the energy to speculate upon where he was being taken, and why. What did the raiders intend to do with him? It did not seem possible that they would dare to sell him into slavery. The capture of a white man and his forcible removal from his own territory was a serious matter. Why should they incriminate themselves further by taking him across the frontier? The future looked black indeed, for at the time Saumarez's patrol met with disaster he knew there was not a British force within twenty miles. His chance of rescue was, therefore, exceedingly small.

DURING the march he questioned the guards who rode on either side, but they were plainly under orders not to speak, for they only grinned unpleasantly at him. It was not until late evening, when they camped near water, that a tall fellow with a lean, hatchet face and piercing dark eyes came close to Saumarez and looked at him, as if he was a curiosity. He had a Lebel rifle slung over his shoulders, together with a bandolier of cartridges. A Mauser automatic hung at his waist. A significant fact about these raiders was that they were well armed and well disciplined.

"Where are you taking me?" asked Saumarez in Swahili.

"You will know in good time," replied the Abyssinian shortly.

"Take care, Belia, lest he should fly at your throat," counselled one of the guards with a wide grin.

"If you will give me your word that you will not try to escape, I will have your bonds loosened," he said to Saumarez.

"I suppose you realise the seriousness of kidnapping a British officer on British territory and of firing on my patrol," said Saumarez, ignoring the offer. "Did you kill my men?"

Belia grinned, showing remarkably white teeth, and adjusted his rifle more comfortably.

"Who is to know where you have gone? Your men have been buried where they are not likely to be found. All signs of our skirmish have been removed, even the empty cartridge-cases have been picked up. No evidence that your patrol ever encountered us remains."

"Except me," said Saumarez. "You stand a very good chance of being taken to Addis Ababa in chains. Probably you will be hanged."

"No evidence except you," Belia murmured, fingering his lean chin. "Do not be too sure about hanging; the noose might be about someone else's neck."

Saumarez reckoned that besides the men, women and children, who must have numbered twenty, there were ten camels, fifty head of cattle, and about the same number of sheep and goats.

Soon after the nullah had been crossed the tall-tale smoke of a fire was seen ahead, and Belia directed the caravan towards it. Presently a small encampment came into sight composed of an old man with a dirty

white beard, three younger fellows, four women and a number of camels and donkeys. Apparently the old man with the beard was known to Belia, for the raider welcomed him like a lost brother, and showed him the results of his expedition with evident pride. The old fellow was suitably impressed, and his remarks were complimentary until he saw Saumarez, with his bandaged head and his hands bound behind him, squatting disconsolately in the dust.

For some moments he stared at the prisoner in silence.

"Who is this white man?" he asked at length.

Belia, slightly disappointed that he had not been congratulated on his prowess as a fighter, embarked on a lengthy story of how he had collided with a strong armed force and slain them, all forty of them.

"Because of my superior military skill I only lost three men. After the fight, seeking to destroy all evidence, we buried our enemies—"

"All forty of them?" interrupted the old man sarcastically.

"There may not have been quite that number," Belia admitted. "But this white man was the only survivor. He had been stunned by a bullet, and we brought him with us lest he should identify us to his brethren."

"And what do you propose to do with him?"

Belia glanced at Saumarez and grinned mischievously.

"There was some talk of a hanging," he said, and quoted an Abyssinian phrase, the parallel to "Dead men tell no tales."

The old man snorted indignantly.

"Belia, thou art the greatest of fools!"

"Why?" asked the raider, who imagined he had been rather clever.

"Thou wilt surely go in chains to Addis Ababa and there hang."

As these were almost the exact words used by Saumarez, Belia felt acutely uncomfortable, for he was more than a little superstitious. He glowered at Saumarez and fingered his automatic suggestively.

"By taking this white man prisoner thou hast brought such a bees' nest about thine ears that it is likely thou wilt be stung to death."

"Ought I to have killed him, then? Because it is not yet too late."

A MOB of interested raiders had gathered round the group. At their leader's remarks they laughed.

"You forget, Abandoned One, that the white man's brethren slew Balcha," said one.

"Aye, and Gabra, and the hunter from Meyba," added an evil-looking specimen who lacked two front teeth. The men were referring to raids that had not been so successful as the last.

"Nevertheless," maintained the Abandoned One, "I say you have done wrong. You know well that the Emperor is opposed to raiding and poaching. Think you he will be pleased when he learns that you have captured an Englishman?"

Belia gave an ugly laugh.

"Obedience to the Emperor's commands

grows less as the distance from the capital increases. There are deeds done on the frontier that are never heard of in Addis Ababa.

"Remember, my brother was killed by this man's soldiers!" cried a second Abyssinian. "Is it good for a man's honor that he should go unrevenge? Let us slit the white man's throat."

But the Abandoned One clung to his opinion.

"Will it benefit your brother, who was well known as a thief, if you kill this man?" he asked, and added softly: "Or perhaps in your family it is considered honorable to slay an unarmed prisoner?"

"What I have I hold," retorted Bella, glowering.

The argument waxed and waned.

Saumarez felt tired and thirsty. His body ached in every muscle, for the donkey on which he had sat all day had been saddest. He had a blinding headache, the result of the bullet grazed, and his mouth and lungs were full of dust. He was so miserable that he did not greatly care at that moment whether Bella murdered him or not. The murmur of the voices about him, the stifling heat, and the long march made him sleepy. His head slowly fell forward on to his chest and his eyes closed.

He was awakened by a hand gripping his arm, and he opened his eyes to find the old man with the beard bending over him.

"Come with me," he said. "For to-night you will be my guest."

Still half-dazed Saumarez scrambled to his feet.

"If you will share my poor meal," continued the old man, "I shall be honored. I do not altogether trust this prince of liars and king of braggarts that calls himself Bella. His temper is apt to make him do foolish things which afterwards he regrets."

The Abyssinian scowled and fingered his Mauser.

"Your tongue runs away with you," he snarled.

"Nay, I will control it so that I may sing at your funeral," retorted the old man pleasantly.

Bella stepped forward, thrusting out his lean, fierce face.

"Remember that your life is forfeit for my prisoner," he said. "If you do not return him to me in the morning, I myself will—". And he drew his hand suggestively across his throat. "Not for nothing will you be called the Abandoned One."

"The grasshopper has brains compared with that," retorted the Abandoned One amiably, and, taking Saumarez by the arm, he pushed through the throng towards his own camp.

This was situated at some distance from that of the raiders, and the Abandoned One, without any explanation, proceeded to treat Saumarez as an honored guest. First he cut free Saumarez's hands and massaged his wrists until, after a painful interval, the circulation returned. Then he took him to a tent made of a queer mixture of skins and canvas, and summoning a girl, told her to bring water. Two large copper bowls were produced, and the Abandoned One, suggesting that Saumarez might like to bathe, left him.

So Saumarez splashed water over himself and felt considerably refreshed. But he wondered why the old man should show so much interest in him. When he had dressed he went out of the tent. The old fellow was waiting for him. Promptly he led him to the fire and set before him stewed goat chops. Saumarez had tasted nothing like that since his capture, and he had no difficulty in demolishing a big bowlful. The Abandoned One did not eat, but attended to the needs of his guest. The meal over, he produced a battered tin box from some recess in his garments and offered it to Saumarez, who saw to his amazement that it contained half a dozen cigarettes.

HE took one and by the light from the fire studied his curious host. Above the straggling white beard was set a blunt nose that bore evidence of having been badly broken. A pair of blue eyes regarded him shrewdly from beneath bushy white brows.

"Why did you argue with Bella in my favor?" asked Saumarez. "I am very grateful to you."

"It is nothing," replied the Abandoned One casually.

"What do you think he intends to do with me?"

"Bella is a fool, as I told him. He took you prisoner because he imagined in his reptile's brain that men would praise his bravery. Now he begins to realise that you are an 'encumbrance.'"

"That doesn't seem favorable to me," remarked Saumarez, feelingly. "Why did you oppose him?"

"Because I know that if his foolishness reaches the ears of the Emperor, his village, which is also my village, will suffer. Doubtless, Bella will take to the mountains, and unless we can produce him we shall be fined many head of cattle. There is also another reason."

"What is that?" asked Saumarez, as the other paused.

"You are a soldier?"

"Yes. I am an officer in the King's African Rifles."

"Many years ago I, too, was in the Queen's service."

"A native regiment?" asked Saumarez, in surprise.

"No, the Royal Sussex. I was a corporal."

Saumarez stared.

"Then you are, you must be—"

"Yes, I am a white man."

Saumarez was amazed and gazed stupidly at his host.

"It was soon after General Gordon's death," said the old man reminiscently. "I was taken prisoner and sold into Abyssinia as a slave. At first I was always seeking a way to escape, but after many months I knew that escape was impossible. For one thing I was always kept chained. See!"

He drew back his sleeves, and the scars on his wrists gleamed whitely in the fire-light.

"It is the same with my ankles. Otherwise I was treated fairly well, for I was of some value to my master. I made the best of a bad job, but it was not a pleasant life. There were occasional floggings, but I was invariably let off more lightly than the others, and in those days I was strong. So I was sold from master to master. After many years, seeing that I was resigned to the life, I was given a responsible position with my sixth employer. When he died I came to live in a village not far from here, where none knew me, although, because I have no relations, and am a stranger to them, they call me the Abandoned One."

Saumarez was dumbfounded.

"Do they know you are English?" he asked, for want of something better to say.

"Nay, they know only that I came from the interior with my goods. I am the oldest man here: that is why my opinion carries some weight with Bella. Besides, I have a woman of the village for my wife."

"Good Lord," muttered Saumarez.

The old man threw his cigarette-end into the fire, and stirred the embers with a stick.

"Now listen. Presently, when the moon has set and it is dark, I will take you where my wife is waiting with a fast Mehari camel. With that and two water-bottles, which I have, you will be able to cross the frontier again. I will give you directions so that you will be able to find your friends. It pays us on the frontier to know just where the patrols are."

Saumarez felt more cheerful than he had been for the last five days.

"That's exceedingly good of you; I'm very grateful," he said, feeling the inadequacy of such words. "But you are coming, too?"

"Nay," the Abandoned One shook his head. "I remain here."

"But your life will be forfeit for mine," cried Saumarez. "Bella said—"

"Bella talks as his belly guides him," was the scornful reply. "He will be angry when he discovers you have escaped, and he will speak wildly of killing me, but you need not worry about that. Bella is far too full of words, and they must come out or he will burst."

"But I can't let you risk your life," protested Saumarez, although he knew full well that if the chance of escape came he would take it.

"If you will do as I say we shall both come through with whole skins. Remember, I am honored in Bella's village, where everyone knows he is a braggart. He would not dare to harm me."

"But—" began Saumarez, when the Abandoned One silenced him with a gesture.

"Take your orders from me. The moon will not set for three hours. Come to my tent, where there are some blankets and sleep, for you will have to ride until dawn."

The old man would listen to no more arguments, so Saumarez suffered himself to be made comfortable in the tent of a seventy-year-old corporal of the Royal Sussex Regiment, who had lived the greater part of his life as a slave, and had finally settled down to enjoy his old age with an Abyssinian wife and a few head of cattle.

WHEN the moon set, the Abandoned One woke Saumarez, and handed him two battered water-bottles covered with worn felt that at some time or other had doubtless seen service in the army.

The old man did not hesitate about his route, but led Saumarez straight to a slight hollow in the ground where a shrouded figure squatted by a kneeling camel. At a word the figure shuffled off into the darkness, leaving the Abandoned One with the head-ropes of the camel.

Once again Saumarez begged his host to accompany him; the old fellow only shook his head.

"But you are English; you don't want to remain among the Abyssinians all your life," Saumarez argued.

"I am more Abyssinian than English now," replied the Abandoned One. "I have lived among them nearly half a century. What is England to me now but a name? Here at least with my stock and my wife I am happy in a way that I could never be in England. Do not tempt me. I am truly the Abandoned One."

He gave Saumarez directions how to reach the frontier.

"When you cross the border, ride into the setting sun, and you will find your friends, but be sparing with your water, for it is scarce."

"Good-bye," said Saumarez, holding out his hand. "I am very grateful for all you've done for me, and I hope you'll get the best of that blackguard Bella. I'm sorry you won't come with me, but if you change your mind, ride in to the nearest British post and get in touch with me. I'll see you through."

"Good-bye and good luck," replied the Abandoned One. He shook hands, then stepping back a pace, he drew himself up and saluted. Gravely, Saumarez returned the salute.

Saumarez rode all through the night until the stars paled. Then he began to look about him for some place to lie up during the day. In case Bella took it into his head to come in pursuit. As the eastern sky turned from pearly grey to rose pink he found a narrow ravine that cut into the shoulder of a hill. There he halted, made his camel kneel with the gentle, insistent, "Oocha baba, oocha; adar-ra-yan" of the desert rider, and tethered it before falling into an uneasy doze in the shade of a rock.

The following night he went forward again, taking a winding course along the

valleys. Twice he crossed low passes which he recognised from the Abandoned One's descriptions. During the day he hid in a cave, the Mohari camel tethered in a hollow close by. He kept an anxious look-out towards the north, but apparently Bella considered that he was well rid of the prisoner, who was plainly an encumbrance, for there were no signs of pursuit. The only life in the valley were some Grant's gazelle and topi grazing in the middle distance.

At sundown Saumarez moved off again. He had left the frontier some distance behind, and in obedience to the Abandoned One's instructions, had turned westward. The territory through which he passed was uninhabited: no tribes would live so close to the border for fear of raids by the Abyssinians. According to the Abandoned One's directions there should be water close to the conical hill that rose on Saumarez's right, but he could find no signs of it. Gradually it dawned upon him that he had lost his way.

When the sun rose he dared not stop, and all through the blistering heat he rode westward, carefully preserving the last drops of his water. It was late afternoon before he came to a dry river bed, across which stretched several rocky bars. Saumarez dismounted and began digging in the sand and stones with his hands, for he had nothing else with which to dig, hacking at the harder portions with the heels of his boots. He knew that water collected behind such rock barriers if only he could dig deep enough to reach it.

He worked feverishly. The perspiration poured off him. He grew so exhausted that he was obliged to drink the last of the water in the bottle. His fingers became raw and bleeding. His heels ached with constant kicking. Particles of sand penetrated his clothes and filled his eyes, nose and mouth. He gasped for breath.

Three feet down a little water began to trickle into the hole. Saumarez waited until there was sufficient, and then scooped it into his mouth with his hands. The finest champagne he had ever drunk did not taste so good as those first few mouthfuls of brackish, and not over-clean, water.

WHEN he had taken the edge off his thirst, Saumarez lay down and waited for more water to collect in the hole. He must have fallen asleep, for suddenly he found the moon shining full in his eyes. He felt much refreshed, and decided to continue his journey. But an unpleasant shock awaited him. The camel had vanished!

It was no use searching for it in the dark, so he had another drink and lay down again. But when he looked in the morning there was no sign of his mount. Realising the uselessness of trying to trace it in such broken country, he filled up both water-bottles and began to footslog westward.

But misfortune dogged Saumarez's footsteps. Although he trudged ever westward he found no natives and no British forces. With the exception of various species of antelope the country was lifeless. He left the hills behind and commenced to cross a dry, sandy plain. Hour after hour he marched, his feet moving mechanically, his mind in a daze. The water in the second bottle grew less and less, while the other hung like lead from his aching shoulder. Yet he would not abandon it. At noon on the second day he swallowed the last drop of the flat, lukewarm liquid. Thereafter he had no clear idea of what happened. He remembered feeling along like a drunken man, his head sunk on his chest, watching his feet move forward until they assumed gigantic proportions. "I am getting light-headed," he thought, and recollecting how and why he had emptied his second water-bottle he laughed aloud, or thought he did. All that came from his parched throat and blistered lips was a harsh cackle. Towards evening an uneven piece of ground brought him down full length on his face. He

struggled to rise, but the effort was too much, and he became unconscious.

An hour later the flaming sun set in great masses of purple and black clouds that surged over the western hills. Saumarez came out of his coma to find the rain teeming down, yet it took his tired brain several minutes to realise that a change in the weather had saved him from an agonising death by thirst.

But though he had now no need to worry about water, the rain had turned the plain into a quagmire. When the sun rose the country steamed like a vapour-bath, and he plunged forward, sinking to his knees in thick clinging mud. Gasping for breath he crawled up the slope on his hands and knees until, reaching firm ground among some bushes, he collapsed.

He woke up as the sun was setting, aware that his over-tired mind had been dreaming, and from some subconscious cell in his brain had come the sound of a bugle. He sat up, and saw with satisfaction that both water-bottles depended from their straps. And then a sound broke the stillness, clear-cut and not far distant, the long, sustained note of a shrill military whistle.

With a hoarse cry Saumarez struggled to his feet and began a staggering run in the direction of the sound.

Captain Pearson, of the K.A.R., stared down the hillside in the direction indicated by the native sentry.

"Seems in a hurry, whoever it is," he remarked, "and not too sure of his feet." He added, as the reeling figure fell flat, "Better go and see what he wants."

Five minutes later a wild-eyed, gaunt object stood swaying in front of him. It was plastered in yellow mud from head to foot, hairless; its khaki shirt and shorts in tattered ribbons, it had only one boot and a puttee trailed out behind. It's filthy, bleeding, festering fingers clutched a battered water-bottle, and it rocked on its heels and made curious noises that were neither laughter nor tears.

"Who the deuce are you, and where have you come from?" demanded Captain Pearson.

The figure made a valiant effort to square its shoulders and salute. "I'm Saumarez," it said, and staggering forward it laid its muddy head on the broad breast of Captain Pearson's clean bush-bouse.

CHAPTER 2.

VALERIE

IN obedience to her signal John Cartwright crossed the lounge and took his seat on the settee beside Cynthia Wargrave. With a faint smile he held out first his cigarette-case, and then his lighter. Cynthia regarded him quizzically, her sleek dark head on one side.

"Well," she asked, "how does my old friend like being dragged from the dark recesses of his club into the light of day?" John Cartwright's smile broadened.

"It's very kind of you to ask me down here, Cynthia," he replied. "I seldom go out, you know."

Cartwright had arrived at the Wargraves' country house only half an hour before dinner, and this was the first opportunity he had had of a conversation with his hostess.

"I do know," replied Cynthia. "Charles told me that you were rapidly developing into a hermit, and only the most courageous dare approach you. That was why my letter to you was rather peremptory." "Your brother was always given to exaggeration," said John.

"But no one sees anything of you nowadays. What change has taken place that you have become so retiring?"

Cartwright drew at his cigarette before replying. He had often asked himself that same question.

"I'm hanged if I know, Cynthia," he said at length. "I've wondered sometimes if I'm getting old."

"Fiddlesticks!" retorted Cynthia. "You're not forty-two yet."

"All the same, I think it must be old age creeping on. I seem to have lost my zest for life. Nothing holds any interest for me at all. I want to be left alone. You wouldn't have found me coming to a house-party like this for anybody but you, my dear."

"Thank you, John. Have you seen a doctor?"

"Yes. He said I was as sound as a bell physically, and he gave me a tonic, which had no effect. I've just got that beastly feeling that nothing matters very much."

"Poor old John, what a rotten state to be in! I think what you need is some new, vital thing in your life. Something to put fresh energy into you, to give you a shock. Have you ever been in love?"

John looked at her, and his tired, thin face broke into a smile.

"Yes, I know," said Cynthia, calmly, "but that's all over. I am a respectable married woman now, and you've far too much sense to say that because I married Harry you will never look at another woman."

"So you think falling in love would cure me?" asked John after a pause. "I don't know that it would."

Cynthia smiled, her eyes full of kindness.

"You want a wife, John."

"Oh, no, certainly not. It's no good trying to find me an eligible girl, Cynthia. I know when people get married they find it so delightful and novel that they want all their friends to get married too, but that's not coming off with me."

The Wargraves' large house was packed to its utmost capacity with guests, and the long paneled lounge rang with chatter and laughter. Young people predominated. Indeed, John Cartwright, Harry Wargrave and two of his friends were the oldest present. A burst of laughter from the far end of the room made John look up.

"You know, sometimes I feel I've got beyond all that," he remarked, nodding in the direction of the noise. "The youth of to-day hasn't much time for old fogies like myself, and a great many of us haven't much time for them. We think them selfish, badly-mannered, and worse bred."

JOHN looked at the group gathered about the fireplace at the far end. There were half a dozen young men and four girls, but it was the central figure that attracted his gaze.

At the moment, encouraged by the raucous cries of her companions, she was engaged in executing some intricate step-dance which seemed to consist of violently wagging the knees backwards and forwards while at the same time the feet, with toes turned inward, were alternately crossed one over the other. In this curious manner she progressed down the length of the room, escorted by her cheering companions. As a finale she executed a high kick to the level of her shoulder. One shoe flew off and sailed straight for Cynthia. There was a shout of laughter, but if John had not made a neat catch it would have struck her in the face.

As the girl limped across to claim her property John stood up.

"Sorry," she said, "that wasn't in the programme."

She took her shoe without a word of thanks to John, or an apology to her hostess, put it on and walked away.

John had received an impression of a dead white face with rather hard eyes, and red lips. He watched as the girl strode away, moving with an easy grace. She wore a frock of some powder-blue material that fitted her perfectly, what there was of it. Nearly three-quarters of her back was naked, and in the front there was just sufficient of it to preserve the decencies. It was, John realised, the most outstanding frock in the room, and was deliberately provocative, but it would have looked better in cabaret or on a film vamp.

"Who is that?" he asked of Cynthia, as he resumed his seat.

Cynthia, who was looking rather annoyed, frowned.

"Valerie Hayward," she replied shortly. "Didn't her parents teach her any manners?" said John.

"She has none," Cynthia answered, briefly. For a minute or two she sat silent, a troubled look in her eyes.

"I'm really rather worried about Valerie," she said presently. "She's difficult, unstable; one never knows what she is going to do next."

"She seems to me to be an unlucky young cub who would be all the better if she was put across somebody's knee and given a good smacking," retorted John rather angrily.

"You can't treat girls of twenty-two like that nowadays," Cynthia gave a pitiful laugh. "And I'm not sure that Valerie's had a fair chance. You see, her father's death upset her dreadfully. His horse rolled on him when he was out with the Belvoir the Christmas Eve before last. His back was broken, and he died before they could move him. Valerie's mother had died when she was quite a child, and the loss of her father broke her heart."

"It seems to have mended quite well," remarked John, cynically, as he watched the girl fit a cigarette into a preposterous holder some nine inches long that matched the blue in her frock.

"The young recover quickly," said a male voice.

Cynthia looked up as her husband approached and sat down on the settee.

"I was just telling John about Valerie's father," she explained.

"Hm, Tom Hayward was asking for trouble," said Harry Wargrave. "He knew that mark of his had a bad habit of pecking at her jumps. He had had several falls with her, and in the end she killed him. But Valerie—" He shook his head. "Old Tom was one of the best," he added.

"So was Valerie until he was killed," maintained Cynthia. "But his death seemed to knock her off her balance. She inherited everything, of course, and she sold the estate as soon as she could and took a flat in town. She lives there alone except for a maid. I may be old-fashioned, but it doesn't seem to be quite the thing for a girl of her age."

"It certainly hasn't done her any good," said Harry. "Well, I suppose she'll have to work out her own salvation. What about a little rubber of bridge, John? We'll adjourn to the smoking-room, and then this lot can make as much row as they like."

As John left the lounge with Wargrave and two other men, a loud, ugly laugh sounded. He looked back. It came from Valerie Hayward, and it had an unpleasant ring about it. John thought he had seldom met a girl whom he disliked so thoroughly.

IT was early the following morning before John made for his bedroom. He and Harry Wargrave had sat up long after the other guests had retired, yarning about old times. They had both been in France together with a Yeomanry regiment until the summer of '16, when John had been shot through the shoulder. He came back to England, but he was not the type of man to stay there when his friends were in the thick of it. After his convalescence he applied to the Colonial Office for service with the King's African Rifles. He was with the 3rd Battalion of that famous regiment when they were cut up by the Germans at Namakuru, on the Quilemaine River, in June, 1918. He came out of that unpleasant affair with a cleanly-drilled wound through the fleshy part of his thigh, and was, in consequence, placed in charge of a prisoner-of-war camp. Later he saw service against the Somalis, in Jubaland. But it was chiefly about the bloody, muddy days on the Somme that he and

Wargrave spoke until the stable clock chiming two, brought them abruptly to their feet.

"I shall hear from Cynthia about this," remarked John, guiltily, as he followed his host up the wide staircase.

He had been given a room in one wing of the big house, and as he made his way by candle-light down the long corridor, he thought how silent and deserted the old place was. And then, at a turn in the passage, he saw that he was wrong: the house was not deserted.

A short distance away two figures stepped quickly apart. As he drew near John saw that one was Valerie Hayward. She was dressed in a kimono, her bare feet in pale blue slippers. Her barbaric ear-rings had vanished. The softening light of the candle took away the contrast of her red lips against her powdered face; her hair glinted as if set with diamonds. She looked very young and almost beautiful. Her companion who, to do him justice, appeared embarrassed, was the tall, sallow man with whom she had been dancing.

Feeling rather uncomfortable, John strode past. The man kept his back turned, but the girl stared hard at John. He caught the look in her eyes, annoyed, and slightly contemptuous. A faint smile hung about her sullen mouth.

But John passed without a word, and he was rather surprised when Valerie said, in a low voice:

"Good night, Mr. Cartwright."

"Good night," he said, shortly.

The following morning, while Cynthia was arranging some flowers in the lounge, he asked her who the sallow man was.

"Of course, you have not met him: he came late last night, after you and Harry had begun bridge. He is Major Saumarez. Perhaps you have heard of him. He was in the K.A.R. during the War."

"Oh? Saumarez?" John frowned. "Saumarez? By Jove, I wonder if he was the fellow who got collared by the Abyssinians. He got away all right, but there was some story attached to his escape. I've forgotten what it was for the moment."

"I believe he was a prisoner," said Cynthia. "I think he has business in Kenya; he's only home in England on odd occasions. He follows Valerie about a good deal." There was the faintest trace of anxiety in Cynthia's tone.

John glanced quickly at her.

"So do half a dozen other young men, if last night was any criterion. They were clustered round her in the lounge like flies round a honey-pot."

"I should hardly describe Valerie as a honey-pot," Cynthia remarked with a smile.

"No, that was not a good effort. But why are you anxious about Saumarez?"

"Am I? Well, in a way, I suppose I am. He's not quite Valerie's standard, but I must admit he's a great favorite with the feminine element wherever he goes. Harry tells me that it is rather the reverse with men. They never seem to take to him, and I've enough faith in Harry's judgment to feel just a trifle anxious about Valerie. I should hate to see her swept off her feet and married to the wrong man."

"I take it he's apt to talk about what he's done," John hazarded.

"Yes, that rather counts against him. He relates his successes, and people more than suspect that he plays to the gallery. That's one of the reasons why he has no male friends, but a host of acquaintances. Harry says he's unsound."

"Looks to me like a bit of a dago with those black eyes and hair, and that sallow skin."

"I believe there's Portuguese blood in his family a generation or so back, and Valerie's people had lived at Larchford for centuries until she sold the place. I was very angry with her about that. She—hullo, Valerie," she broke off. "How did you sleep?"

"Very well, thank you, Cynthia. And

how is Mr. Cartwright this morning?"

"Quite fit thanks."

"Fit enough to come and see the rockery? It's rather famous, you know."

JOHN was surprised. He knew far more about the rockery than Valerie. Yet he accepted the invitation, and as they strolled off Cynthia watched with a faint smile.

"They make a good pair," she said to her husband, who had just come up.

"What, old John and Valerie? My sainted aunt! Valerie's just the sort John would lustre. Besides, you match-making hussy, he's too fond of his creature comforts, and too set in his habits, to think of marrying."

Cynthia smiled as she arranged some flowers in a vase.

Valerie and John walked in silence across the terrace and down the broad, flagged path that led to the rose-garden.

John still pondering over the invitation, glanced at his companion. Valerie was wearing a frock of palest yellow. A large floppy hat protected her head from the sun.

"Are you interested in rockeries?" she asked, suddenly.

"Not particularly," said John.

"Nor am I. Let's go up to the woods."

They turned right-handed and slowly ascended the slope, the top of which was crowned with stately elm and beech. Valerie, taking off her hat, stretched herself at full length on the soft grass.

"Were you talking to Cynthia about me?" she asked, abruptly.

"You were certainly mentioned," John replied, guardedly.

"And Victor?"

"Victor?"

"Major Saumarez."

"He was mentioned also," John admitted, wondering why he endured this cross-examination.

"I suppose, after our unexpected meeting in the corridor, you wanted to know all about us."

"If you think I was discussing your behaviour last night, you're quite wrong," he said, sharply. "It was no concern of mine, although a great many people might have put a wrong construction on it."

"You may put what construction on it you like," Valerie retorted.

Her eyes were closed, her arms behind her head. John looked at her over-red lips that seemed to be mocking him, but did not reply. There was a silence.

"You don't like me, do you—John?" remarked Valerie at length. There was a hint of coquettishness in the way she used his first name.

John said nothing. He did not feel sure of his ground.

"You think I am bad-mannered, empty-headed, rude and selfish, don't you? Oh, you needn't be afraid of admitting it. I've been told exactly what I'm like more than once."

"Why did you invite me to come out here with you?" John asked, trying to steer out of personalities.

"Because I rather liked the look of you, and because I knew instinctively that you loathed me."

She turned over on her face, and cupping her chin in her hands, gazed into the depths of the wood.

"You strike me as a rather dependable fellow, John. Sensible. All these others, boys like Dicky Turner and the Cherub, imagine that when I go out with them I want to flirt. I get rather tired of being kissed by Tom, Dick, and Harry."

"Why let them?" suggested John.

"They only sulk if I don't. Besides, there's a saying: 'Try anything once'."

"It's a damn silly one."

Valerie smiled enigmatically.

"Oh, John, has the blood of youth cooled in your veins?"

John saw the sidelong look of the blue

eyes. If one could only forget the make-up, a very pretty girl was lying there. He wondered if she was deliberately trying to add his scalp to her belt.

"I don't think you are their type. If you took me for a drive in your car you wouldn't expect me to pay my fare by allowing you to kiss me and hold my hand, and touch my knee every time you have occasion to change gear. I think you'd be rather a novelty, John."

Cartwright, who heartily loathed men who spoke of their amorous adventures, decided that Valerie belonged to the same category.

"Does Major Saumarez do that?" he asked.

"Major Saumarez is—in love with me," said Valerie. She hesitated over the words, as if she was not quite certain of the truth of her remark. "At least, I think he is, but there is a great difference between love and desire," she added.

"If that's what you think you should steer clear of him."

Valerie, her eyes on a distant elm, smiled. "Should I?" she asked. "Oh, John, I was quite right when I said you were sensible, but I was never very good at taking advice." She rose, and stretching her arms wide, turned her face up to the sky. Then she looked down at him.

"I must go and see Victor," she added. "He's been waiting in the rocky for the past half-hour, so he won't be in a very pleasant frame of mind."

FOR several days he did not see her alone, nor did she seek his company. When she was not with Saumarez—and while she was in the house he was never far distant from her—she was usually out in one of the fast cars which Dicky Turner, the Chubb, and the other attendant young men each seemed to possess. It was usually in the early hours of the morning that she returned.

Towards the end of his stay he was awakened by a noise in the corridor. He listened. From the sounds that filtered through the door, somebody was having considerable difficulty in steering a straight course. John glanced at his wrist-watch. It was ten minutes past three.

The footsteps sounded unevenly for a moment. The panels of a door creaked, as if pressure had been applied to them. There was a soft, scripping noise, and then a thud.

"Damn'd young idiot," muttered John, as he got out of bed and grabbed a torch. "She'll wake everybody." He had no doubt who was responsible for the noise.

When he opened his door Valerie was lying propped against the wall near her own room. One leg was drawn up, the other stretched straight out. Her evening cloak was open; her fair head had fallen on one shoulder, her lower jaw sagged. John shook her.

"Get up, and don't make a row," he whispered, but the only reply was a grunt.

John opened the door of her room and switched on the light. Then, stooping down, he picked her up and laid her on the bed. As he bent over her he noticed that her breath smelt strongly of whisky. He made a disgusting grimace.

Searching the room he found a sponge on the washstand. Soaking it in the water-jug, he slapped it on her face. After the third application she opened her eyes.

"Sorry I went down," she muttered. "Rather he'll be sorry. Be all right presently. Vic's fault; he gave me too much."

"How are you feeling, Val?" asked a soft voice from the corridor.

John, who was standing behind the door, pulled it back and came face to face with Saumarez.

"What the devil—" began the latter.

"She'll be better presently," snapped John. "Oh," said Saumarez, who was plainly disconcerted.

The two men glared at each other, John blocking the doorway, his mouth set like a steel trap.

"I was going to help her, but she vanished while I was putting the car away," explained Saumarez.

"Next time you take a girl out see that she doesn't make a fool of herself," retorted John.

An ugly look came into Saumarez's eyes. "When I want your advice I'll ask for it," he snapped.

"Good night," replied John, and, with a grin, he shut the door. He had a habit of grinning when there was a likelihood of trouble.

He made Valerie comfortable, pulling up the eiderdown, and left her.

He did not see her until the following afternoon, when she sought him out in the library. The make-up on her face accentuated her drawn features. She gazed at him rather defiantly as she sprawled in an arm-chair with a cigarette drooping from her sulky mouth.

"I was a bit tight last night," she said.

"What exactly happened?"

John explained how he had found her inert outside her room.

"Saumarez came to inquire after you, and I told him off," he added.

"I'm glad of that. Vic was a bit peevish. He tried to be funny, and I smacked his face and called him a filthy dago."

There was not a word of thanks to John for his help.

"I wondered why he left suddenly this morning."

"Did he?" Valerie moistened her lips and flung her half-smoked cigarette into the grate.

"Why don't you chuck this idiotic way of going on?" Cartwright ventured.

The next second two blazing blue eyes were turned on him.

"What the devil's it got to do with you?"

"What you really want is a good spanking," retorted John, quite unperturbed. "You're just an unlicked cub. Freedom has gone to your head, and you've not to mind your balance yet."

The defiant eyes stared at him. Then:

"If it interests you I am going away, clearing out altogether. I'm sick of this artificial life, tired of these stupid men always hanging about me. You're the only sensible one of the lot, John, the only one who hasn't tried to make love to me. That's why I treat you as a sort of Father Confessor."

"Where are you going?" John asked in surprise.

"Africa, Kenya." The answer was snapped out viciously. "I'm going out to shoot big game, but, in particular, I want to get a white rhino up in the north-east corner."

"What do you know about white rhino?"

"Vic has told me about them. I got the idea of going to Africa from him." She glanced quickly at John as he sat there, chewing the stem of his pipe. "Why?"

"Cynthia told me Saumarez goes back to Kenya in three weeks' time," John said, slowly.

"If you think that's why I am going you must be a damn fool," cried Valerie, viciously.

CHAPTER 3 INTERLUDE

THE Wargraves and John were completely taken aback by Valerie's decision. It meant the abandonment of a mode of life which she had followed for the last eighteen months and the dropping of her male friends, and for a long time neither Cynthia nor John really believed she would go.

On the other hand, John found himself growing more and more interested in the girl. Not that he was in any danger of falling in love with her; far from it. There were too many things about her that he disliked. But her character had as many facets as a diamond, and John instinctively felt that if one could only get under the hard defensive shell there was good stuff underneath.

So he took her under his wing, which is to say that she allowed him to accompany her about London and offer advice on such technical matters as guns and equipment.

John loved every moment of it. In helping Valerie to buy her kit he was reliving a phase of his own youth. Almost he could smell the sweat, taste the dust and see the hot shimmer of the sun beating down on the open plains, could hear the musical, sing-song voices of the natives he had loved, and envisage the peace of camp at the end of the long day's trek. All very attractive, of course, but dammit, he was a settled business man nowadays, no good remembering and regretting the East and the years of war. Meanwhile there was still a lot he could do for Valerie's comfort and safety on her forthcoming safari.

Thereafter John took her to a range, whence she emerged with a bruised shoulder and a bump on her jaw. But because she was naturally obstinate she stuck to it, and became a good shot, although, as John pointed out, there is an immense difference between shooting at a moving target and facing a charging lion, with the knowledge that if you don't stop him with your second shot it is highly probable that his claws will literally strip the flesh off your bones, and you will enter camp feet first.

For once in her young life Valerie whose self-confidence was enormous, began to doubt her ability to carry the thing through, which was just what the cunning John had been working for. He had previously mentioned the fact that she would need a white hunter to accompany her. He would find out where the game was, boss up the porters, select camp sites, and generally run the whole show.

"Like everything else in this world, hunters can be divided into two classes; good and bad. I want you to have a first-class one. I think the best thing I can do is to put you in touch with an old friend of mine."

"Whereabouts does he live?" asked Valerie indifferently. "Nairobi?"

"As a matter of fact," John said slowly, "it's not a he. It's a she."

"Oh," said Valerie, in a voice tinged with that defiance which John knew so well.

"She has a farm," he continued hastily, "but she does take out hunting parties. Of course, she may be away when you arrive, but if not she'll be able to put you in touch with the right man."

"What is her name?"

"Kate Langridge."

"Is she married?" asked Valerie, wrinkling her nose. Somehow, the name Kate sounded horribly Victorian to her, and she loathed anything which savoured of that magnificent age.

"No," said John, "she's not married."

Valerie became convinced that her visualisation of Miss Langridge was correct.

"But she's lived all her life in Africa, and she's a mine of information. I'd rather have her with me in a tight corner than a good many men."

John's eyes grew suddenly wistful, and there was a note of admiration in his voice that made Valerie glance at him quickly. John caught the look and subsided.

"I'll write to her," he added lamely.

Valerie said nothing, not even "Thank you." An awkward silence followed.

"There's also someone else who might be able to help you if you go up to North-east Kenya. A lad named Conway Norton. He is the son of a great friend of mine who died of fever out there. I used to see a good deal of the youngster when he was at school here, and afterwards when he was at the Varsity. You see, I was a sort of guardian to him, nothing official, but his father was one of my best pals. He's a great fellow, bound to get on, one of the very best."

"I'll look him up," said Valerie, which is more than she said about Kate Langridge. On an unpleasant, showery morning

Valerie sailed from Southampton in the Corfe Castle bound for Mombasa by the East Coast route. John, Cynthia and Harry Wargrave, and numerous young men were present to see her off, so that she held quite a reception in the first-class saloon, which appealed to her vanity and annoyed John immensely; since, even among the other leave-taking parties the laughter and noise made them conspicuous.

As the Corfe Castle moved slowly away, John stood on the dock side with the Wargraves and watched her with something like envy in his heart. He had enjoyed the last three weeks, and although he would not admit it to anyone, he knew he would miss Valerie.

FOUR days after the Corfe Castle had sailed, John was lunching at his club with an old friend who had been with him during the fighting against the Somalis, and they were talking over old times.

"By the way, Trevor," said John, "I met a fellow the other day who was in a similar job. Saumarez was his name, with the rank of major."

"Was he the fellow who got his patrol cut up by slavers?" asked Trevor.

"I'm not sure. We weren't particularly friendly, and no one else seemed to know, but I thought he was."

"Hm," grunted Trevor. "Saumarez is a rummy customer. Plenty of money, plenty of acquaintances, but no friends. No one seems to know what he does."

"I thought he had business in Kenya. Does he farm?"

Trevor, who was by way of being a solicitor, thoughtfully tapped a cigarette on his thumbnail.

"That's the curious thing about him: no one knows exactly what he does. About eight or ten months ago, on behalf of a client, I had inquiries made about Major Saumarez. This client of mine had a rather attractive wife, who, for her part, seemed to find Saumarez attractive, too. There were all the makings of a first-class divorce case when fortunately the wife saw the red light, and I persuaded the husband that the whole affair was perfectly innocent, which I don't believe it was. However, the husband and wife are a loving couple once again, and the lady has learned her lesson. But Major Saumarez hasn't a very good reputation with the ladies. In this particular case things were facilitated by the fact that he found someone more attractive."

"Who was that?" asked John quickly.

Trevor glanced across the table and saw that his friend wore a curiously strained expression.

"Well, between ourselves, her name was Valerie Hayward."

John made no answer. Unpleasant thoughts passed through his brain. He remembered that Saumarez had left for Mombasa nearly a month ago, but a previous remark of Trevor's kept recurring to him: "... nor is he the sort of fellow who gives up his prey without a struggle. He did not trust Major Saumarez."

"What does Saumarez do in Kenya?" he asked presently.

"Curious thing, but no one seems to know. He lands at Mombasa and then vanishes. Occasionally he's seen at Nairobi, and he always stays at the best hotels, but as to his business, well, it was my job, as I said, to 'make inquiries' about him, and I found out absolutely nothing."

JOHN left his club in a very disturbed state of mind, but when he got to his office and thought matters over, it became obvious that he was making a mountain out of a molehill. In any case, he was comforted by the remembrance of the letter he had written to Kate Langridge.

He received a cable from Kate Langridge

a week after Valerie had sailed. Kate would meet her in Nairobi.

Valerie, with no knowledge of this, arrived at Kilindini, which is the principal harbor of Mombasa, one blazing day when sea and sky vied with each other in the density of their blueness that was accentuated by the great red oil tanks of Smith, Mackenzie's firm and the white pile of the custom-house and shipping offices on shore. With some difficulty she shook off three attentive young men whose most urgent desire was to show her round the town, and drove to the Manor Hotel. She decided to wait a day or two in Mombasa before taking the train at Nairobi.

That evening, however, a surprise awaited her. She was sitting in the lounge, idly glancing through an illustrated periodical and trying to decide whether she would write a letter to Cynthia or make a post-card do instead, when somebody addressed her.

"Pardon me, but are you Miss Hayward?"

She looked up to find a short, spare man standing before her.

"Yes," she replied, "I am."

The man hooked a chair towards him with his foot and sat down. There was something curiously smooth and swift about his movements that attracted Valerie's notice.

"You'll pardon me butting in on you like this," he said, "but I was sent down to Mombasa to find you."

"To find me?" repeated Valerie in surprise. "Who sent you?"

The man grinned and his lean face broke into a thousand tiny wrinkles.

"I guess we'd better say it was a mutual friend, Miss Hayward. You see, I'm a hunter by profession, and seeing that you're going after big game—" He hung out a small brown hand.

"Oh, I understand! Miss Langridge sent you. Mr. Cartwright wrote to her and asked her to find me a reliable hunter."

"I guess that's about right," he said slowly. "I don't know Mr. Cartwright, but I do know Miss Langridge. My name is Clements, Tom Clements."

"I'm very pleased to welcome you. Won't you have a drink?" Mr. Clements accepted that one, and also had several more, while they discussed plans for Valerie's safari.

Clements persistently urged that she should come up to Nairobi and start as soon as possible.

"You see," he explained, "I happen to know there are two or three big safaris starting in a few weeks' time. That's why I suggest we start for Nairobi to-morrow morning."

"I see your point," said Valerie, "but I only wrote to Miss Langridge this afternoon saying that I should be in Nairobi in five days' time and would she meet me at the New Stanley Hotel. I can't very well—"

"You needn't worry yourself about that, Miss Hayward. Miss Langridge won't get that letter for weeks. She's off on safari herself."

"Then how did she get Mr. Cartwright's letter?"

"She'd only just started, I guess, and her mail was sent after her by runner. That's how she got in touch with me. Everything's O.K., Miss Hayward. The best thing we can do is to get up to Nairobi to-morrow, get our porters, and clear out as soon as possible."

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low. He charged eighty pounds a month for his services and all found, and a month's notice must be given by either party for the termination of the contract. Valerie signed, and he promptly undertook the task of transporting her and her belongings to Nairobi by the next day's train.

They set off for Nairobi the following day, and Valerie was installed at the New Stanley Hotel. Clements himself chose a more humble abode, and promptly became busy with the organisation of the safari. But he saw Valerie every day and asked her opinion on certain matters, although he did not always take it.

One evening they dined together and, to her surprise, Valerie found that Clements could be quite entertaining. He had lived all his life in Africa and he was a born raconteur.

They were taking their coffee in the lounge and Clements was telling the story of an ill-fated elephant hunt during which his partner lost his life owing to a misfire, when Valerie became aware that a third person had joined them.

She was tall and thin as a rail. Her face was tanned the color of old saddle leather, and about her steady grey eyes were innumerable tiny wrinkles caused by constant staring into strong sunlight. Her hair, which was bobbed, parted like a man's and brushed off a broad forehead, had been bleached by the sun until it was as fair as to be almost white. She wore a frock which would have done equally well for afternoon tea or dinner, but in comparison with Valerie's backless creation it was dowdy. This did not appear to worry her, for she gave Valerie a long scrutiny and then remarked:

"You are Valerie Hayward, aren't you? I'm glad you've arrived safely. I'm Kate Langridge."

She held out a hand as bronzed and hard as a man's, and crushed Valerie's dainty, manicured fingers in a strong grip.

"So you did get my letter?" said Valerie.

"Yes, but I didn't answer it because I reckoned I'd be in Nairobi before you. I thought you weren't coming up for a week or so."

Valerie was about to reply when she noticed Clements's face. His lower jaw had dropped and he was staring at Kate Langridge as if she was a ghost. Suddenly Valerie remembered.

"But Mr. Clements said you had gone on safari. That's why you had sent him down to assist me."

Kate, who had been standing to one side of Clements, dragged forward a chair.

"And who is Mr. Clements?" she asked.

Valerie stared in amazement.

"Why, this gentleman," she replied, and glanced across the table.

Kate gave one look and then emitted what can only be described as a snort of disgust.

"Gentleman, did you say?" she remarked.

"So you call yourself Clements now, do you? Why have you been using my name?"

Clements opened and shut his mouth like a fish. It was plain to Valerie something was amiss.

"But, Mr. Clements, you told me Miss Langridge had received Mr. Cartwright's letter, and as she was going on safari herself she had sent you to act as hunter."

"I certainly got John's letter, but as for employing this object, not likely. I know too much about him. What's this great idea, Mr.—er—Clements?"

There was an uncomfortable silence.

"Well?" Kate Langridge rapped out the word like a pistol-shot and her large mouth set in a forbidding line.

"I wanted a job—badly," muttered Clements. His blue eyes fell under the stare of Kate's grey ones.

"And you picked on Miss Hayward? Why? How did you know she wanted a hunter?"

"I heard she was going to shoot big game and I wanted to get in first. And

"what's more, I have," he concluded defiantly.
"You see, I signed a contract," Valerie explained.

"Ah, I understand," remarked Kate Langridge.

"So you've come too late," sneered Clements, with an ugly look. But Kate was unmoved.

"On the contrary, I've come just in time. Let me see that contract."

Clements produced it. "You can't get away from that," he said confidently. "It's signed and witnessed."

Kate read it with a grim smile, while Valerie, rather bewildered by the sudden turn of events, wondered what was going to happen next. She was quickly enlightened.

"Triple!" remarked Kate. Suddenly she folded the agreement and tore it across and flung the fragments on to the floor. "There's your contract. Now clear out."

"Here," cried Clements, jumping to his feet, "you can't get out of it that way. That's a legal document. I've been engaged on a monthly basis."

"Well, you're sacked now," retorted Kate calmly. "I'll allow no friend of mine to be entrusted to your tender mercies."

"I'll take it to court. I'll sue you! I'll claim a month's wages! You can't sack me like that just because you want the job. I'll see—"

"You will be the last person to go into a court of law, Mr.—Clements, did you say your name was? Last time I had anything to do with you, you called yourself Ashford. That was on the Uganda border. There was a matter of some ivory."

Clements sat down slowly, his face a study.

"So it was you that pinched the ivory I buried," he whispered.

"Yes, and I handed it over to the Government. I have the receipt if you wish to see it. I'd have handed you over, too, only I didn't know until afterwards who had done the pinching."

Clements's eyes glinted dangerously.

"You bitch," he hissed venomously. The next instant there was a resounding crack as Kate Langridge's large hand smote him hard on the left ear.

"I've told you you're sacked," she said pleasantly. "Are you going, or shall I have to throw you out?"

"You wait," muttered Clements, getting to his feet. "I'll get even with you for this."

He scrambled out of the lounge, his hand to his crimson ear.

"Well, I think I deserve a drink after that," Kate remarked. "Boyl! Whisky soda." She turned to Valerie. "Sorry to cause all this disturbance, but I had to take a firm line with that shenan."

CHAPTER 4 MKAMBA'S COMPLAINT.

CONWAY NORTON pushed from him the papers he was studying, and, with a "Phew!" of protest at the heat, rose from his chair and picked up his helmet. He slammed and locked the door of his office and then stepped out of the shade of the deep thatch on to the small square of stamped earth which he was pleased to call his "parade ground." The heat rose up and smote him like a blow, and he half-closed his eyes to the sun glare. He slouched across the square to a whitewashed bungalow with a bravely-thatched roof that extended over the walls to form a shaded verandah on all four sides of the building.

Norton flung himself into a long chair and absented one word:

"Sindu!"

"Yes, master," came a sleepy reply from the back premises.

Norton pitched his helmet on to a convenient table and closed his eyes for the heat made him drowsy, until the patter of bare feet announced the tardy arrival of Sindu. Norton pulled a bunch of keys from

his shorts and tossed them into Sindu's pink palms. The native opened a cupboard, and taking from it a whisky bottle, half-filled a tin mug with the tepid liquid. Adding a small amount of soda-water, he brought it to Norton, who drank it at a gulp, and then held out the mug to be replenished.

Sindu poured out a second tot, but observing that his master's eyes were shut, he promptly put the bottle to his own lips.

Kate and Valerie, coming through a gap in the low hills, in advance of their safari, saw the little station a bare half-mile ahead. Since she had dismissed Tom Clements in such uncerecerous a fashion, Kate had realised that if she herself was not to be dismissed she would have to use the utmost caution in handling her employer. She remembered John Cartwright's injunction to "ride her on the snaffle" and smiled. If only her job was to be as easy as that she would have had nothing to fear.

For her part, Valerie was in two minds about Kate. On the one hand she disliked her for her knowledge and the efficiency which Valerie herself lacked. On the other hand, as John Cartwright's especial charge, she would get far better service from Kate Langridge than any other white hunter whom she might employ. So she consented to take her with the safari, and thereafter Kate was extremely wary in her behaviour.

Kate was experienced and shrewd. When the first week had passed without any open quarrel with Valerie, she decided that unless anything unforeseen occurred there was no reason why the two of them should not get on together. Like John Cartwright, she believed that under Valerie's less pleasing and obvious traits there lay a strata of good, sound stuff, for the girl had courage and nerve.

Since Kate had spent most of her life in Africa, she had naturally learned to use her eyes. As she and Valerie drew closer to the station she sensed that things were not as they should be. Although it was not yet half-past four in the afternoon an unnatural quiet hung over the place. No living thing, except a few chickens in a pen, scratching despondently in the dust, was to be seen. The Union Jack hung limply from the flagstaff, and Kate, who had been to N'Yobo before and knew Conway Norton, saw that the office door was shut and that there did not seem to be anyone in the police lines.

As the two women approached the main building, a dog, a cross between an Alsatian and an Airedale, rose up from the shade of the verandah and inspected them with silent curiosity. Deciding that they were well-disposed persons, he lay down again.

CONWAY NORTON lay asleep in a long chair on the flat arm of which rested an empty tin mug. His head had fallen forward on to his chest. Three days' stubble decorated his chin. His shirt and shorts were dirty, and the back of his collar was black with sweat.

Leaving Valerie on the verandah, Kate walked over to the sleeping man. It might be that he was on the verge of fever or else just recovering from an attack. She sniffed at the tin mug, noted that it had contained whisky, and then glanced round the room.

At that moment Conway Norton opened his eyes. The next instant he had sprung out of the chair. Then he laughed uncertainly.

"Kate! Of all people! What are you doing up here again?"

"I just walked in," Kate explained. "There was no one to say me nay. I thought perhaps you were down with fever."

"Those damn boys!" cried Norton, with an irritable note in his voice. "They're always dodging the column unless you're at their elbow. They should have let me know you were coming. What are you doing up here?" he repeated. "By Jove, it's good to see your old brown face again! I've

seen nothing but blasted natives for months."

"Same old story—earning my living," replied Kate. "Come outside and meet my employer."

She went on to the verandah and Norton followed. He was aware of someone in shorts and stockings with their back to him, making much of his dog, who, being an independent beast, was standing stock still with a distant look in his eyes, plainly disliking the whole business.

"Valerie, this is Mr. Conway Norton," said Kate.

Valerie turned and straightened herself. With her pale gold hair, for she had discarded her helmet, and her white silk shirt, she looked like a young boy. To Norton, who had not seen a white person for months, she looked like Venus herself. He suddenly became conscious of his unshaven chin and dirty clothes, and presently, muttering an excuse, he retired in search of a house-boy, whom he ordered to produce tea for his visitors, while he made himself more presentable.

When the safari came into the station Kate selected the camp site and checked up the loads. But her mind was not wholly occupied with her task. Half of it was concerned with Conway Norton. There were indications that things were not going too well with him. She knew the terrible, staggering monotony of life in a lonely post with only an occasional "tour" to relieve the dull, tedious round. She knew, too, that some men are incapable of withstanding the strain. It looked very much as if Conway Norton was one of those men.

A MORE serious matter was that he had probably neglected his work. She knew that the District Commissioner—Norton was only an Assistant D.C.—was a not very affable person, inclined to be fussy and pedantic over details. Like many people of similar character, the D.C. was harsh when he intended only to be firm, and his judgments seldom erred on the side of leniency. If he suspected that Norton was not attending to his duties, he would probably make things unpleasant for the lad.

The arrival of the two women, however, seemed to have restored Norton's sense of proportion. He turned up to dinner that night decently attired, shaven, and with his hair brushed. Except that he looked a little unhealthy, he was once more the Conway Norton of nine months ago.

In spite of Valerie's assertion to John Cartwright that she was tired of young males, she found that Norton attracted her. Cartwright had often spoken to her about him, for he was almost a son to John, and she became a little tired of hearing his praises, but rather to her surprise she discovered she was beginning to like him.

The following morning, conscious that he had received a mental tonic, Norton rose with the sun and put in two hours at his office before breakfast, a thing he had neglected to do for many weeks. He was uncomfortably aware that his work was badly in arrears.

Although Valerie occupied a considerable portion of his thoughts, except during a brief midday meal, he saw little of her until five o'clock, when he suggested she might care to come out with a shot-gun and try for a small buck. She accepted and they set off, leaving Kate on the verandah in a long chair.

She lay back, staring into the distance as the sun drew near the western horizon, casting long shadows over the plain, and smoked cigarette after cigarette. Naturally, her thoughts turn towards John Cartwright. In his letters to her, for they had kept up a desultory correspondence, she had caught something of the distress that had settled on him. Yet when she had received the letter in which he had commended Valerie to her care that restless note had been missing. She wondered if Valerie was responsible for its absence.

"Poor old John," she murmured. "I expect

he'd be much happier out here. I wonder he didn't bring the girl out himself, though I must say she's a bit of a handful."

Kate lit a fresh cigarette from the stump of the previous one, and looked across the plain. Then she sat up and stared. A tiny dust-cloud rose from the mouth of a narrow valley. Kate went indoors for the glasses. They showed a line of porters with loads on their heads, some askaris, and at the head of the procession a white man.

In a little while the white man crossed the square and raised his helmet as Kate left the veranda to greet him. He was a lean, spare man, with the face of an ascetic, and a greyish moustache above a small, thin-lipped mouth. He spoke in short staccato sentences, and his restless eyes were never still for one instant.

"Good evening. I am the D.C. for this district, and my name is Seaton. Is young Norton about?"

"He will be presently: he's gone out to try for a buck. My name is Kate Langridge."

"Ah! The Miss Langridge?" Seaton held out his hand. "Of course I've heard of you, but I've never had the pleasure. I might say the honor of meeting you."

"Come and have a drink," replied Kate, smiling.

Seaton gave orders about his safari while Kate poured out a sundowner. They conversed on various subjects until Norton and Valerie appeared. The former's eyebrows went up when he saw who was sitting on the veranda next to Kate.

"By Jove, sir, this is a surprise. No idea you were anywhere around."

"Not an unpleasant one, I hope," replied Seaton, his restless eyes flickering over both Valerie and Norton. "I was trekking past, and thought I'd look in to see how you were getting on."

THERE was a noticeable coolness in Seaton's manner towards Valerie. He thoroughly disapproved of girls going on safari, and he did not take long to voice his opinion. The verdict, he maintained, was no place for women, especially for those who were strangers to Africa.

"It's a hard life and a man's life, but the women should stay at home," he declared. "Women usurp too much of man's work."

This point was rather difficult to follow, but Valerie replied, sweetly:

"Nevertheless, women were welcome to do man's work during the war, weren't they?"

"Er—yes," Seaton admitted.

"You see, circumstances alter cases," said Valerie.

Seaton grunted and turned rather abruptly to Norton.

"By the way, have you received any complaints from M'Kamba?" he asked.

Norton frowned. M'Kamba was a native chief who lived some three days' march to the north-east. He remembered vaguely hearing something from the fellow, but for the life of him he could not remember what it was. However, he was obliged to reply that he had had some communication.

"And what steps have you taken?" Seaton asked, examining his cigarette-end with some care.

"As a matter of fact, I've not taken any. I did not consider the matter of sufficient importance, unless I received further information."

"I see."

There was a moment's silence. Seaton's thin mouth twitched under his moustache. He did not once look at Norton.

"M'Kamba has now reported direct to me, which shows that he at least thinks the matter is of some importance," he said in a hard voice. "Apparently he has approached you more than once on the subject."

Norton flushed. "Blast you," he thought,

savagely, "it's just like you to tell me off in front of two women. You mean drunk." Indeed, both Valerie and Kate felt uncomfortable.

"Perhaps you would rather we left you if you wish to discuss official business," Kate suggested.

"No, no, there is no necessity for that," Seaton answered.

"What did M'Kamba say?" asked Norton, sourly.

"He had a curious story to tell. He is worried about the younger members of his tribe. Apparently too many of them leave their manyatas to seek employment which they are told is of a most lucrative kind. Some have been absent over a year, and others who return after a short time are, to use M'Kamba's own phrase, 'like dead men walking'. They either can't or won't say where they have been; not a word. They lie about in the shade of their huts, sleeping. More than one has died."

"It's not sleeping sickness?" suggested Norton, who, now that his memory had been jogged, remembered hearing some similar story. "You know how natives exaggerate."

"Of course not!" Seaton snapped. "Do you think I hadn't considered that as a possible explanation? It's not a disease that is catching, if it is a disease at all, for no one in the manyatas has been afflicted with it: only those who have been away."

"Where do they work?"

"That's for you to find out. M'Kamba doesn't seem to know. He says merely they vanish and sometimes they return."

"Very well, I'll see into the matter at once," said Norton. He was furiously angry with Seaton whom, he felt, might at least have reprimanded him in private.

The same thought might have occurred to the Commissioner, for he turned to Kate.

"You'll excuse me mentioning this," he said, casually, "but I must trek at dawn to-morrow, so I have not much time."

It was plain now, that he had made a detour to Norton's station merely for the purpose of dressing him down.

"You are remaining here, I presume?" added Seaton, not troubling to disguise the fact that he did not approve of their presence.

"Yes," said Valerie. "We may be here some time."

"And when you go," retorted Seaton, pointedly, "in which direction do you propose to move?"

"I'm not quite sure, but probably in a north-easterly direction, towards the Abyssinian and Italian frontiers."

Seaton, who was nettled at Valerie's disinterested tone, as she meant him to be, saw an opportunity to make himself unpleasant.

"Really?" he said, frigidly. "I'm afraid I can't allow you to go there. As manager of the safari, Miss Langridge, I must hold you responsible."

"I'm not the leader," replied Kate, promptly. "I am employed by Miss Hayward, and under her orders."

The Commissioner coughed importantly. "What is the object of your expedition?" he asked Valerie.

"Big game in general and a white rhino in particular. I have all the necessary licences, if you would care to see them," she added sweetly.

Seaton flushed. "I'm afraid it is quite out of the question," he rapped out. "In no circumstances could I allow you to penetrate any further northward than this post."

Valerie stared at him, and her mouth set in a sullen line.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because that tract of country is not the place for a woman," snapped Seaton. "It is not properly under our jurisdiction, and there is always the danger of the safari being attacked by Abyssinian slaves. I should advise you to return to

Nairobi and confine your expedition to Uganda or some more suitable place."

"Oh, would you?" retorted Valerie, angrily. "Well, I was never very good at taking advice."

Seaton's thin mouth under his stubby moustache twitched.

"Surely," began Norton, "Miss Hayward is in good hands. If she confined herself to—"

"I should be obliged," interrupted Seaton, blithely, "if you would confine yourself to investigating the cause of M'Kamba's complaint."

Plainly he intended to be rude. Norton glared, but Seaton was his superior officer, and he could do nothing, although he would willingly have smashed his fist into that thin, sarcastic face.

"I leave it to you to see that Miss Hayward does not disobey my orders," Seaton added.

Valerie was on the point of making some remark when she felt Kate press her foot under the table.

"I think we might adjourn to the veranda," the elder woman remarked: "it is cooler there."

"Interfering old swine," whispered Valerie, between set teeth. "I'll go north-east, if it's the last thing I do."

CHAPTER 5.

A SENSE OF PROPORTION.

IN duty bound Norton was obliged to be present at his superior officer's departure the next morning, and when Kate arrived at the breakfast-table he greeted her with a rueful smile.

"Morning. Has he of the iron hand left us?" she asked.

"He has, thank God. Miserable blighter, he gave me a hell of a telling-off before he went. Fancy chocking off a fellow at five a.m.!"

"Well, you deserved it, Con. You've been letting things slide, you know."

"This place was getting me down," Norton growled.

"There are many worse."

"I've never been to them."

"No, but you may be sent if you don't pull yourself together."

"Oh, for the love of Mike, don't you start!" cried Norton, petulantly.

Thereafter the meal was continued in silence. When Valerie arrived Kate found that both of them studiously ignored her, but she was getting accustomed to that treatment, and it did not worry her unduly. The two younger people had eyes only for each other.

She left the table before they had finished, and putting on her teral, went out to see that all was well with the safari.

"Is everything all right?" she asked of Mnyogi, the headman.

"Yes, Bibi," replied the nmpara.

Kate attended to three porters who complained of pains in their brown stomachs, the result of over-eating, by administering strong doses of Epsom Salts, and put a dressing on the poisoned hand of a fourth. Mnyogi stood by, casting sidelong glances at his mistress. Kate, quite aware of this unusual interest in herself, waited until there were no other natives within hearing before she spoke.

"Well, Mnyogi, what's troubling you?"

There was a pause. Kate waited patiently.

"Is it true that when we leave this place we journey northward?" the headman asked at last.

"I can't tell you," replied Kate. "Why?"

Mnyogi looked down at his feet and up at the sky.

"Bibi," he said, nodding towards the porters, "those shenzis say that it is an evil country where many unpleasant things happen."

"Who has told them that?"

"They have been talking to the police-

boys. They say that in that country men disappear."

"They are fools," Kate retorted, sharply. "But some of them come back," M'nyogi continued, with the cheerfulness of a gossip conveying bad tidings, "and they have lost their minds. They know not where they have been, and it is said they are like dead men walking. These shemris are frightened that they too may become like that."

"They need have no fear: it cannot happen to them," said Kate, "for they have no minds to lose."

She walked away deep in thought, for she remembered the District Commissioner's remarks on the same subject. M'Kamba had used the exact words which M'nyogi had repeated to her five minutes ago. "They are like dead men walking." Although she knew that natives are prone to exaggerate, it did seem distinctly possible that something curious might be taking place in the sparsely-inhabited country to the north. As Seaton had truly remarked, that enormous tract of land was not really subject to the Government's jurisdiction, which touched only the fringe of it. It would cost many thousands of pounds and a big increase in staff to administer the Triangle properly, and at the moment Naloko considered the returns would not be worth the expenditure. Consequently it was a sort of no-man's-land, a paradise for bad men; Abyssinian ivory poachers and the like. There might easily be some foundation for this queer rumor, and Kate, turning things over in her mind, wondered if Norton had any further information on the subject. She decided, as she had to pass his office on her way to the house, that she would call in and ask him.

But she saw something that caused her to change her mind. As she passed the window of the office she glanced in to see if Norton was there. He was, and so was Valerie.

Norton was standing by her side; his expression was strained. As Kate passed she saw him snatch Valerie into his arms, so that she had scarcely time to remove her cigarette, before he was kissing her passionately on the mouth.

Whether Valerie resented this tribute to her attractiveness Kate did not know, for, deeming it no business of hers, she passed on to the bungalow on the other side of the "parade ground."

"At least," she murmured, as she removed the bolt from her rifle preparatory to cleaning it, "no one can accuse the younger generation of being slow off the mark."

It was not until the midday meal that she had a chance of discussing the rumor in which she was becoming so interested.

"As a matter of fact," Norton said, in answer to her request for further information, "a native came in this morning from M'Kamba again. Two more of his men have returned to their manyata in this curious blank state, and a third was found dead a few miles away, yet the two who survived never mentioned it."

"What an amazing thing!" Valerie cried. Norton flashed her one of his most charming smiles, and as Valerie had no eyes for anything but him, Kate concluded that she had not objected when he had kissed her.

Norton lit a cigarette thoughtfully.

"I'm beginning to think there may be something in it after all. Perhaps these fellows have got hold of some drug."

"Are you going to make a trip to M'Kamba's?" Kate asked, thinking that if so, she and Valerie might accompany him, thereby pleasing the latter without incurring too much wrath from Seaton.

"I don't think so. I'm rather inclined to hold my hand for a time and appear to take no interest, although I must warn

M'Kamba, or Seaton'll be on my trail again. I think the best thing I can do is to send out two or three spies to see if they can discover anything. If I arrived on the scene everything would close down at once, and I should learn nothing. However, let's put that aside for a moment. I've got a confession to make."

KATE glanced sharply from him to Valerie; for one instant she thought he was going to announce their engagement, but the girl's face showed that she was just as surprised as Kate.

"As a matter of fact," said Norton, "to-day is my birthday."

Both women at once congratulated him.

"But we must celebrate!" Valerie cried. "This is an occasion."

"I thought we might," Norton admitted. "My birthday and the departure of Mr. Commissioner Seaton, damn him. Kate, will you boss up the kitchen and see if you can persuade Sindu to cease trying to poison us for to-night? As to drinks, I've no 'bubbly,' but there's plenty of whiskey and some rum and a couple of bottles of brandy somewhere. H—"

"You leave the drinks to me," cried Valerie. "I'll see to the free buffet; with my expert hand I'll do the drinks," she sang. "Oh, boy! We'll make whoopee to-night."

It was astonishing what those two women did. Sindu, galvanised into unusual activity by Kate's withering stream of invective, produced for once in his life a suitably roasted chicken, inevitably the piece de resistance of any feast in the country districts of Africa. With her own hands and drawing largely on the safari commissariat, Kate made appetising concoctions with dried fruit, custard, and pastry, and when Norton entered the room, clad in evening dress that he had not seen for months, he was surprised to find the table tastefully decorated.

"By Jove," cried Norton, as Kate entered from her bedroom, "this is splendid. I'd no idea you two could work miracles. How on earth did you do it?"

"Mainly by using a little ingenuity," replied Kate, with a smile. "There are cock-tails on this side-table. What will you have?"

"Cocktails! My aunt, this is almost civilisation. It makes me hanker after the fleshpots again. What's in this bowl?" He began to lift the corner of a muslin cloth that covered it.

"Don't touch that!" cried Kate. "It's Valerie's own special brew, and it's not to be taken until after dinner. I don't know what it contains, but it's a sort of punch, and from the glimpses I caught when she was making it, we shall all be paralytic before morning."

"Kate, you're a good scout. And you look charming."

Kate, who knew that she could never look charming in the accepted sense of the word, for her tanned, weather-beaten skin and sun wrinkles about her eyes would be the despair of any beauty specialist, told him not to be a fool.

"And," she added, "a word of advice, Con. Don't lose your head over Valerie. She has looks and charm, I know, but there are many more girls in the world, and she is the first woman you've seen for months."

Norton laughed self-consciously, and was about to reply when the door of Valerie's bedroom opened, and she came into the living-room.

"Hullo, you two started on the drinks already?" she cried.

"Yes," said Kate, after one swift scrutiny, "hurry up, or Con will have scoffed the lot."

"If he scoffs all my punch he'll take no further interest in the proceedings," Valerie laughed as she raised her glass. "Bung-ho, troops," she added, elegantly.

Norton was staring at her so intently that he failed to make any response to the

toast. He thought he had never seen anything so wonderful or so desirable in all his life. She was dressed in a sheath-like frock of pale yellow that was cut to accentuate the beautiful lines of her body. It would have aroused comment in a London ballroom; in the meagre surroundings of Norton's bungalow it struck one like a blow.

That dinner was a great success; though there was no champagne or wine, the three celebrators made whiskey serve the same purpose very well. After dinner small cups of hot, strong coffee were served, the table was cleared and pushed into Norton's bedroom out of the way, and the gramophone was put on. After Norton had danced once with Valerie and Kate, the famous punch was served out. Norton took one sip and gasped.

"My sainted aunt! What on earth have you put in it, Valerie?"

"That'd be telling," Valerie laughed. "Come on, Con, dance this with me."

Kate sipped the punch and then sniffed it suspiciously.

"About three glasses of this," she thought, "and I shall have to put Valerie to bed."

It was indeed potent, but it had the merit of inspiring hilarity. The three became exceedingly cheerful, and laughed over the most childish things. They danced with great violence and abandon, and Valerie, when with some difficulty she managed to raise her skirt about her alien knees, executed her famous dance which John Cartwright had witnessed on the first evening of his stay with the Wargraves. She was accompanied by Norton on a native drum while Kate, who had a good contralto voice, sang a native song of which fortunately neither of them understood a word, for it was distressingly obscene.

Valerie collapsed, laughing and exhausted, in a chair, while Norton brought her a drink. Kate saw it as she strolled out on to the verandah for a breath of cool air.

"That's the sixth she's had," she murmured, "and I put her limit at three. The girl's got a head on her."

Kate walked the length of the verandah, turned, and came back. The gramophone had started again, and she glanced in at the window to see if the other two were dancing. They were not. They were standing to the middle of the room in each other's arms. Valerie was looking up into Norton's face, her lips were slightly parted, and her expression made Kate catch her breath. Appeal, emotion, love and desire were written there as plainly as on a printed page.

The elder woman swung abruptly on her heel and strode to the corner of the verandah again. She was forty, but she, too, had known these things.

IT was after midnight before they decided to call it a day and go to bed. By that time the punch had been finished. Norton was rather vaguely aware that he had drunk quite as much as was good for him, and had not Kate firmly steered him towards his own room he would have had some difficulty in finding it.

When Norton got into his room he sat for a minute upon the edge of his bed and tried to collect his wits. In this he was not very successful, so presently he got up and soused his head in a bowl of lukewarm water. After that he felt better, and getting into his pyjamas, he crept under the mosquito curtains and lay down on top of the bed. But he could not sleep, for the excitement of the evening was still on him. He tossed from side to side, thoughts, mainly of Valerie, singing through his brain. Eventually he must have dropped off into an uneasy doze.

He awoke swiftly, roused by that curious sense which men develop who live in the dangerous places of the earth. He lay perfectly still, while under half-shut lids he peered into the semi-darkness. Then he saw a vague figure standing just inside the

curtained doorway. In a flash he had torn the mosquito curtain aside and leapt from the bed. Only then did he realise the identity of his visitor.

"Valerie! Is anything wrong?"

The girl laughed softly, and the delicious sound made Norton tremble.

"Nothing, except that I couldn't sleep. I came to see if you suffered from the same affliction."

"I was only dozing," said Norton. He stood irresolute, not quite certain what to do.

"Well, give me a cigarette," said Valerie. He held a match for her, and having lit her cigarette, she lay back on his pillow. "It's very close, isn't it?" she said, casually.

Norton nodded, but did not speak. He was gazing at the slim form in the pale blue pyjamas, and thinking that he had never seen anything quite so beautiful. Valerie, looking up at him from beneath her long lashes, could read him like an open book.

"When are you going to make inquiries into M'Kamba's case?" she asked.

"I don't know," Norton replied, shortly. He was surprised to find that he was trembling.

Valerie gave an exaggerated sigh. "You don't seem very conversationally inclined. I'm sorry I interrupted your sleep. Perhaps I'd better go."

"No, don't go."

There was a long silence.

"Well," she remarked at last, "you're not a very bright lad. Where's all the vim and gaiety you had a few hours ago?"

"Valerie, ever since I kissed you like—like I did when we were dancing I haven't been able to get you out of my mind."

"Have you tried?" asked Valerie, with a soft laugh.

"No. I—Valerie, darling, I love you."

He bent forward and kissed her; she did not move, and when he straightened himself she went on smoking as if nothing had happened. There was a silence. Norton gazed at her fiercely, his heart pounding against his ribs.

"Valerie," he whispered, "I love you. Will you marry me?"

A slow smile moved her lips.

"Do you mean that, or are you trying to deceive me?"

"Don't joke, Valerie, I can't stand it. I love you more than anything on earth. Darling, will you?"

He slipped an arm round her shoulders and leaned over her, his face but a few inches from hers.

"I don't know," she said. "From what I've seen of marriage I don't think much of it. All the same, Cori, I think I love you quite a little bit."

"Thank God," Norton whispered fervently.

He kissed her again, long and passionately and at last she quivered under the intensity of his embrace. Her warm body was pressed closely against his, and he could feel the rounded firmness of her young breasts. In the soft light of the moon she looked like a young nymph as she lay contentedly in his arms. Engulfed in the overpowering emotion of the moment, they were concerned only with their love for each other.

THEY were roused by a sudden rasping sound, the noise of curtain rings sliding sharply along a brass rod. Norton sprang to his feet. Valerie got up more slowly. In the doorway stood Kate Langridge. Her brown, tanned face was expressionless, and showed neither surprise nor disapproval.

"Cori," she said, "there's some queer shauri going on. I heard the sentry challenge. Hadn't you better go and investigate?"

"Oh, hell," Norton muttered, angrily. He snatched up his mosquito boots and

strode out of the room without glancing at either woman.

Valerie got off the bed and slowly followed him. She took one quick glance at Kate, and then dropped her eyes.

Presently he returned, feeling angry and uncomfortable.

"There's nothing doing," he said, sullenly.

"Everything's quiet,"

"It is now," replied Kate, pointedly.

Norton flared up defiantly.

"What's it got to do with you?"

"Tell me that again when you've had six months' leave," she replied, "and I shall be more inclined to believe you. In the meantime, remember that a sense of proportion has saved many people from an incredible number of follies."

She turned on her heel, and the curtain swung into place behind her.

CHAPTER 6 CUMOSITY.

BREAKFAST the following morning was a morose affair. When Kate entered the living-room Conway greeted her with an unpleasant stare and a curt nod, before hastily finishing his meal and returning to the office where he had been trying to work since shortly after dawn. Quite unperturbed by such manifest dislike on the part of one who barely twelve hours previously had described her as an "old sport," Kate sat down to a leisurely breakfast.

In ten minutes' time the curtain over Valerie's doorway was wrenched viciously aside and the girl herself entered.

"Good morning," remarked Kate, politely.

"Morning," was the brief response.

Kate glanced at her quickly. She looked pale under her tan, her face was a trifle drawn, and there were shadows under her eyes.

"The morning after," thought Kate, who felt perfectly fit herself.

She did not attempt any conversation, and finished her meal in silence. As Kate rose from the table to make her morning inspection of the camp and attend any sick porters, Valerie spoke suddenly without raising her eyes from the table.

"How soon can we leave this place? To-morrow morning?"

"If you wish it," replied Kate in some surprise.

"I do. Will you see about it?"

"Very well," said Kate.

She saw little of either her employer or Norton that day. Both were so anxious not to meet, that the latter did not move from his office, and Valerie had her meals served in her bedroom. This unpleasant atmosphere of half-stained hostility did not worry the calm and sophisticated Kate; she had had experience of similar misunderstandings before, although never for quite the same reason, or with the same prelude.

The safari was due to start at dawn, but it was not until nearly nine o'clock that the porters swung up their loads and moved off.

Valerie hung about the camp, ostensibly watching the efficient Kate, but every few minutes her eyes would stray in the direction of Norton's office. But he gave no sign that he was aware of their impending departure until the very last minute when a police-boy arrived with a note hastily scribbled in pencil. If there was anything they wanted or anything he could do for them they had only to give orders to the bearer of the note, wrote Norton. He regretted he was too busy to attend personally to their needs.

The greater part of that day's trek was done in silence; and, since Valerie had given no orders, being occupied with other things, Kate, mindful of the District Commissioner's instructions, steered a southerly course. That night, after a fifteen-mile march, as they smoked their final cigarettes before turning in, Valerie said, suddenly,

"Kate, we'll turn northward to-morrow."

Kate made no reply for a moment. She

had anticipated this move on Valerie's part, but she had not the least idea how she could circumvent it.

"I don't think it's quite advisable," she temporised.

"Why?" The question was asked defiantly.

"You know what the D.C. said," Kate replied, and held up her hand to check Valerie's angry remark about Seaton, his works, and his ancestors.

"Damn him," said Valerie, viciously. "If there is any funny business why don't we go and see what it is?"

"You'd only get Cori into trouble. Probably Seaton would break him."

"Serve him right," came the angry retort.

There was a pause. Valerie flung her cigarette-end into the fire and stared at the burning logs with brooding eyes. Kate kept silent. There are times when sympathy is out of place, when it only serves to rub the wound raw.

PRESENTLY, with a little shiver, Valerie sat back, but her eyes were still fixed on the fire.

"He said he loved me," she muttered. "Yet he practically cut me, and wouldn't bother to come and say good-bye to us. He was too busy." She gave a hard, scornful laugh.

Kate had certainly been puzzled by Norton's conduct; she could not say whether it was induced by shame, resentment, or disappointment.

"My dear," she said, "don't take it too seriously. Circumstances were rather too much for both of you. After eight glasses of punch, an evening of dancing, and a romantic moon, anyone would have loved you. Don't be too hard on Cori. Do you care for him, or was it just physical reaction?"

There was a long pause.

"I don't know," said Valerie, slowly. "I only know I hate him now."

Kate decided it would be best to change the subject.

"Concerning this trek. You know there are plenty of other places where one can get a white rhino, the Lado enclaves and the Bah-ri-Ghazal. Why not treat this as an apprenticeship trip?"

Valerie shook her head. "No. I'm going north-east."

"There'll be a hell of a row if Seaton finds out," Kate remarked calmly. "We shall get it in the neck."

"I don't care," Valerie retorted stubbornly. "The very fact that that despicable object forbade me to go makes me all the more determined. I'll take the responsibility."

"That's all very well, but you couldn't go if I took the porters off in the other direction," said Kate.

Valerie's mouth tightened and Kate prepared for a stinging remark. Then the lips relaxed and the girl smiled.

"But you wouldn't do that," she said softly.

"Wouldn't I? Why?"

"Because, like me, you are far more interested in the curious rumors and stories that have come from M'Kamba's manyata—if that's what you call a village out here—than you are in white rhino."

"I suppose I am," Kate admitted, rather surprised at the other's intuition.

"Then you'll come? We'll turn north-east to-morrow?"

Kate hesitated. Long years of Africa, that hardest of mistresses, had not quenched the fire of adventure that had caused her to land at Capetown many years ago with five pounds and a measure of common sense as her only assets. For herself she would have said "Yes." But the safety of Valerie and of the safari was her responsibility.

"Come on, Kate," Valerie urged softly. "Damn it," thought Kate. "I must be getting old if I hesitate over the chance of an adventure. Five years ago I'd have gone like a shot."

"Are you scared?" Valerie asked.

Kate turned and stared. The girl, see-

ing the look in her eyes, added hastily: "I mean of the D.O., not what's up there." She nodded towards the north-east.

"No," Kate retorted shortly, "I'm not."

"Then you'll come?"

"All right, have it your own way. And if we get scuppered Seaton will be able to pick up the pieces and say: 'I told you so.' Knowing him, I'm certain that will cause him the keenest pleasure."

"Good old Kate," cried Valerie affectionately. "I knew you'd agree."

"I'm not sure it's quite sensible," Kate said, "but then, if the English had always been sensible, the Empire would have stopped at Brighton beach. For one thing, I expect there will be trouble with the porters."

She was right. On the following morning, no sooner did the safari turn north-east than much agitated discussion took place among the men.

"Take no notice," said Kate to Valerie, "and if they turn nasty, for Heaven's sake don't show you're nervous."

"I'm not," said Valerie indignantly. And Kate knew she was speaking the truth. Refined manners might be lacking, but Valerie had courage.

Presently Mnyogi trotted up, apprehension plainly written on his face.

"Bibi, the men want to know where we are going?"

Kate gave a snort of disgust and glared at the unfortunate headman.

"Are they leading this safari or am I?" she demanded.

"Bibi, they fear you will lead them into the land where there are dead men walking," said Mnyogi uncomfortably.

"Tell them they are fools. Easy living has sapped their courage, and their heads are in their bottles."

Kate swung on her heel and, followed by Valerie, sauntered back along the trail. She did not hurry, but walked slowly, her hands thrust in the side-pockets of her bush blouse.

"Bibi," said Mnyogi, "they say they will go no farther."

Kate took no notice, but strolled up to the mob of debating natives. Her arrival was the signal for silence. For a full minute she stood and gazed at them, till they began to mutter and shift their feet uncomfortably.

"Mnyogi, once you told me these were wapugad," remarked Kate.

"Indio, Bibi, that is so."

"They are not porters, they are cowards, curn reptiles. See that they pick up their loads and march."

SHE turned away, but a sudden muttering arose from the men. A tall native, with broken front teeth and an unpleasant leer, came forward and spoke rapidly in Swahili. She listened to him for a moment before she interrupted him.

"Silence! I said you were cowards, curn reptiles. You are not that, Pesambli, you are not even a dog. You are but a worm in the belly of a dog."

The native's eyes flashed. With an angry exclamation he sprang forward.

But Kate was prepared. She whipped her left arm from the pocket of her bush blouse and hit out. Her hand flat took the native on the solar plexus. He dropped at her feet, both hands clasped to his stomach and lay like one dead. A murmur of surprise rose from the crowd.

"Is there anyone else in need of a rest?" Kate asked pleasantly.

No one came forward.

"Now," Kate continued, "let us have no more of this nonsense. I see among you men who have worked for me before. You, Korongo, and you, Majelua. Have I ever led you into serious trouble or danger? Have you ever forfeited any pay, except it was your own fault?"

"No, Bibi."

"Then do as I say and not as this shendi would have you do. Take no heed of these

tales of dead men walking. I will see that no harm befalls you."

The men began to move away. Two of them came to pick up the helpless native who still lay at Kate's feet, but she waved them away.

"Let him lie," she said.

Mnyogi stirred the motionless Pesambli with his foot.

"Bibi, that was a good blow," he chuckled. "His belly was full of words, but now it is empty."

"Are you going to leave him there?" asked Valerie.

"He'll come round soon and either catch us up or desert. I don't care a damn which he does," said Kate.

For two days the safari marched across a dry, sandy plain towards a low range of hills to the blue distance. A strong wind raised clouds of dust from the parched ground. Valerie grew restless and irritable; although, realising that there were far worse things to annoy one in Africa than dust, she strove to conceal her vexation. Kate observed this with an inward smile. The girl was improving. A month ago she would have given vent to her ill-temper in no uncertain manner.

Kate had decided to make for M'Kamba's manyata, since that seemed the most likely place at which to gain information. On the third day they passed out of the dry, sandy plain, and sought their way amongst low, rocky hills dotted with clumps of stunted scrub. The hills increased in height as the scrub increased in density. When at length they reached a shallow lake, they decided to make camp for that day.

While Kate and Valerie superintended the pitching of the tents, some of the porters scattered along the edge of the water to gather driftwood blown ashore by the wind for the fires. Their return was heralded by such an unusual amount of chatter even for natives that Kate came out of her tent to investigate the cause of the kelele.

IN the midst of the porters walked a tall native. He stared vacantly in front of him and took not the slightest notice of the questions rained on him. He looked very like a somnambulist, so mechanical were his movements. At the approach of their mistress the porters became silent.

Kate stared at the stranger with interest, for she at once guessed that by a stroke of luck they had found one of "the dead men walking."

"Who are you?" she asked sharply.

Twice the fellow tried to speak, but only at the third attempt did any word issue from his lips.

"M'Kamba's," he mumbled.

"Where d'you come from?" Kate demanded.

"M'Kamba's," was the dull reply.

And that was all she could get out of the man. To every question he answered: "M'Kamba's." She questioned the porters, who declared they had found him drinking from the lake half a mile from the camp.

Kate gave orders that he was to be well cared for, then, picking up her rifle, she proceeded in the direction indicated by the men, accompanied by Valerie.

"We seem to have walked right into the mystery," said the girl. "What d'you think is the matter with him?"

"No idea," replied Kate shortly. "Keep your eyes open; we may be nearer the mystery than you think."

In silence they trudged along the shore of the lake, past the spot where the stranger had been discovered, and round the shoulder of a hill that jutted out into the water, forming a long, rocky point.

"What's that?" Kate asked.

Valerie peered through the waves of hot air that danced over the stones, for there were still three hours to go before sunset. "It looks like something lying on the

ground. An animal?" she replied hesitatingly.

"Looks to me like a body," retorted Kate. "Come on." She began to run.

Very soon they could see that the object was a native. Kate got to him first and bent down, but it was plain that he was quite dead. There was no sign of a wound, but he was woefully thin.

"So there is something in these rumors, after all," Kate said slowly.

"Do you think it is a disease?" Valerie asked.

"I don't know. If it is, we have nothing to fear. Nobody at M'Kamba's has caught it. Only those who have been away."

"But where have they been?"

"That's what I'd like to know."

"There's something moving up there." Very cautiously Kate peered round the edge of the rock. "Look, eleven o'clock on that rock with the red stain. Got it?"

"I can't see anything," said Valerie, whose eyes were no match for Kate's.

"Wait. It's coming this way. I can't see whether it's a man or a buck. I think it's a buck, only it seems to be moving too slowly."

They waited in silence for a few minutes.

Then:

"It is a man!" Kate cried.

"I can see something moving," said Valerie.

"He's certain to see this native and then he'll come down to investigate. I think we'll retire to a more secluded spot."

"But aren't you going to speak to him?" Kate smiled.

"Not until I've seen what he looks like."

In a few minutes they were safely hidden amongst a pile of rocks, able to observe the new arrival without exposing themselves. The man drew nearer, picking his way over the hillside with care. He carried a rifle at the trail. Presently he caught sight of the body lying by the water's edge. For a moment he stopped and stared, then he began to move forward in its direction.

"Good Lord! It's Tom Clements!" Kate whispered.

"Clements!" repeated Valerie in amazement. And then for some unfathomable reason she felt a twinge of fear.

"Now what on earth is he doing in this part of the world?" Kate murmured, taking no notice of the interruption. "I'll bet he's up to no good."

She watched him closely, for his movements now became very interesting. While still some distance from the body he stopped and subjected the surrounding countryside to an intense search, as if he half-expected somebody or something to be in hiding.

"If that man hasn't got a guilty conscience, I'll eat my tail," Kate murmured. "It's obvious he's expecting trouble."

Suddenly Clements sprang forward, bending low over the ground.

"Damn!" said Kate. "One of us must have left a spoor. Looks like Montrose Crusoe discovering Friday's footprint, doesn't he? Now what's he going to do?"

CHAPTER 7 NORTH-EAST.

"COME on," Kate whispered, "he's bound to find us if he once begins to search, so we'd better take the initiative."

She crept out of her hiding-place and leant against a rock, her rifle cradled in her folded arms. The movement was executed so quietly that Clements never heard a sound.

"O!" she said loudly.

Tom Clements spun around with the quickness of a leopard, his rifle half-raised. "It's quite all right; don't be alarmed," Kate reassured him. "We've not come to arrest you—this time."

Clements opened and shut his mouth several times like a conversational goldfish while Valerie took her stand beside Kate.

"Come along," said Kate with a note of scorn in her voice. "Don't be nervous."

Clements' lips lifted in an unpleasant grin.

"Nervous? Of you?" He chuckled. "I should say so! What the hell are you doing here?"

"What have you been up to?" Kate countered.

"Minding my own business," he said slowly.

"Signed any more contracts?" asked Kate.

Clements scowled, and looked so annoyed that Valerie could not help smiling which made him all the more angry.

"I'll get even with you over that," he growled.

"I'm not worrying," replied Kate, and added suddenly: "Do you know anything about that dead native over there?"

"Funny you should ask," said Clements. "I thought you might be able to tell me something, seeing that you are hanging around here."

"Do you know where he comes from?"

"How should I know every bloomin' native's home address? But I can tell you where he's gone to!"

"Well, you'll probably meet him eventually."

"Yep! I've heard Hell recommended for company; meet you there, perhaps."

"Do you think he belongs to M'Kamba's?" queried Kate, ignoring the innuendo.

"Where's that?"

"A manyata not far from here; thought you'd know it."

"I haven't been in this part long. I'm camping a couple o' miles away." He nodded over the hill. "Where are you?"

"Farther down the lake. I'm surprised you don't know anything about that poor devil."

"And why the hell should it surprise you?" demanded Clements.

"Because," Kate said slowly, "there's a native in our camp who said he'd left his pal out here. He was pretty far gone himself, but he said they'd both belonged to M'Kamba's and had been employed by you."

"There was a moment's silence. Valerie and Kate watched the hunter carefully, the girl knew that the elder woman had set a trap, for the native they had rescued had been far too ill to do more than mutter: 'M'Kamba's'."

"Well, I'll be—," Clements exploded with an unpleasant oath. "Why the hell should I want to employ local labor? I travel light; I'm not so bloomin' well off that I can go on safari with strings o' porters and cases o' champagne. I haven't employed anyone." He gave a short laugh. "I should think you'd been long enough in Africa not to believe everything some black swab tells you."

"How is it that he came to mention your name?" said Kate, with the appearance of being genuinely puzzled.

"Dunno. Perhaps he picked it up at M'Kamba's."

"But you said just now you had never been to M'Kamba's."

"Damn and blast it, the ruddy runt had, hadn't he?" shouted Clements furiously.

"Don't get excited; you'll have apoplexy. And out out some of the swear-words; there are ladies present."

"Ladies?" Clements sneered.

"Yes," Kate said encouragingly.

"They're a suspicious lot," Clements concluded lamely. "What are you doing up here, anyhow? It's a long way north."

"We're after white rhino, among other things," said Valerie.

"White rhino?" Clements repeated in surprise. "Strike me pink, did she tell you there was white rhino here?" He spat through the gap in his front teeth. "I'm surprised at you," he said to Kate. "With your experience, too."

"What's going on in your magnificent mind now?" Kate asked.

"There isn't no white rhino up here now,

Bahr-el-Ghazal, yes, but for some reason or other they've moved from here."

"You seem to know this part of the country well," Kate remarked pointedly.

"Oh, I've not been here before, but I met a fellow at Marsabit who'd just come down."

"A hunter?"

"No, he'd been prospecting."

"Then of course he'd be very interested in rhino," said Kate.

"Oh, well, have it your own way. Go and shoot what isn't there, and if you get scuppered by Abyssinians, don't blame me." He chuckled throatily. "You'd look fine as a slave, Kate. Damned if I wouldn't come and see you."

"Are you wanting another thick ear?" Kate asked calmly.

"I was only joking. But if you want white rhino, go to the Bahr-el-Ghazal. That's my advice, and I won't charge you for it."

"We should not dream of taking it," retorted Valerie, and Kate chuckled.

"No, you're just the sort o' bloomin'—," began Clements angrily, when Kate interrupted him.

"I should take care of your ear," she advised.

Clements subsided and glanced up at the sun, which now hung low in the west.

"Well, I'm off," he said. "I hope I shan't see you again, and don't destroy all the rhino."

"Good-bye," said Kate. "We'll tell the police where we last met you."

"And don't let any more natives die on your hands, or M'Kamba will be sending in more complaints," added Valerie.

CLEMENTS, who had turned away, wheeled suddenly and stared at her. For a second it seemed as though he were about to ask a question; then he changed his mind.

"Blast M'Kamba," he retorted. "I've got a clear conscience, anyway."

"I thought something was worrying you," said Kate cheerfully.

They watched him start up the hillside and then began their return to their own camp.

"If that crook's not up to some game, my name's not Kate Langridge," Kate declared. "That last remark of yours shook him up, Valerie. He dearly wanted to hear more about M'Kamba's complaint, but he didn't ask."

They walked on in silence for some time. As they came in sight of the camp, Valerie said:

"I've been wondering, Kate. You know when I was coming up to North-East Kenya, I don't know how he knew; we never bothered to get to the bottom of that. Then he was sacked. Yet weeks afterwards we find him up here. Doesn't that strike you as peculiar? And I've no doubt that if he had seen us first he'd have kept out of our way."

"Do you suggest that Clements is following you? Why should he want to do that?"

"I don't know," said Valerie in a puzzled voice.

"I reckon it's coincidence."

"But why is he up here now?"

"That's what I intend to find out. We'll soon cock Mr. Clements' goose for him. Nothing would please me better than to get him six months' jug."

Directly they reached camp Kate sent M'nyugi out, with instructions to find Clements, watch him, and report at dawn what had happened. But Kate was to be disappointed. As the rising sun turned the waters of the lake from grey to crimson the campers arrived with the news that the white man was not to be seen.

"After much searching, Bibi," said M'nyugi. "I found the ashes of his fire, but they were cold and the camp had been deserted a long time. There was no sign of the white man, nor did he appear,

although I waited. Only one man had been there, but the ground was too stony to tell me where he had gone."

"Seems to me," Kate said to Valerie, "that Mr. Bloomin' Clements wasn't taking any chances. He thought he'd beat it while the going was good."

They reached M'Kamba's late that afternoon and camped a mile from the huts that formed the village. M'Kamba sent them chickens, eggs and goats' milk, and they returned the compliment with several yards of cloth, a knife or two, and a small mirror.

The following day the two women visited the chief. M'Kamba was an elderly man whose grizzled hair was already turning grey. Deep lines were etched in his dark face, and as he greeted them, standing, his black eyes watched them keenly.

It was some time before Kate was able to introduce the subject which was the prime reason for their visit, but at the first mention of it M'Kamba's face clouded.

"I cannot tell you much, Bibi," he said. "I know that my young men disappear; they do not say where or why they are going. Perhaps they do not even know. One morning they will go out hunting, and maybe they never come back. Perhaps in a month or two one will wander into the manyata, but he cannot tell where he has been."

"Is their health good? Do they eat?" Kate asked.

"At first they seem starved, but later it is only their minds that seem affected. We have five in the village now. They are like dead men walking."

"What do you think it is?"

"I do not know," replied M'Kamba simply. "I do not understand. But my people are growing anxious. They say I should find out what is wrong, or else the Government should."

"When these men go, in which direction do they leave the village?"

"In no particular direction, Bibi. They may go north, south, east or west, the same when they return: they come in from any quarter."

Kate nodded.

"I found one of your men by a lake a day's march away, and I brought him back with me. I also found another, but he was dead."

"So I heard last night. I am grateful," M'Kamba replied with dignity. "It is two moons since those men vanished."

"Is there no way of telling in which direction they go?" Kate insisted.

"It is said, but it may be village tales that they go there." And M'Kamba waved his hand towards the north-east. "But it is not wise to go there. It is a land of bad men—and other things."

"Nevertheless," said Valerie stubbornly when she and Kate got back to camp, "to the north-east we go. What did M'Kamba mean by 'bad men and other things'?"

"I think he meant that the Abyssinian frontier is rather less than a hundred miles away. Raiders come over and pouch ivory, and they're not above taking slaves if they get the chance."

The following day, having made arrangements with M'Kamba that any message Kate might send would be forwarded on to Norton, the safari once more set out towards the north-east.

CHAPTER 8. THE CALL.

EVER since the day Valerie had sailed for Africa John Cartwright had felt as if there was something missing. For a time he wondered if he had fallen in love with her; he had never been in love in his life, but he understood that the affliction frequently affected people in that manner. Eventually he decided that he was not, but there was no doubt that he missed her tremendously.

Valerie was not the sort of girl to conduct a regular or lengthy correspondence. John received two letters and a number of post-

cards, and with those he had to be content. The last card had been dispatched from Nairobi, and merely gave the date on which the safari left for the north. Kate had been more explicit. She described her meeting with Valerie and her treatment of Tom Clements, at which John laughed aloud.

"Good old Kate," he murmured almost affectionately. "I can picture her doing it. I'll bet the fellow's ear stung for a week!" He chuckled again.

READING her letter made him feel rather more pleased with life, but he was unconsciously aware that lately there was a tendency for him to grow morose and bad-tempered.

One afternoon, having reduced his typies almost to tears by his sarcastic comments on her knowledge of punctuation, and immediately afterwards feeling ashamed at his lack of self-control, he took up his hat and stick and strode out of the office without a word to anyone.

"They'll all wonder where the hell I've got to," he muttered savagely. "well, let them wonder."

He marched along the crowded pavements, disdaining taxis and omnibuses, his jaw set grimly, his eyes fixed in front of him. More than one person turned to stare at him, but he was quite unaware of the curiosity he aroused. He walked until, out of the corner of his eye, he recognised something familiar. It was the shop where he had taken Valerie to buy her guns, and it was a good two miles from his office. Still in a sort of dream, he turned abruptly and entered.

It was not until he was standing at the glass-topped counter that he recovered his scattered senses. The assistant recognised him, and politely asked him what he required. John pulled himself together, conscious that he had come within an ace of making a fool of himself.

Half an hour later he stood once more on the pavement, feeling rather breathless and slightly scared at his curious behaviour. Inside the shop the gratified assistant was tying a label with John's name and address on it to the trigger-guard of a beautifully balanced .356 Mannlicher. John took a deep breath, wondering why he had spent forty pounds on something that would never be the slightest use to him, and hailed a taxi.

"Where to, sir?" asked the driver.

John hesitated.

"Oh, the Zoological Gardens," he said.

He directed the driver to take him to the South gate, yet such was the perverse state of his mind that now he had got to the Gardens he had lost all interest in them. However, he entered and turned left-handed. He wandered idly along a railled enclosure, taking no notice of the people or animals, for his thoughts had now shifted to Kate Langridge. He recollected the hunting trips they had been on just after the War. His steps grew slower, until ultimately he stood still, occupied by his thoughts.

He walked on until presently he arrived at the sea-lions' pond. He stood staring at the antics of the creatures without any particular degree of interest, for, as he told himself, they did not come from any part of the world with which he was acquainted. Now, if he had seen the dorsal fin of a shark, such as he had observed dozens of times cutting through the blue waters of the Indian Ocean, that would have been an entirely different matter. But on the last occasion of his visit to the Zoo he had sedulously avoided the cages and paddocks of the African fauna, for they awoke in him memories which, ever since Valerie had sailed, had been plaguing him relentlessly, although he would admit it to no one.

But Nature is a funny old thing. Africa a persistent old hussy, and there are still the blind gods who shape our destinies. For while John was regarding the sea-lions with a moody, sullen stare, wonder-

ing how they liked their captivity after the freedom of the seas and the long, deserted beaches where man seldom came, some wandering breath of wind brought to his nostrils a faint familiar fragrance that plucked instantly at his heart-strings.

It reminded him of the scent of the tasselled lubbers along the golden road from Kilindini to Old Mombasa. There was the tang of mangoes in it, too, and something of the fragrance of bougainvillea and jacaranda combined; but most of all it reminded him of Valerie, for it was the scent she always used.

Perfume and sound! Valerie and Africa! Good God, wasn't a man a flimsy fool to stay in England when the sun was going down over the void, the smoke from the camp-fires was rising vertically in the still air, and the scent of roast duck was drifting across from the cook's quarters?

"Oh, God!" muttered John, and there was a catch in his voice, and he swallowed hard. Something inside him was strung up tightly. With compressed lips he swung round and strode away.

The next week-end John thrust himself on the Wargraves, who were only too pleased to have him, for they had seen nothing of him since Valerie's departure. Cynthia was rather disturbed at the change that had taken place in her old friend. He seemed drawn about the cheeks, and he had lost his colour. There were moments, too, when he appeared to be so occupied with his own thoughts that conversation was plainly a nuisance.

"Do you think the old chap's in love with Valerie?" Harry Wargrave suggested. When his wife mentioned it to him as they were going to bed on the night of John's arrival, "She's the last person I thought old John would have fallen for, but he did seem interested in her."

"I don't know," said Cynthia, as she pulled the bed-clothes round her slim shoulders. "I can't make him out, but there's something wrong somewhere."

"Has he said anything to you about her?"

"Only what you heard at dinner."

Harry Wargrave grunted.

"He didn't seem very interested then. Do you think he's up against it? Hard up, or done something not quite the thing?"

Cynthia laughed softly.

"Old John's as straight as a gun-barrel."

"Well, is it a woman?"

"Harry, you're a fool. John's not the sort to get tangled up with any woman."

"Well, I give it up," said her husband, whose imagination was not his strong point.

"Don't worry your head, darling, I'll find out."

"Find out? How?"

On the point of switching out the light he turned and regarded his wife suspiciously.

Her dark head was buried amid the bed-clothes, and only one eye was visible. With that Cynthia winked.

"A woman's intuition," she murmured.

Her husband snorted indignantly.

"It was your intuition that made me a 'pony' down on Ascot," he retorted.

But Cynthia was apparently asleep, and failed to hear.

John loafed about the estate, restless, moody, not wishing to be alone, yet at the same time avoiding company. When, on the Sunday evening, Cynthia dragged her unwilling husband to the little, square-towered Norman church that stood on the edge of the village, with the intention of bringing the vicar back to dinner, John, with the exception of the servants, had the place to himself.

He walked up the slope to the edge of the wood where he had had his first conversation with Valerie, but the spot did not suit his mood. He returned to the library and browsed among the shelves for something to read which would appeal to him. After some search he found it; a slim brown volume, "The Poems of Brian Brooke," and he carried it to a rustic seat on the terrace.

An hour had passed, when suddenly the faint aroma of woodsmoke stole across the garden. There is nothing like wood-smoke to bring back memories. At the first hint

of it John sat forward in his chair, the book of poems open on his knee. He never heard Cynthia's light step as she came and stood beside him. He was thousands of miles away as the words that came from his lips proved, for he was repeating a verse of one of the poems he had just read:

"For now I'm off on the warpath trail, and the sky in front is black,

For I hear the songs of the winds that wail and I know that I'll not come back.

The lion will grunt and the jackal bark and the rebra will screech with fear,

The fal will growl in the lonely dark, and Korongo will not be here.

"Poor devil, he was right," John murmured, for Brian Brooke, whom the natives called Korongo, had been killed in France.

Cynthia laid a gentle hand on his shoulder. "But you can go back, John," she said, in a low voice. John did not start, did not move a muscle, he did not even reply.

"Why don't you?" Cynthia went on, softly.

"You're a rich man, my dear, and you'll never be happy anywhere else but in Africa. I've known that for a long time."

This was not strictly true; she had known it for ninety-five seconds. John said nothing, but stared across the lawn, the scent of wood-smoke still in his nostrils.

"Even if I am wrong, call it a holiday. You can always return to England if you find that your imagination has led you to over-rate Africa in the years between. Try it, John, maybe it will give you that peace of mind for which you have been searching so long."

"Maybe it would," John said, softly.

CHAPTER 2 THE TRIANGLE.

EUSTACE STOCKS, in common with several million other members of the human race, had four fingers on each hand, but, and in this respect he differed from all but several thousand of his fellow men, seven of these stubby fingers were securely embedded each in a financial pie of the first order. Mr. Stocks was an astute financier of the best type, which does not serve terms of imprisonment for entangling obscure items in its balance-sheets, nor issuing forged share-certificates. He was cautious, and possessed of remarkable foresight. At the moment he was regarding the little finger of his left hand with some thought, for a week previously he had been invited to insert it in a pie of dubious consistency. The ornamentalations on the crust were so alluring that the cautious Stocks had paused before breaking it.

Eustace Stocks bent and unbent his little finger thoughtfully. Presently he rose slowly from his chair—he never hurried over anything—and took a taxi to his club, which also happened to include John Cartwright among its members. Stocks selected a chair in the smoking-room, and prepared to wait. To a man who moved so slowly yet so surely, waiting was no handicap, and presently his patience was rewarded. John Cartwright entered the room, as the financier knew he would. It was his business to know things, and his knowledge did not often fail him. Had it done so he would have been considerably less prosperous.

Stocks approached Cartwright with a faint twinkle in his eye.

"Morning, John, how are the figures?" he asked, alluding to Cartwright's profession.

John smiled and dug a forefinger gently into the region round the fourth button of Stocks's waistcoat.

"I don't notice yours is getting any less," he retorted.

He liked Stocks, who was a jovial fellow except where money was concerned; that subject he treated almost with reverence. He had an inexhaustible fund of racy stories, which he related with considerable verve and mimicry.

Taking John's arm in a friendly grip, he led him to the library.

"It's no good," John remonstrated, "you

told me that yarn about the girl and the bicycle last time."

Stocks made a gesture with his plump hand.

"I didn't bring you here to tell you stories," he said, and turning to the bookshelves, withdrew an atlas. This he opened at a map showing Southern Abyssinia, Northern Kenya, and the inside boundary of Italian Somaliland.

"You've been to Kenya, John; d'you know anything about that part of the country?" And he put his finger on the utmost north-east corner of Kenya.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed John, in surprise.

"What's the matter?" Stocks asked quickly.

"I know two people who've gone up there, or thereabouts: two women."

Stocks made a gesture of impatience, and John smiled; he already knew the financier's opinion of the female sex.

"Tell me what you know about the country."

"I've never actually been in that corner, but I've been on the fringe," began John, and proceeded to dispense his knowledge of tribes, climate, topography, and mineralogy, which he had gleaned several years ago, during his service with the King's African Rifles.

STOCKS sat almost motionless in an armchair regarding the little finger of his left hand. Not until John had finished did he speak.

"Thank you," he said. "I wanted information because I have been asked to finance a certain undertaking in that part of the country. It's an attractive proposition, but I don't quite see myself as a second Rhodes financing expeditions into unknown territory. Still, I don't know."

He wagged his little finger reflectively, and then said:

"I understand you are returning to Kenya very soon?"

"Do you?" countered John. "Who told you that?"

"Harry Wargrave."

"The suggestion has been made, but I'm not certain—yet."

"Any time here?"

"No, not really. Only my partner, but I don't think he'd miss me, I don't do much as it is," John said, a trifle bitterly.

"It would be a good holiday for you. Why not go?"

"What are you getting at?" John demanded, suddenly. "You've got something up your sleeve, you plausible schemer."

Stocks' eyes twinkled.

"I don't want to influence you," he replied, "but if you do go out, and want something to occupy your time, I've no doubt we could come to some arrangement by which you could visit that tract of country we have been discussing in the capacity of adviser to me."

John was silent for some time, thinking. First of all Cynthia had advised him to go; now Stocks was offering him a reason for going. Yet John could not get rid of the idea that it was mere weakness to chuck up his job to satisfy his craving for Africa.

"I don't know," he said, at last. "I can't say what I'll do."

Stocks glanced at him, and, shutting the atlas, replaced it on the shelf.

"If you do go, let me know," he said. "Meanwhile, many thanks for the information." He did not press John, for he realised that such a course would only strengthen his resolve not to go. Stocks knew how to wait.

John left the club in a disturbed frame of mind; it began to look as if the gods had conspired to get him out of England. On the other hand, Stocks dismissed the matter entirely from his thoughts, and concerned himself from half-past three

until eleven o'clock with the Government and the country.

Strensaye frequently asked Stocks to come in for a final nightcap after the House had risen; and the two men would discuss such matters as interested them at the moment.

"The Lord preserve me from persistent, earnest, and inquiring persons," groaned Strensaye, as they entered his comfortable library. "The member for Twofold is the bane of my life. When I die, which will probably be in an asylum, if that persevering individual is allowed to have his way, 'Twofold' will be found engraved on my heart. Help yourself to a drink, Eustace, and bring me one, a large one."

Strensaye flung himself into an armchair and lit a cigar, with the care of a man who appreciates life's luxuries. For a time he watched the glowing end. Then he sipped his whisky-and-soda, and said: "Eustace, there's a map-case on the right-hand side of that bottom shelf over there. You might find me a map of Kenya."

"Kenya?" repeated Stocks, repressing a start of surprise.

"Yes. Between the thirty-fifth and forty-fifth degree of longitude for preference, and as large as possible."

While Stocks searched, Strensaye blew smoke-rings and lazily watched them floating in the still air. Presently his friend drew a large sheet from the case and spread it on the table. Strensaye joined him, and the two men stood side by side, bending over the map.

"There," said Strensaye, resting a long finger on a square immediately north of the equator.

The financier said nothing. The spot on which Strensaye's finger rested was the tract of country about which Stocks had spoken to John Cartwright ten hours previously.

THE British Empire today," Strensaye continued, "is like a man suffering from—ah—chicken-pox. He won't be any the worse for it, so long as the irritating spots are not scratched. And that," he jabbed his finger on the map again, "that triangle bounded by the Abyssinian frontier, the Italian Somaliland frontier, and a line drawn from, say, the southern end of Lake Stefanie to the point where the Lak Dera river crosses the Italian frontier, is one of the irritating spots. The trouble is that someone won't stop scratching it, and if we're not careful they'll leave a permanent scar." He drew at his cigar and stared moodily at the map.

"That slice of unknown territory is making my life a misery. Our reports run clear up to the line Stefanie—Lak Dera, but north of that we know nothing until we reach British Somaliland, except, of course, such things as our representative in Addis Ababa is allowed to learn. Meanwhile, what is going on in the Triangle, as I have come to call it? Who is scratching that spot?"

Stocks kept silent; he knew that it was often possible to get more information by remaining dumb than by asking questions. Moreover, he was thinking of the scheme he had been asked to finance.

Rather irritably Lord Strensaye pitched his half-smoked cigar into the hearth. A worried expression had settled on his thin, lined face.

"There are rumors, Eustace, of trouble up in the Triangle. I don't know whether someone is trying to exploit the place, although God knows what there is to be exploited in that Heaven-forgotten corner of the globe."

He broke off, staring at the map again. Stocks's face was devoid of expression.

"There's a fellow of ours up at Lough, on the Juba river in Italian Somaliland," continued the Foreign Secretary, indicating the spot on the map. "He has sent in a rambling sort of report about slave-raid-

ing. Of course, we know that the Abyssinians do cross the frontier and poach ivory, and thieves, and that they take slaves if they get the chance; their country is still more or less in a state of medievalism in spite of its railways and aeroplanes. We prevent them when we can, but it's impossible to have men all along the frontier: the Administration wouldn't stand the cost. We get along as best as we are able. But this man at Lough says the Italians are like cats on hot bricks about their side of the Triangle. Our own people, too, in particular a district commissioner named Seaton, are uneasy all along the Northern Frontier. 'Pon my soul, Eustace,' Strensaye broke out in exasperation, "the Northern Frontier of Kenya and the threat of trouble there is becoming just as much a bugbear to this administration as the North-West Frontier of India and the aspirations of Russia were a source of anxiety to my predecessor in office thirty years ago!"

"Ah!" said Stocks, slyly, and stroked his clean-shaven chin.

"That's a highly intelligent comment," remarked his friend.

Stocks smiled.

"Some fifteen or more years ago there was a country in Europe which wise men were striving to modernise," he began. "Unfortunately the country and ninety-nine per cent. of its inhabitants were still living more or less in the middle-ages. The net result was revolution, chaos, and confusion. At the end of 1928 an enlightened but unwise ruler attempted to introduce modern reforms into a country sunk in medievalism. The net result was again revolution, chaos, and confusion. The second upheaval was greatly assisted by the infiltration of a new political belief from the first country."

"H'm," grunted Lord Strensaye, "Russia and Afghanistan, eh?"

"Abyssinia is still in the melting-pot of progress, which is an excellent breeding-ground for the Bolshevik bacillus, a splendid place to stir up trouble for the Italians and ourselves," said Stocks. "Still, I suppose we can only wait and hope for the best."

"I don't know that we can," retorted Strensaye. "It's all very well waiting when you know what to expect, but we don't. I don't like these rumors that some white man is trying to exploit the Triangle."

Once more Stocks's face became blank. "We must not forget," the other continued, "that the Abyssinians still regard that square inch of country—it's roughly 15,000 square miles in extent—as belonging to them, and that Italy has never acknowledged our sovereignty over it, although we color it red in our school atlases. If someone is making trouble there as you suggest, Eustace, I believe that any overt act by Abyssinia or ourselves might easily be utilised by Italy as an excuse to appeal to the League of Nations for a mandate to administer the territory."

"One might almost hope that Italy might get her mandate, and wish her joy of an unpleasant job," mused Stocks.

"Certainly not," snapped his lordship, quickly.

"Dog with a bone," thought Stocks.

"We lost more than enough after the war," Strensaye continued, "when Belgium got Ruanda, one of the richest mineral provinces in the continent. All because a British subaltern couldn't decide what he ought to do."

HE ran his thin fingers through his grey hair and paced up and down the library.

"What the devil is going on in that triangle of utter desert?" he cried, almost desperately. "If the Abyssinians are raiding we are bound to protect the tribes and their goods. If a white man is exploiting what appears to be the unexploitable it may easily be someone whom the Italians have put up in the hope of creating an international row. In that case we ought

to circumvent him before he can do any damage, but we should have to do it quietly. It may also be what you suggested, Eustace." He fingered his stubby moustache irritably.

"Cut the cackle and get to the 'osess," observed Stocks. "What d'you intend to do?"

"I think we ought to send out a man. Somebody unofficial, but sufficiently clever and absolutely trustworthy. Someone, naturally, who would never be suspected of being on Government service, and who fully understood we should disown him if he got into trouble. Of course, he must be familiar with the country."

"In the circumstances, what you really want is a candidate for a Suicide Club."

"Say rather a modern crusader who is out of love with life."

Stocks pursed his lips.

"I believe I know a man who might suit your purpose. I was talking recently with a fellow named John Cartwright, who served with the 6th King's African Rifles against the Somalis at one stage of the war. I don't think he has actually been inside the Triangle, but he seems to know the surrounding country like a billiards marker knows the back of his left hand. There's another thing, too. He mentioned a prophecy made many years ago by a Masai, who was a paramount chief. I think he said his name was M'batian or something like it. This Johnny said the English would advance across Africa until they met a people stronger than themselves who would drive them into the sea."

"Didn't the Boers say they were going to do that?"

"Yes, but this chap Cartwright explained that the Masai are very ignorant about everything with which they do not actually come into contact, and they believe M'batian referred to the Pygmies, but Cartwright said our only serious opponents were likely to be the Abyssinians. Incidentally, Cartwright speaks Arabic and Swahili fluently."

Lord Strensaye finished off his whisky-and-soda, and studied the bottom of his glass.

"Do you think he'd go?" he asked presently.

"I'm not sure." Eustace wrinkled his brows and then remembered his conversation with Harry Wargrave. "But I think we can fix things so that he will. He has a queer sort of conscience, and he may feel he's letting his partner down."

John Cartwright was not altogether surprised when Eustace Stocks was shown into his office the following morning. Stocks came to the point at once.

"You remember me talking to you yesterday, John, about the north-east corner of Kenya? Well, I was with Lord Strensaye last night, and he is very anxious about what is going on there. He suspects trouble."

JOHN'S eyes strayed to a letter which lay on the desk in front of him.

"That's curious," he said. "What sort of trouble?"

"No one knows. Er—he said something about a white man trying to exploit the country, but you needn't mention that. I was asked to finance a scheme out there. There may be a connection, or there may not, but it's better not to get business and politics mixed. Anyway, Strensaye wants to have a yarn with you."

So later in the day John presented himself at Lord Strensaye's house, feeling slightly nervous in the presence of the famous statesman. But Strensaye was renowned for putting people at their ease. Having provided John with a comfortable chair, a drink, and a cigar, he drew from him the reluctant admission that he would like to return to Africa.

"I can well understand your longing to go back, Mr. Cartwright," Strensaye said,

pleasantly. "For I myself was Acting Governor of British East for a time during the war, and so, perhaps, I share your love for the Dark Mistress who treats men so badly yet still compels their lasting affections. In any case, I count myself fortunate in being able to afford you the opportunity of returning to the country."

"That's—you're very kind," said John, in surprise. Stocks had said nothing about this.

"Well, let's get down to business," smiled the Cabinet Minister. "I'm firmly anchored in England now, but I spent the best years of my life in Africa."

"Of course!" cried John. "You were the man who did that famous trek from Uganda to the coast years before the war."

"Yes, I hadn't got a handle to my name then. I know something of your knowledge of the country, and I share your view that the Abyssinians are more likely to prove the unknown force of old M'batian's prophecy than are the Pygmies."

Cartwright could not suppress an exclamation of surprise, for he knew nothing of the substance of Stocks's conversation with Lord Strensaye.

"In fact," continued the Minister, "you may still hear people in Nairobi talking of Strensaye's Polly, for it was an article of faith during my brief administration that the Northern Frontier ought to be properly guarded, although it never has been. I think there is less danger of the Abyssinians coming down the Omo River, via Gamo, than that they would cross the desert west of the Juba, though I'm told that's impossible."

He bent over the map already spread on the table.

"Look, there is the Triangle, without a single detail filled in. Can you add to our knowledge?"

"I've been as far as the low hills north of the Barbatto and east of Bardera," John replied.

"As far as that? I doubt if half a dozen white men have been as far. The tribes there are a long way from the influence of Nairobi. Are they as ruthless as reports say?"

"They're absolute devils, untamed and untrustworthy. And I'll tell you another thing, Lord Strensaye. You mentioned that the desert west of the Juba was impassable. I'm not so sure that it is the impenetrable place it's generally supposed to be. I've an idea there's a road there somewhere down which the slave-raiders come."

"That's the road I want you to find," replied Strensaye quietly. "Then, and only then, shall I feel easier for the safety of the Northern Frontier. That is, if you are willing to go out and chance your luck. Once you leave this room you must remember that you have never met me, and if you get into trouble you must expect no assistance other than would be afforded to an ordinary traveller."

John stared at the Minister.

"Good Lord! Are you offering me a Secret Service job?"

"Were you ever happier than when you were a soldier?" Strensaye countered. "I'm giving you the chance to get back into harness in the service of your country. But the matter is urgent, and I must have your answer at once."

"If you decide to go," Strensaye continued as John still hesitated, "you must understand that the Government would accept no responsibility if you went into Abyssinia or Italian Somaliland, and got caught. You would have to pose as an independent adventurer in search of commercial gain. That, of course, puts a less pleasant aspect on it, doesn't it?"

He made the last remark in a way that intimated to John that, if he funked the task, here was an opportunity to withdraw gracefully.

But John remembered Cynthia Wargrave's words: "You've never been afraid of anything yet."

"I'll go," he said almost rudely.

Lord Strensaye smiled. There are many

methods of getting one's own way, but sometimes it is better not to take the most obvious one.

CHAPTER 10.

MR. COMMISSIONER SEATON AGAIN

UPON the eve of his departure from London, John received a letter from Kate Langridge, written before she left Conway Norton's station for M'Kamba's manor, which made him feel glad that he had decided to accept Lord Strensaye's offer. For Kate, who did not believe in mincing matters, wrote plainly that Conway Norton was on the down-grade, and that if someone did not take him in hand very soon there was every chance of him ruining not only his career, but his whole life. This letter caused John some uneasiness, for he was very attached to young Norton, and he well knew that a lonely life in Africa, by no means so simple as it sounds.

Kate also hinted that there were curious things happening to the northward, that natives spoke fearfully of "dead men walking," but whether this was mere hyperbole she could not say. At that time, of course, she had not met the two natives and Tom Clements by the lake-side.

These items of news made John Cartwright all the more anxious to reach Kenya. Cynthia Wargrave and her husband saw him off from Croydon aerodrome—ordinary steamer and train were too slow for John now that he had made up his mind—and there was an affectionate smile on the former's lips as the air-liner took off.

"Valerie doesn't know what's coming to her," Harry Wargrave remarked cryptically.

"It'll be the making of John," said his wife. "He's like a man who has just started on a long-distance race. Everything's rotten, life's not worth while, he feels absolutely done, but Africa will give him his second wind and he'll be a different fellow altogether."

In less than three weeks John landed at Kismayu in Italian Somaliland, and at once travelled across country to Kenya. He made for the customs station of Wajir, seventy miles from the frontier.

He did not intend to remain there very long, for he was anxious to get to Norton's station as soon as possible, but there were certain things he had to attend to, and it was imperative that he should remain a few days.

One hot morning he was watching the arrival of a string of camels with a gleam of pleasure in his eye when he became aware of a native standing before him.

"Bwana!" cried the native with suppressed excitement.

John glanced at him. Then a delighted grin spread over his lean face.

"Jubatarra! By all that's holy! I might have guessed you'd turn up again, you old devil!"

Jubatarra showed two rows of white teeth in one vast smile.

"Yes, Bwana, it is Jubatarra. So the Bwana has come back even after all these years."

John's grin faded swiftly.

"Yes, I have come back," he said, and changed the subject abruptly. "What are you doing here? You used to get jobs as a gun-bearer?"

"Sometimes, Bwana, but I find it hard to get such work now. The firms in Nairobi prefer to employ younger men, who can speak English."

John nodded. Jubatarra was clothed chiefly in an old and ragged blanket. Certainly he did not look prosperous; on the other hand, John knew that a more capable, trustworthy, and courageous gun-bearer would be difficult to find, for Jubatarra had been in the King's African Rifles, and had accompanied John into more than one tight corner. He was as true as steel, and utterly without fear.

"They don't know a good man when they

see one," said John. "What are you doing in Wajir?"

Jubatarra hesitated. "Looking for work," he muttered, his eyes on the ground. Then he looked up, saw that John was watching him, and grinned nervously. John did not pursue the inquiry. "How would you like to come on safari with me again?" he asked.

"Bwana!" Jubatarra's eyes lit up; he grinned widely; he looked very like a dog that has been invited to take a walk with its master.

"Good," said John, knowing he would not get a better servant if he searched Africa.

IN due course, John, accompanied by Jubatarra and a few porters, for he was travelling light, arrived at Norton's station. He had not warned the boy of his arrival, preferring after Kate's letter to take him by surprise. Norton welcomed him in a rather curious manner. It was plain to John that Norton had changed a great deal from the cheery youth who had come from Cambridge full of plans for the future. He had lost most of that aggressively healthy appearance; he looked worn, and at times, when he thought John was not looking, almost haggard.

John was surprised at the size of the sundowner which Norton took on their first evening together, but he made no remark, not even when Norton filled his glass for the fourth time. But it did make him take a quick survey of the room, for when a man takes four sundowners of the size of Norton's the natural corollary is that he is getting slack in his habits. It was plain to John's observant eye that the place had been roughly lived, as if Norton had been warned of his coming. But that was not possible. While John was pondering over the query, Norton explained it, almost as if he had been reading John's thoughts.

"The D.C.'s coming to-morrow," he said shortly. "Sent me a chit over to-day."

"Oh," said John, "a decent fellow? Do I know him?"

"I hope not; he's the reverse of decent. Seaton is his name. He and I mix like oil and water. He's an unmitigated swab."

Norton spoke almost viciously.

"He was damn rude to Valerie when she and Kate were here," he added.

John, who had already had a strictly censored account of the visit of the two women, now asked for further information. But Norton could not tell him very much, beyond the fact that after they had left the station they had journeyed north-east.

"Seaton told them not to go, and ordered me to stop 'em, but what the devil could I do? Once they left the station they could do as they pleased. I do know, however, that they reached a matigala called M'Kamba's, because M'Kamba himself sent me word with that letter that Kate wrote you."

John nodded. The letter to which Norton referred, together with a short note from Valerie, had been written by Kate after she had left M'Kamba's, and had eventually found its way down to Norton's station. Before it could be forwarded, however, John himself had arrived. There were several things in that missive that gave John food for thought. Kate told of the discovery of the sick and dead natives by the side of the lake, and of the meeting with Tom Clements. She said bluntly that she and Valerie were bent on solving the mystery.

After the evening meal John again tackled his host on the subject.

"Con," he said, "what's the meaning of all these stories about 'dead men walking,' or are they just native yarns? Is there anything queer going on up in that part of the country?"

Norton lit a cigarette and laughed shortly. "I'm damned if I know," he said, "that is, I can't put any interpretation on to the yarns, but I am pretty sure there's something behind it all. That's obvious. Look at the men Kate found."

"But isn't it part of your job to find out?"

"Yes," Norton replied slowly, "but I

believe Seaton's on the same lay. He wants me to do the dirty work and then he'll step in and take the credit. That's why he's paying me a visit to-morrow. Just to sniff round. But there'll be nothing doing. Mr. Seaton can do his own dirty work, damn him."

"But what is the trouble?" John persisted. "Is it natives? Someone trying to start a jihad? They're Moslem up there, aren't they?"

Norton shook his head.

"I wish I knew," he said. He went to a drawer and took out a rough map drawn in waterproof ink. "There, that's the Triangle, as you call it; not a bad name, either. You see, it is bounded by the Abyssinian and Italian frontiers, and on this map is marked all the information I've been able to gather. It's not much; most of the paper is blank. There's only a mountain or two, a few rivers of doubtful accuracy, and a lake or so."

"How did you get this information?" asked John, puffing at his pipe and poring over the map with interest. Except for one or two additional details, it was as blank as the one Lord Strensaye had shown him.

"From natives mostly. I don't think any white man has ever been there; on the fringes of the Triangle, yes, but not in the centre."

There was more animation than usual in Norton's voice, and John looked up quickly. A curious change had come over the younger man. His slackness had fallen from him, his mouth had grown firm and determined, his face was keen and resolute, and the quick vitality of his eyes was in sharp contrast to their former dull, lacklustre stare.

John understood: he would have been the same himself. Norton found his solitary and uneventful existence monotonous, wherefore his job had ceased to have any interest for him. But anything unusual, exciting or adventurous held an immense attraction.

"The Triangle," Norton repeated, staring at the rough map, a momentary gleam of fire in his eyes. "I'd like to go there, like to find out really what is going on, like to explore."

"Perhaps you could get leave," John suggested.

"Leave for good, I reckon," Norton retorted. "I suppose you are going up there?"

LA TE the following afternoon Seaton arrived. From the first John did not like the look of him; he had an unpleasantly thin, sarcastic mouth, and it was plain that there was no love lost between him and Norton. It was not long before the trouble started.

After dinner Seaton inquired what had happened to Kate and Valerie.

"Oh, they left a few days after you," replied Norton.

"Where did they go to from here?"

"So far as I know, they started off in a south-easterly direction, but later they turned north and they were last heard of at M'Kamba's."

Seaton raised his eyebrows.

"But I thought I made it quite plain that I absolutely prohibited that tract of country."

Norton shrugged his shoulders.

"And if my memory serves me, I gave you orders to stop them. Is that not so?"

"How could I stop them?" Norton demanded.

"That is immaterial; I gave the orders, and I expected them to be carried out. You seem to have been slack in your duties, Norton."

John saw the boy's mouth twitch ominously. He could not blame him. It was not so much what the D.C. said, but his unpleasant, sneering manner.

"This is not the first time I have had cause to complain," Seaton added.

"If you can tell me how to control the

movements of two women twenty miles away I shall be obliged," Norton retorted.

"I think you forget yourself, Mr. Norton," the D.C. said coldly.

Norton jumped to his feet.

"Forget myself?" he exclaimed angrily. "It's a damn lucky thing for you I don't!" And he strode out of the room.

John rose and caught up with him at the door of the office.

"Steady, old man," he advised. "Best thing is to say nothing. Ignore the perisher."

"The sneering swine," cried the furious Norton. "A couple of thick ears would do him good!"

"Well, don't let him get your goat; that's what he's after. Keep calm, and you'll annoy him more than by flying off the handle."

"Oh, all right," growled Norton, "but you can entertain him for the rest of the evening. I've had enough."

Having quietened Norton down, John returned to the D.C.

"That young man is lacking in manners," he complained as soon as John entered.

"Don't judge him too hardy," replied John. "He doesn't have an easy time of it up here."

"But that's just what he does have. He's no need to go trekking all over the country like I do."

"He'd prefer that to sitting still in one place."

The three men breakfasted separately the following morning. First Norton, then John, while Seaton was last. After he had finished his meal, John went over to Norton's office to smoke a cigarette.

"How's the swab this morning?" Norton asked.

"Got a liver, I think," John replied. "Glared at me as if I was a felon. He got quite shirty with me last night."

"You're going north-east?"

"Yes. Keep mum about it. I'm going after Kate and Valerie. Not that I'm nervous about them, but—well— He hesitated, trying to find a convincing reason other than the real one. "It's unexplored ground, and it will be good to be under the sun and stars again."

"Yes, you're lucky," Norton shot him a quick, searching glance, as if wondering at the real reason of his expedition.

THERE was a strained silence for a moment. John sat on the edge of the table and examined the end of his cigarette.

"Have you ever heard of a Major Saumarez in Kenya?" he asked suddenly.

"Says in Nairobi occasionally."

Norton frowned.

"Curiously enough, I did meet a man of that name once, but it wasn't in Nairobi. Tall, dark, good-looking fellow?"

"Sounds like him. Where did you come across him?" John quivered with well-feigned indifference.

"Oh, it was before I came up here. I was on some job near Sergott, not far from Eldoret, and this fellow was staying at the local hotel with two other men. By Jove, they were some lads. They'd all three been officers during the War, but they were tough customers. Drank whisky like a cat drinks milk, but they always seemed perfectly sober."

"What was he doing at Sergott?"

"No idea. I left the day after the shooting show. Why? Do you know him?"

"I've come across him once or twice, and heard about him from various people. He's rather a man of mystery. No one seems to know what he does. Seems to be a sort of Jekyll and Hyde. Quite well known at home; but no one knows anything about him out here."

"What does he do at home?"

John began to fill a pipe. "The last thing I heard about him was that he had sold a diamond. I met a Hebrew, a quite good fellow, who's a big noise in Hatton Garden. He'd bought this

diamond off Saumarez, who said that he had bought it from a friend some time ago, but that at the moment he was pressed for ready cash and he wanted to realise on it. My Hebrew friend offered him three hundred, and he took it. It was a fine diamond and my friend had made a good bargain, so good that he began to get suspicious. You know what Jews are like where money is concerned: straight as a gun-barrel, most of them, but keen as a mustard. He made inquiries about Saumarez, and it seems that Saumarez had sold quite a number of diamonds. Oh, there was no funny business. The stones were perfectly good, but no one could find out where he got them from. As he usually sold at bargain prices, the dealers didn't bother to ask too many questions.

"Are you suggesting that Saumarez is exporting diamonds illegally?" asked Norton. "He's taking a chance, isn't he? Besides, there are no diamonds in Kenya." "He's a mysterious customer," said John. "And they'll tell you in South Africa that the I.D.B. is still a pretty active bird."

He got off the table and strolled towards a mirror, into the inside edge of the frame of which were stuck numerous pieces of paper.

"What the deuce are all these?" he demanded.

Norton gave an unpleasant laugh. "They're mainly repinands, tickings off, and illuminating advice from His Highness Lord Seaton. He sends 'em over by runner whenever he feels particularly peevish. Some day I'll have 'em mounted and framed as an example of deplorable bad manners."

"So that is the way you treat my correspondence," came a sneering voice from the open doorway.

Both men looked round. Seaton entered the office with an unpleasant glint in his eyes. He was furiously angry.

"Do you think that is the way to treat my chills to you?" he demanded. "It looks to me very like insolence and insubordination."

Norton caught John's eye, and with an effort controlled his rising temper.

"I don't treat official correspondence that way," he said gently, in the manner of one explaining a problem to a child. "I took it that they were personal notes, not official, and I put them there so that they would always be in front of me as reminders. Of course," he added, "if you say they are official, I'll be 'em."

Seaton's eyelids flickered and he dug his teeth into his top lip.

"I should have thought that you would have reserved so prominent a position for a certain lady's communications," he sneered.

Norton rose to his feet.

"What the hell do you mean?" he demanded.

"From certain information I have received," said Seaton in his thin, cold voice. "It seems that shortly before the departure of Miss Hayward's safari you took the opportunity of having what I can only describe as a drunken orgy. Had it not been for Miss Langridge, it would not have stopped at that."

Norton's mouth shut like a steel trap; his fists closed. Had not John stepped in front of him, he would have struck Seaton's sneering face.

"Steady, Con," said John.

"You misguy 'em!" cried Norton. "You've been putting natives to spy on me. Well, that's finished it. The bloody station's yours. Run it or ruin it how you like. I'm clearing out."

Seaton drew himself up primly.

"One of the essential qualifications of a native administrator," he said mincingly, "is that he should be able to control his temper. I would also like to point out that there is a certain procedure to be observed when a man wishes to leave the Service. You must send in your resignation in writing to me, and I will forward

it to the proper quarter. Then you will wait here until your relief arrives. You cannot leave here at a moment's notice."

"Can't I?" retorted Norton. "You just watch!"

He went out and slammed the door.

CHAPTER II. THE DESOLATE VALLEY.

HIGH above the granite hills the blazing sun poured down from a sky of stainless blue. The parched countryside shimmered in the heat. In all that arid land no living creature moved, except where four human figures picked their way cautiously down the hillside towards the valley.

Hundreds of feet above them, poised motionless in the unfecked heavens, a vulture watched them with a careful eye, and when they vanished over the edge of a narrow ravine, it swooped earthwards and sideways, the better to keep them under observation. Unaware that they were the objects of so much interest, the four humans proceeded on their way towards the valley. Kate Langridge, who led the party, scanned the landscape eagerly for any sign that would indicate the whereabouts of water, the object of their search. Her lean brown face was coated in dust through which ran tiny rivulets of sweat. Her hands were wet and clammy. Valerie, who walked a little behind her, was in a worse state, for with her brief experience of Africa she was not accustomed to shade temperatures that rose into the hundreds. She literally gasped for air, and it did not comfort her to remember that Kate had warned her to remain with the safari on the hills above, and that it was only her own obstinacy, and a determination to emulate Kate, that had brought her to her present state of discomfort.

Towards the north a shoulder of the hill came down and cut off their view. To the south the valley widened into a small, stony plain. Kate halted and, shading her eyes with a brown hand, peered across at the further edge of the valley. Valerie and the two gun-bearers obediently came to a halt behind her. No sound disturbed the silence until a small pebble rattled down the hill a few yards to their right.

Kate eyed the mouth of the ravine from which they had emerged, wondering if it was worth while setting the porters to dig in the sand in the hope of finding water. But it did not look a very hopeful spot, and she decided to push further up the valley, round the shoulder of the hill. Valerie mopped her face, now devoid of every vestige of make-up and tanned a wholesome brown, and thought almost deliciously of frothing glasses of shandy-gaff. She did not speak to Kate, for the effort of talking was too great.

Suddenly Kate stood motionless, staring down at something a few yards ahead. Valerie came abreast, curious to know what claimed her companion's interest. All she could see was a small patch of animal droppings.

"Donkey," said Kate briefly. She walked up to the droppings, looked at it intently, and touched it with her foot. For an instant her eyes flicked swiftly round the hills. Then she spoke rapidly to the gun-bearers, so rapidly that Valerie could not catch what was said. The men handed over the rifles and spread out, one to the right and the other to the left.

"We'll wait here," Kate said to Valerie.

The girl made no objection; she was thankful for the rest and too tired even to ask for an explanation. Kate did not offer one. Valerie sat down, but promptly got up again, for the rocks were too hot to serve as seats for any length of time.

"Try this way," Kate suggested with a smile. She herself was squatting native fashion on her heels, her rifle across her thighs.

"That's all very well," said Valerie, "but my knees won't stand the strain." She

compromised by kneeling and sitting on her heels. The two gun-bearers had faded into the middle distance. The silence in the valley was unbroken.

BUT Kate seemed very restless. Her head and eyes were never still, and more than once she changed her position. On the other hand, Valerie had difficulty in keeping her eyes open at all. But she did not complain. She had improved immensely from the sullen, coiled Valerie whom John Cartwright had known at the Wargraves. Gone was the masterful, headstrong girl, so careless of other people's feelings, so intolerant of advice. Under the insidious influence of Africa the less pleasing traits had fallen from her. In her present surroundings, quick learner though she was, she could not but realise that without Kate's guidance she was helpless. At first, jealous of her own independence, this knowledge galled her, and she tried to keep the elder woman at a distance. But Kate had that infinite patience acquired by most people who have lived close to Nature, and, like Eustace Stocks, she knew how to wait.

After they had left M'Kamba's manyata their route had lain through difficult country. Here the Gallas were not too friendly towards strangers, for they lived in constant fear of Abyssinian slave-raids, which took their men from the manyatas and returned them like walking corpses, and now they seemed to suspect a new sort of danger from the advent of the white women's safari. Then it had been Kate's knowledge, experience and indefatigable patience that had brought them safely through more than one ugly situation into the desert beyond. The example of Kate's patient courage in difficult circumstances had finally killed Valerie's conceit. She was obliged to admit to herself that, compared with this lean, tanned woman, who smoked endless cigarettes and ran the safari with firm-handed efficiency, she was a useless tenderfoot. So, while Kate, awake and watchful, peered through the quivering air, Valerie dozed uneasily.

She was roused by Kate's hand on her arm.

"Come on, he's found it," Kate said a trifle anxiously.

"Found what?" asked Valerie, struggling to her feet.

"You'll see," replied Kate cryptically. She strode over the uneven ground to where, a quarter of a mile away, her gun-bearer stood with upturned hand. Valerie followed, trying to shake off the sleepiness that enveloped her.

They found the native waiting by the edge of a strip of greyish sand as long as a cricket pitch, on which stood a number of the dry, brittle bushes, similar to those dotted all over the valley. These particular shrubs, however, were broken down, and many looked as if they had been eaten. With a wave of his brown hand, the gun-bearer drew their attention from the bushes to the strip of sand. This was as rough as if it had been dug up with a spade, but here and there even Valerie's untrained eye could discern the mark of a small hoof, and also some larger, splayed imprints which she did not recognise. The native pointed towards the north and spoke rapidly to Kate, who nodded. Suddenly Valerie realised that something unusual had occurred.

"What's happened?" she asked.

"A caravan has passed here," replied Kate, with a touch of anxiety in her voice, "and not so very long ago. If we follow their trail we shall probably come to water, but we shall have to be careful, for it would not be wise to let them see us." She did not add what was already in her mind: that the caravan was in all probability a party of Abyssinians returning from a successful raid upon the unfortunate Gallas further south. If this was so, and the raiders were encumbered with stock, they

could only be moving slowly, and it should be no difficult matter to catch up with them.

Now and then they came across the trail of the caravan, showing that they were still proceeding in the right direction. Indeed there was no other unless they climbed one of the rungs that ran on either side. Kate ascended to the top of a small bluff and scanned the valley ahead, searching for a dust cloud which would inevitably betray the caravan. But the valley lay still and lifeless under the scorching sun; only the waves of heat danced above the burning rocks. It was as she came down from the bluff that she found the second trail, three pairs of nailed boots plainly imprinted upon a patch of soft sand.

This caused her to think furiously. She knew that many raiding parties contained well-equipped riflemen, and it was quite possible that there were some men in this caravan who were boots, but from the position of the pile of rocks, with regard to the probable route of the caravan, it seemed unlikely that the booted men were anything to do with it.

KATE tried to trace the route taken by the three pairs of boots, but after a little while she lost the track on rocky ground, and could not find it again. Besides, they had not the time to spend on unprofitable speculation, when the need for water was so pressing.

Ten minutes later something moving behind a rock just on the edge of her range of vision made Kate rise to her feet. Ever since she had discovered the droppings from the donkey and the tracks of the caravan, she had been uneasy and suspicious. She stole forward, her rifle at the ready. But she had not gone two yards before a harsh voice behind her commanded her, in Swahili, to stop. She turned slowly—when you suspect that armed men are about it is wise not to move too quickly, lest you should be misunderstood—and faced a ragged fellow with a hawk-like face and dark, threatening eyes that glared at her along the barrel of a rifle.

The two gun-bearers sprang to their feet in alarm, but a threatening sweep of the man's levelled rifle silenced their excited chatter, and they stood staring dumbly at him. Valerie got up more slowly, showing no sign of the uneasiness she felt, and came towards Kate.

"What do you want, and where have you come from?" Kate demanded of the man with the rifle. Behind him, some thirty yards away, a similar ruffian peered round the side of a boulder.

The man Kate had addressed leered at her unpleasantly.

"I want your rifle," he growled, "and I want to know what are you doing here?"

"Looking for water," said Kate, briefly, ignoring his request for her weapon.

But the man was not to be put off.

"Your rifle," he repeated, "and that one there." He indicated Valerie's with a nod of his greasy head. "And don't forget that my finger is light on the trigger. Life is of no great value in this part of the country." He leered again unpleasantly. "But I think you will have to accompany us. Women always had an attraction for me."

There was no mistaking his meaning. Valerie suddenly felt very sick. Kate regarded him with a stony glare.

"You forget you are on British territory," she said.

"What do I care about the British?" the fellow retorted. "Come, hurry up with that rifle."

With a shrug of her shoulders Kate walked forward, holding the weapon towards him but first. As he stretched out his hand to grasp it, she stepped sideways slightly, bringing him between her and the second man who still peered round the side of the boulder. When the Abyssinian's fingers touched the butt, Kate,

without the slightest hesitation, kicked him hard in the stomach. He doubled up, groaning, and after a second or two, fell to the ground. But even before that Kate had flung her rifle to her shoulder, and taken a snappy shot at the man behind the boulder, who had been too amazed at the swiftness of events to do more than gaze with astonishment. A howl of pain told her that she had at least hit the target.

"Quick!" she cried, and grabbing Valerie, who was quite as astonished as the writhing Abyssinian, she dragged her round to the other side of the rock. The gun-bearers followed of their own accord, and with alacrity.

But Kate did not halt there. Keeping the large rocks between them and their assailants, she managed with extraordinary skill, to gain a good quarter of a mile before the whistle of a bullet and a distant report warned them they had been seen. Kate decided to split the party, and told the gun-bearers to get back and warn the safari, which had been left in charge of M'nyogi, as best they could. At the moment she did not know how many Abyssinians were attacking them, and it would be as well for the n'mpara to have things prepared for emergencies.

Kate's first wish was to put the greatest distance possible between herself and the Abyssinians. Her quick eye told her that as soon as they could get out of the valley on to the higher ground of the hills, they would have an advantage. The best plan, she decided, was to make for one of the innumerable ravines, and, using that as cover, climb the hillside. To this end she ordered Valerie to go on ahead while she attended to any unwary Abyssinian who might be foolish enough to expose himself.

"I'm stopping with you," said Valerie. "I'm not going to have any of this heroic rearguard business. I may not be much use, but I'm not going to run away." "You're going to do as you're told," snapped Kate. "Don't argue. I know what I'm doing. Make for that ravine with the clump of bushes near the entrance, and don't expose yourself. I don't want to have to carry you."

For a second the two women stared at each other. Then Valerie dropped her eyes.

"All right," she said, humbly. "Thanks. Don't be long."

KATE gave a grim smile as the khaki-clad form of the younger girl crept off between the boulders. Six weeks or more ago Valerie would have insisted pig-headedly on remaining with her. It was something to have instilled a certain amount of sense and discipline into her in that short time.

But Kate had other and more important things to attend to than the fluctuations of Valerie's character. Lying on the hot stones she pulled back the safety-catch of her rifle and peered in the direction from which the shots had come. Through the quivering waves of heat she saw two black heads worming their way towards her. She was tempted to fire, but that would disclose her position, and first of all she wanted to discover the number of the attackers and exactly where they were. She kept a careful watch on each side, and it was as well she did, for presently she saw on her left hand a figure, belly-flat to earth, crawling round the rocks three hundred yards away. The man was plainly trying to outflank her. Slowly raising her rifle, she pressed the trigger. It was a miss, but it sent the fellow scurrying to cover. Immediately there were a number of reports from in front of her, but the Abyssinians were firing at random, and none of the bullets came near her.

Kate waited. Then on her right hand, a dark face was edged cautiously round the side of a rock. But the man obviously had not the least idea where she was, for he was looking well away behind her. Kate

made no mistake about this shot. The bullet took him neatly in the centre of his forehead. His head dropped forward and he lay motionless.

But the second shot had betrayed her position to the attackers in front. Half a dozen reports rang out, and bullets splattered on the rocks a bare yard to her left. This was too close to be comfortable, and she decided to move.

Very carefully she wormed her way backwards, stopping once to take a quick shot at an incautious Abyssinian, which made him duck violently. A hundred yards behind her the ground sloped downwards, and until the attackers reached the top of the slope anything on the further side would be dead ground. Kate looked back. Valerie was close to the mouth of the ravine, but the top of the slope was an excellent place to make a stand with the object of preventing the Abyssinians from pressing their attack too closely. Kate was reasonably sure by this time that the party was too small to rush her without suffering heavy casualties, and she thought that they were probably stragglers from the main raiding party.

She settled down behind a convenient rock, and waited. But the Abyssinians had learnt caution, or perhaps Kate's good use of cover had baffled them, and they did not know where she was. Whatever the cause they were a considerable time coming up, and Kate began to wish that she had made straight for the ravine and not waited.

The fact that they had attracted no fire must have given the men working towards Kate's flanks a false notion of security, for they began to expose themselves recklessly. She waited until she had picked up the three men on her front again, and then suddenly let them have five rounds rapidly. To the best of her belief she scored two hits. A man on her right threw himself into the air and fell over backwards, and immediately in front of her one staggered to his feet, ran a few yards, and then went head-over-heels like a shot rabbit.

"Not too bad," Kate muttered to herself. "It ought to warn them that it's dangerous to come too close."

But she had not been so clever as she thought. One Abyssinian, a better stalker than his companions, had worked his way to the edge of the slope some distance away on Kate's right. What she imagined was dead ground was covered by his rifle. He fired at her and missed. But once Kate had started to run she dare not stop. A second shot went wild. The Abyssinian, realising that he need fear no retaliation, steadied himself, and his third shot took Kate through the left forearm. She fell, spreadeagled among the rocks, but the next instant she had picked herself up, and, gaining the entrance to the ravine, rejoined Valerie.

THE blood streamed off Kate's fingers, and the wound burned like a hot iron, but what concerned her much more was the immediate and terrible realisation that the ravine was nothing less than a trap, a cul-de-sac. There was no way out, for the sides were too sheer to climb, and in several places there was a distinct over-hang at the top. Retreat from the ravine was impossible, for at least one rifle was covering the entrance.

Things began to look black. Kate bit her lips, while Valerie tried to tie up her arm. Being an old campaigner, Kate realised that the Abyssinians would leave some of their party to guard the ravine entrance while the remainder made their way to the top, from which point they would have Kate and Valerie completely at their mercy. There was but one spot which offered them any chance of survival. On the right side of the ravine, about halfway up, an over-hang of rock protected them from attack from above, and an

out-dung buttress shielded them from the head of the gorge. If they could get into that corner they would have only the opposite cliff-edge and the entrance to defend. Quickly they made their way towards it, and under Kate's direction, Valerie pulled a few rocks into position to form a rough breast-work.

"It seems a great pity," remarked Valerie, with an attempt at cheerfulness, "that I omitted to bring the picnic basket."

In spite of the pain she was suffering Kate flashed her a smile of admiration. She knew that it was the first time the girl had been under fire, and not everyone takes it so calmly. Perhaps Valerie did not realise the seriousness of the situation, but Kate was under no illusion. Their only hope lay in the two gun-bearers reaching the camp and Mnyogi having enough grey matter and courage to organise a rescue party. Failing that, the only alternative was to fight their way out, in which case the odds were about ten to one against them getting through.

For an hour, during which time they had the leisure to appreciate the appalling heat of the ravine, they were left unmolested. Then a stealthy figure showed for an instant at the entrance, disappearing before Kate could fire. Twenty minutes later a small stone was dislodged from the top of the cliff above them and fell into the ravine, but because of the over-hang it missed them.

"They're overhead," remarked Kate, "but I don't think they've spotted us yet."

"How long would it be before Mnyogi could get here?" asked Valerie.

"About another three hours at the earliest."

After that the conversation languished. Presently two men appeared among the rocks on the top of the ravine immediately opposite. Kate did not hesitate. She took careful aim and fired. One Abyssinian slid over the edge of the cliff and fell with a sickening thud on to the boulders below. But the shot gave away their position. Three bullets splattered on the rocks about them as they crouched under cover. For five minutes a desultory fire was kept up. Then it ceased. Puzzled, Kate made a careful investigation. Not an Abyssinian was to be seen.

Then a man at the entrance shouted, a second replied from the cliff-top above them, and a third answered from the rocks opposite. In a flash Kate understood. The Abyssinians had surrounded them, and were content to starve them out.

This was made apparent when a voice came from the cliffs above them:

"Leave your rifles behind, and come out, and we will not shoot," it said.

There was no reply. But the invitation was made at intervals until it began to get on the nerves of Kate and Valerie.

The hours dragged slowly by. Periodically came the summons to surrender, but Kate never troubled to reply. Once, lured into a false sense of security by the silence, a man raised his head from behind a rock and promptly received a bullet through the brain from the watchful Kate.

And then from behind and above them a shot rang out, followed by several others in rapid succession. Something whirled through the air. It was an Abyssinian. He hit the rocks a few yards in front of the breast-work, almost bouncing with the force of his fall, and then lay still, his head a red pulp. Valerie was promptly sick.

Kate, rifle in hand, lay behind her rock, watchful, yet puzzled. What was happening? She was soon to know. In less than five minutes the last of the Abyssinians, who had been taken completely by surprise, was shot through the stomach.

"Hallo, there!" came a voice in English from above. "Are you all right?"

"Yes," replied Kate. "Who are you? What's happened?"

"It's quite safe to come out," said the

unknown. "We've scuppered the lot. We're coming down into the ravine."

Kate and Valerie scrambled out of their tiny fort and made for the entrance, thankful and amazed at their deliverance, and wondering who their rescuers could be. As they emerged into the open, two white men came to meet them. With the low sun behind them their features were indistinguishable under the wide-brimmed helmets.

Then the leading man lifted his topee in greeting. Valerie stared, open-mouthed.

"Hallo, Valerie, how's things?" asked Victor Saumarez.

CHAPTER 12. INTO THE FIRE.

TOM CLEMENTS shifted the quid of tobacco from his left cheek to his right and expectorated a thin stream of brown liquid on to the ground.

"If you ask my opinion," he volunteered, "the boss has made the biggest mistake of his life by bringing them wimmen here. What d'you think Mac?"

MacFee fingered his beard for a moment before replying.

"Aye," he said at length, "I'm in agreement with ye, Tom. Wimmen have their place, nae doot, but this isna one of them."

"I dare say the boss did feel he ought to rescue 'em," Tom Clements continued, "but he should have sent 'em back to their own safari, and told 'em to clear out. When I met 'em down by the lake on the other side o' McKamba's some weeks back, like I told you, I warned 'em what to expect up here. But that long-faced bitch, Kate, laughed. She knew better'n me. Well, she knows a ruddy sight more now."

He spat again, contemptuously.

"Fucker has looks after her wee!" said MacFee.

"She's a peach, she is," Clements answered, and licked his lips appreciatively. "You know, the boss sent me down to meet her at Mombasa and fetch her back here, and I'd got everything nicely fixed up when that—that—"

"I know," said MacFee. "Go on."

"She stepped in and twisted me out of it. Well, the boss has got his piece up here now, more by luck than anything else."

"The devil eye looks after his ain," said MacFee, moseying.

"I reckon the boss'll know what to do with her now he's got her, but there'll be trouble, you watch."

Valerie had left the room where Kate lay unconscious in the grip of fever, and come to the door of the bungalow for a breath of cooler air. It so happened that the two men did not notice her, and she overheard the last part of the conversation. The color mounted swiftly to her face as she turned back and re-entered Kate's room.

So that was why Clements had met her as soon as she had landed. It was plain now that Saumarez had made an attempt at what almost amounted to abduction. Valerie felt a hot surge of anger which, however, quickly subsided. She considered the situation. The outlook was a little better than when she and Kate had been trapped by the Abyssinians in the ravine, but not much, for without porters or food they were dependent on Saumarez. About her own personal safety, she did not worry. She considered that as she had already dealt with Victor Saumarez in England she would have no difficulty in dealing with him here, and when Kate recovered, which should be soon, they could rejoin their safari. Nevertheless, Valerie guessed that a lot of unpleasantness would be avoided if she remained with Kate in her room.

It was not very pleasant for her, cooped up in the stuffy bungalow, with Kate racked with fever, moaning and tossing on the bed. The days dragged by drearily enough, and Valerie noticed that there were never more than two men in

the bungalow at the same time. This made her curious, and presently she discovered that at certain times one of the men would ascend the hillside behind the bungalow, vanishing from sight behind a rugged boulder, and invariably some ten minutes later a second man would come down to the house.

VALERIE wondered what these curious movements could mean, but since Saumarez had not volunteered any information, she did not care to ask him. She felt that the less she had to do with him the better, but meetings were sometimes unavoidable. Then she knew that he never ceased to watch; and, sometimes, the look in his dark eyes made her shiver inwardly.

The tension in the bungalow, therefore, steadily increased, until one morning, five days after Kate and Valerie had arrived, there took place an incident, the repercussions of which were felt for some time. Valerie was alone with Kate. MacFee had just vanished up the hillside, whither Tom Clements had preceded him four hours previously. Saumarez was eating a solitary breakfast on the stoep.

One of the things about the bungalow that had aroused Valerie's curiosity was that there were no native servants. The three men did everything themselves, even their own cooking, so when Valerie heard the sound of a native's voice she sat up and listened. The voice continued for some time, in spite of the fact that three times Saumarez interrupted the speaker. Valerie could not catch the words, but she could tell from his tone that Saumarez was growing angry.

The native spoke again very quickly. There came a scraping sound as Saumarez pushed back his chair. The next instant the air was rent by a shrill scream.

Valerie got up from her chair and rushed out on to the stoep. Saumarez was standing in the sunlight, his right arm raised above his head, and clenched in his hand was a whip made of hippopotamus hide. At his feet, her wrinkled face distorted with pain, lay an old native woman.

Valerie dashed forward.

"You brute!" she cried. "Drop that whip at once!"

Saumarez did not seem to hear her, and took no notice until she caught his wrist just as the whip was descending again. Then he turned with a snarl, his olive features distorted with rage.

"Get out!" he said thickly. "Go back to the bungalow. This is no business of yours."

"Put that whip down!" cried Valerie, her blue eyes blazing. "Do you hear?"

For a moment Saumarez struggled to free his wrist from the girl's grasp, but she refused to release it. She was amazed at the expression on his face. His lips were drawn back to show his teeth, and the whites of his eyes were bloodshot. They stared at each other tensely for several seconds, while the woman on the ground groaned in pain, then with a short laugh Saumarez surrendered the whip.

"The old hag deserved what she got," he said, callously. "She would not go away when I told her to."

Valerie made no reply, but flinging the whip on to the stoep, she turned to the native woman. As she bent down she felt a stickiness on the palms of her hands, and looking at them, she saw they were stained with blood that had come off the handle of the whip. And then she saw the cause. On the left side of the native's head there was a red wound from which the blood ran down her face. In his rage Saumarez must have struck her with the heavy butt of the whip. Valerie glanced up at him, her face white with anger.

"You coward!" she cried, and Saumarez scowled.

Valerie turned the old woman over, for she had fallen forward on to her face in

a stupor. She groaned again, moved her hands feebly, and opened her eyes. For a moment she looked vacantly about her. Then her gaze fell on Saumarez.

"Nussu-nussu, natwa, half-caste dog!" she screamed. "I die. You have killed me when I came to talk peaceably with you. But I shall be revenged. My snake shall be with you, and your heart's desire shall be taken from you at the hour of hoped-for fulfilment."

SHE sank back against Valerie, and in two minutes she was dead. Saumarez gave a short laugh and turned away. But there was no doubt that the old woman's curse had disturbed him. Apart from that, her reference to him as a nussu-nussu, or half-caste, had made him even more furious than he had been when she had come to warn him that the attitude of the surrounding tribes of Gallas, restive because of the troubles that had descended on them in the shape of Abyssinian raids and loss of stock through sickness, was growing more and more threatening each day. Meek and submissive as they usually were, showing only the feeblest of resistance against raiders, the Gallas were beginning to believe that the three white men encamped in that desolate region were the direct cause of the disasters that had befallen them.

Valerie returned to Kate's bedside sick and angry. The elder woman, who had shown considerable improvement during the last twenty-four hours, although her wounded arm still caused some anxiety, noticed how white and drawn Valerie appeared.

"Don't devote so much of your time to me," she whispered, "or you'll be knocking yourself up. Go to your own room and rest."

Valerie shook her head. The last thing she wanted was to be alone. Although Saumarez had rescued them from the Abyssinians, she did not trust him; and since this morning's incident she hated him. When Kate had been tossing to and fro in the grip of delirium Valerie had suddenly realised how much she had depended on the elder woman. She had felt very solitary and defenceless then, which was unusual for one with so much self-confidence. Now that Kate was rational again Valerie felt that once more she would soon be able to share her troubles.

"No, I'm quite all right," she said. "I'll stay with you until you're strong again. That won't be long now."

"You're very good," murmured Kate. She felt weak and wretched, and far too tired at the moment to argue. Lying on her back she stared up at the bulging ceiling, while Valerie busied herself about the room, trying to take her mind off the dead native woman lying within a few yards of the stoep. Presently, seeing that Kate was still awake, she said:

"Kate, what does it mean when a native talks about his snake?"

Kate frowned, and tried to bring her mind to bear on the subject.

"Why, with many natives the snake is the well—the emblem of the spirit. They think that when they die their spirit turns into a snake. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I heard MacFee talking about it the other day," Valerie prevaricated, not deeming it wise to tell Kate what had recently happened.

And Kate was not interested. She was still too weak to converse for long, and when Valerie bent over her a few minutes later she had drifted off to sleep again.

During the next week Valerie avoided the men, especially Saumarez, as far as was possible. The latter, indeed, made no attempt to converse with her, and even gave up coming to inquire after Kate. This duty devolved upon MacFee, for Tom Clements had no cause to love the invalid, and never evinced any interest in her condition.

Except for a slight return of the fever,

which fortunately abated after a few hours, Kate continued to progress. She was as tough as whipcord, and neither malaria nor a bullet-wound was a novelty to her.

"My dear," she said one day, "you've been a very excellent nurse, and I'm more than grateful to you, but you must be careful or you'll be knocked up yourself. Now go to your own room to-night and get a proper rest. You don't sleep properly if you stay with me, and there's nothing I shall want."

Kate was recovering so well that Valerie was able to take her meals in the living-room, but there were never more than two men present; the third had always vanished round that mysterious shoulder of hill above the bungalow. When Valerie entered the room for supper that same night she was aware that the conversation had abruptly ceased, but she observed the worried expression on the faces of Saumarez and MacFee.

"Ah, welcome back to the fold!" cried Saumarez, rising and placing a chair for her.

"It's good news that the patient can be left," remarked MacFee in his dour manner.

HE did not stay long, and, to Valerie's annoyance, she was left alone with Saumarez. But although she could feel his eyes resting on her almost the whole time, he kept the conversation in normal channels, even though Valerie answered only in monosyllables. At intervals she suspected him to a swift scrutiny. The dead native had called him "Nussu-nussu," a half-caste, and Valerie remembered that she herself in England had called him a Dago. Certainly he looked the part. The African sun had darkened his already olive-tinted face, but she saw now that there was a slight tinge in his nails, and the whites of his eyes were not as white as they should be.

Saumarez lit a cigarette, his dark eyes regarding her thoughtfully.

"You know, Valerie, you've altered," he said. "In England, when we stayed at the Wargraves, we were good pals. We had most amusing times together. Do you remember that dance you used to do?"

Valerie remembered only too well. It had annoyed John Cartwright, but she would have given all she possessed in the world to have had John with her at that moment. She did not answer Saumarez.

"What's happened to you, old girl?" he asked.

Coming round the corner of the table he put his hands on her shoulders, but she rose quickly to her feet, and stepped away from him.

"I'm sorry; things are different," she said, uncertainly.

"Different? How can they be different?" He stared at her for a moment, but she avoided his gaze. "Do you mean since that old fool of a woman died? What does one native less matter in a land where there are millions? Besides, she had to be taught manners, and it was quite accidental that I hit her."

"Was it accidental that you continued to hit her when she was on the ground?" cried Valerie, angrily.

"By Jove!" Saumarez cried, admiringly. "You look beautiful when you are angry." He took a deep breath and stepped towards her.

"Darling! Can't we be friends? Can't we? I love you. I've loved you ever since I met you in England. Now we are alone here, just the two of us, couldn't you love me a little?"

"Love?" she cried. "Love you? You who strike down defenceless women? You murderer! Don't come near me! Don't touch me! You sent that man Clements to Mombassa to lead me up here. Oh, you needn't deny it. I heard him say so himself. But for an accident I should never have seen you. I wish to God I never had."

"But you're here now, and you can't get away!" cried Saumarez, almost gloatingly.

"And you're going to pay for using those hard words to me."

Before she could move he sprang forward and seized her in his arms. Valerie saw his dark blazing eyes above her, and felt his strong body against her own. She struggled frantically.

"Let go! Let me go, you filthy half-caste," she cried.

As suddenly as he had caught her he released her.

"You called me that!" he whispered.

Valerie could see that he was shaking with anger, and almost she expected him to strike her. His face was livid. But she did not dare. For the first time in her life she was seeing red. She was nothing but an enraged primitive woman, and if Saumarez had touched her she would have fought him with her bare hands, scratching and biting like an infuriated tigress.

Saumarez must have divined something of this, for he hesitated.

"You called me a half-caste," he repeated, wonderingly.

"I did!" Valerie cried. "And I repeat it. You are a half-caste and a murderer, and I would rather give myself to a full-blooded native than have anything to do with you!"

Suddenly she turned and fled from the room.

CHAPTER 13. NUSSU-NUSSU.

WHEN Valerie reached her room she made straight for her bed and looked under the pillow. The sight of the revolver lying in its usual place gave her a feeling of greater security. She locked the door, and having undressed, she next saw that the mosquito-netting frame over the window was in place. Although she felt slightly foolish at taking these precautions, she knew that only by so doing would she feel safe.

Valerie was a sophisticated young woman; she was quite aware that she had aroused feelings of rage and enmity in Saumarez, and she flattered herself that she knew him well enough to realise that it was quite possible that there were no lengths to which he would not go to obtain his revenge. There had been trouble in England when she had called him a Dago, but since he had been in Africa he seemed to have reverted to type, and he had lost that veneer of politeness that had made him so acceptable to women in England.

When Valerie finally got into bed she left the lamp burning on the table. She had no desire to be at anybody's mercy in the dark.

She did not expect to sleep, but there had been some truth in Kate's remark that she had not enjoyed a good night's rest for a long time, and after a short period of wakefulness she lapsed into unconsciousness.

Over an hour later she was awakened by someone calling her by name, apparently from a great distance. As she gradually returned to her senses the calling became louder and more insistent, and was accompanied by a knocking on her door. "Valerie! Valerie! You're wanted!"

She threw off the blanket that covered her and sat up quickly.

"Who is that? What is the matter?"

"It is I, Victor," said Saumarez, through the door. "Kate has taken a turn for the worse. I think you had better come to her."

"Did she complain of any special pain?" asked Valerie.

"No, only that the fever was returning."

Valerie smiled to herself.

"I'm afraid, Major Saumarez, that that dodge won't work," she replied. "I should be obliged if you would go away and allow me to sleep."

The handle of the door turned sharply, but since Valerie had taken the precaution

of turning the key, it failed to open. There was a silence. Valerie sighed and lay down again.

Suddenly some heavy object crashed into the woodwork of the door, which, being very thin, and light split from top to bottom, with a noise like the rending of calico.

Valerie, her heart thumping, sat up in bed and grasped the revolver that lay underneath her pillow.

"If you do that again," she cried, "I shall shoot!"

There was no answer, but five seconds later a second crash followed the first, and a long piece of wood fell to the floor. Through the gap in the door Valerie could see a fragment of khaki cloth. She raised her revolver.

But though her finger tightened upon the trigger, she could not bring herself to fire on Saumarez in cold blood. It seemed too much like murder. She lowered the weapon.

"I've warned you once," she called. "If you step into this room I shall fire."

She threw back the blanket again, and getting out of bed thrust her feet into mosquito boots. Almost immediately the remains of the door crashed inwards, and the figure of Saumarez appeared on the threshold, completely filling the doorway. With a cry of dismay, Valerie raised the revolver and pressed the trigger.

But instead of the crack of the report, as she expected, there was only a faint click.

"A misfire," she thought, and her finger contracted again. Again came the faint click.

Saumarez had been standing in the doorway, watching her intently. Now a faint, ironical smile moved his fallow face.

"I shouldn't trouble to fire again if I were you," he said quietly. "You see, I made sure that the weapon was unloaded before you came to bed."

Saumarez gazed at her. His dark eyes glowed, and for a moment his lower lip trembled, as if he was on the verge of losing control of himself. He had seldom seen anything more attractive than Valerie at that moment. With her pale gold hair disordered by sleep, her blue eyes alight with anger, and her red lips parted, she seemed to him more desirable than any woman he had ever known.

"Valerie," he whispered through clenched teeth, "you look wonderful."

"Get out," said Valerie briefly, "get out of my room. Do you usually treat your guests in this manner? Do you usually break down the doors of their bedrooms in the middle of the night?"

Under the pink silk pyjamas he saw the rise and fall of her bosom. A tremor shook him. He half-raised one hand beseechingly.

"Valerie—"
"Didn't you hear what I said?" she interrupted. "I believe once you were known as Major Saumarez, an officer and a gentleman. I should be very grateful if you would behave like one now and leave my room."

"I'm sorry, but you drive everything from my head, Valerie, couldn't you—I asked you a little while ago when we were at supper—we used to be good friends—I—"

The strain was growing too much for Valerie.

"I believe I put it to you quite plainly," she cried. "I said you were a filthy Dago, and I repeat that now. I have seen no reason to change my opinion of you." Her voice rose hysterically. "If you think I would ever have anything to do with you, you half-caste beast, get that out of your mind. If you think that you could ever persuade me to give myself to you, you have never been more mistaken. I hate you, I loathe you. Nusu-nusu!" she

screamed. "Half-caste! I'd rather mate with a full-blooded native than with you!"

Saumarez clenched his fists until the knuckles showed white under the skin. His face twitched and his top lip curled up in a grin that might also have been a snarl, revealing his white teeth. He gave a queer, stiff little bow.

"I should not dream of taking you against your will," he said with ominous quietness. "With your consent, ah, that would be a different matter. But this is the second time you have stated that you would prefer a full-blooded native to my humble self, and, since I always like to acquiesce in a lady's wishes, I have made suitable arrangements."

He stepped aside. Behind him in the doorway stood a huge native. He was naked save for a cloth round his loins, and the light from the lamp shone on the smooth, oiled flesh so that it glistened like polished ebony.

Valerie opened her mouth to scream, but no sound came. Saumarez watched her for several seconds with a faint twisted smile on his olive face.

"It does not do," he whispered softly, "to call a man a half-caste to his face."

The words woke Valerie to action. She screamed and dashed for the window. But when she pulled back the curtain she recoiled in terror, for there stood, another savage, his squat nose and huge wet mouth pressed close against the mosquito-netting.

Valerie screamed again, and in a paroxysm of terror flung herself face downwards on the bed.

"Take your choice," she heard Saumarez say. "You prefer real black men to my humble self, and they are both fine specimens of God's image carved in ebony."

A shudder passed over the girl, but she made no reply. After the strain to which she had been subjected, the keen mental torture devised by the unscrupulous Saumarez had been too much. She was in a state of exhaustion; her strength had gone from her, and, for the moment, she was as helpless as Kate had been after a week of fever. She lay motionless, except that now and again a shiver passed through her body.

Presently she heard the voice of Saumarez from close beside her.

"Valerie," he said softly. "Valerie."

She felt his hand laid on her shoulder, but she did not move or speak.

"Valerie," he whispered again.

He took her hand in his, and, bending down, kissed her. She neither moved nor spoke. He remained bending over her, the intensity of his passion distorting his face as if he was in agony. He passed his free arm beneath her head, raising it. At the same moment he noticed a change in her eyes, as if she was gradually recovering consciousness. They were staring beyond and behind him towards the foot of the bed, and slowly a look of horror appeared in them.

Saumarez stopped in the act of drawing her closer to him and turning his head, looked over his shoulder. As he did so a warning hiss sounded.

The next instant, with a hoarse cry of fear, Saumarez leapt backwards off the bed, for within a yard of him, its evil head raised a clear three feet, was a black mamba, the deadliest of African snakes. As Saumarez moved, so the snake struck.

Its long, cold, whip-like body passed across Valerie. She felt the clammy chillness of it through her thin pyjamas, and it revived her dazed senses like a cold plunge. Half-sobbing, half-crying aloud, she sprang off the bed and dashed through the broken remnants of the doorway. She had no clear idea of where she was going; her one object was to get out of that room and out of the clutches of Saumarez. Dimly she was aware of Saumarez swearing in terror, of a crashing noise, and a sudden flare of flame. But she heeded none of these things. For the moment she

had lost her head. Down the verandah she ran and out into the night, blindly, without thinking.

She did not remember the words of the old native woman whom Saumarez had killed.

CHAPTER 14.

IT HAPPENED IN AFRICA.

UNDER the shelter of the granite hill the two white tents lay like ghostly, sleeping beasts in the grey light of the morning. Just beyond them a thin spiral of smoke rising into the still air showed where the cook-boy was busy preparing breakfast. One or two of the early-rising porters were beginning to crawl from their blankets. Jubatarra walked up to the first tent and thrust his head inside.

"Jambo, bwana. Tea ready!" John Cartwright grunted. "Sijambo," turned over in his blankets, and sat up.

It did not take him long to dress, and as he stepped out of his tent, so Conway Norton emerged from the other. They grinned at each other and, for a moment, stood side by side, looking up the valley through which they were to advance that day. Slowly the sun rose, dispersing the morning mists, and lighting with a pale yellow light the granite hills a mile away on their left, throwing into prominence the red green and yellow lichens that stained the rocks.

"Look at it," Norton threw out a hand. "Look at it. What do we see every blooming morning? Miles and miles and miles of bloody Africa!"

"Well, you like it, don't you?" replied John, adjusting the leather belt that supported his shorts. "It's better than catching the eight-thirty from Surbiton every morning to sit in a stuffy office all day—and half the days of the year are so dark it might be night."

"Oh, I'm not grumbling," said Norton. "But sometimes the size of the country makes me feel—well, awed, humble, insignificant."

"It can do, I know. But we're only concerned with one small corner of it."

"Small? The Triangle? Strewth!" Norton laughed.

"Small compared with the rest of the continent. I try to forget it's fifteen thousand miles in area. All the same, Con, we've been in the Triangle now for several weeks, and we're no nearer to solving the mystery than we were at Nyibo."

When they had finished breakfast John filled and lit his pipe, called to Jubatarra to bring his rifle, and announced his intention of going on ahead of the safari to choose the route.

"Although," he added to Norton, "there's not much to choose from. We've got to go up or down these damn valleys like a couple of worms in a ploughed field looking for the gate."

"The gate being the lost road to Abyssinia," hazarded Norton.

"Yes," John drew thoughtfully at his pipe. "But it's not quite so obvious as the five-barred erection."

THE sun was climbing into the eastern sky and beginning to grow hot. The two men plodded steadily on, followed by Jubatarra and Norton's gun-bearer. Below them in the valley a herd of hartebeest could be seen moving slowly through the bush, feeding as they went. John glanced up at the summit of the ridge above them.

"Let's go up to the top," he suggested, "and see what lies over the other side."

"Only another damn valley the same as this," replied Norton. "However, we might as well take a look-see." He turned right-handed and began to climb more steeply. "Fifty country to get lost in; everywhere looks exactly the same."

In half an hour they reached the crown of the ridge and sat down on a convenient

boulder to rest. It was as Norton had prophesied: they were looking into an almost exact replica of the valley which they had left behind them. There was even a herd of hartebeest grazing in the bush.

"I swear the numbers are the same," said Norton jokingly.

"Have you counted them?" asked John, shading his eyes against the strong light, "because don't forget this one just below us. He must have strayed from the fold."

"Where?"

"See that boulder that comes almost to a point, with that patch of grey-green lichen on its side? Two o'clock on that. There, he's moving down now to join his pals."

"I've got him," said Norton.

They watched the brown animal picking its way daintily down the slope. Suddenly it wheeled round and bolted back a few yards. Then it stopped, half-turned round and stood hesitant. But the next second it was in full retreat and bounded away out of sight to the right of the watchers.

"Wonder what scared it?" said John. "Can't have scented us, because the wind's not right."

"Something it didn't like between it and home, anyway," answered Norton.

John raised his glasses and was about to focus them when Jubatarra came abreast of him.

"Bwana," he said in his deep voice, "there is something down there. Close to that big boulder. See!"

He extended a black finger.

John peered through the dancing heat waves that were by now beginning to rise from the rocks.

"I can see something there, but I can't make out what it is. It's a lightish color." He raised his binoculars and focused them.

"Bwana, I think it is a man."

"A man!" exclaimed Norton in surprise. "By Jove, I believe you're right, Jubatarra," said John excitedly. "Looks like someone lying down by the side of the boulder. What the deuce are they doing?"

"Black or white?" Norton asked.

"Not black," said John. He lowered his glasses. "Look here, we'd better go and find out what he's after. Keep your eyes skinned, though. Jubatarra, watch him, and tell us if he moves."

The two men rose and began to descend the slope, the gun-bearers following.

"He keeps very still," said Jubatarra. Then, as they drew closer, he added sharply:

"Bwana! It is a woman, a bihi!"

"Good God!" cried John, and whipped out his glasses, while Norton craned forward, trying to force his eyesight beyond its range.

A few seconds later John dropped his glasses. His face had gone pale beneath its tan. He gave Norton one quick, scared glance before breaking into a run.

"He's right," he cried anxiously. "It looks very like Valerie."

They found her lying in the shadow of a boulder, face downwards, her head pillowed on one arm, the other flung out despairingly in front.

"Good God!" cried Norton as he drew close. "What's happened?"

John suddenly felt very sick, for he saw that Valerie was clad in the remnants of a pair of pyjamas. Of the jacket only one side remained, and her white shoulder and breast gleamed like ivory against the grey of the rock, except where the red scratches of the thorn bushes had marked them.

John was alarmed, because he knew that something out of the ordinary must have occurred for Valerie to be out in the open in such a costume. Where was Kate? Where was the safari? Visions of it being attacked by natives or Abyssinians rose before his eyes as he knelt down by Valerie's side and gently raised her.

Suddenly her eyes opened, she struggled

out of his arms, and dealt him a stinging blow in the mouth.

"Get out! Leave me alone!" she cried. "What the devil—" began John in amazement.

At the sound of his voice, Valerie ceased to struggle. Her eyes widened and she stared first at John and then at Norton.

"John!" she whispered in amazement. "Con!"

"Valerie! Are you hurt?" John asked anxiously.

She did not reply, but continued to stare at him, until suddenly she began to laugh, helplessly and uncontrollably.

"Steady, old girl!" John cried sharply, and shook her.

She bit her lip.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I'm a fool." Her head dropped forward on his arm. "I'm so tired," she murmured.

Thirty seconds later she was asleep, and she did not wake even when John and Norton took it in turns to carry her over the ridge into the next valley whither Jubatarra had been dispatched to halt the safari and pitch camp.

As John and Norton put her to bed her eyes opened for an instant and she smiled, but immediately she relapsed into unconsciousness again. John, burning to know where the safari was and what had happened to Kate, shook her gently, but she was too exhausted to wake again.

"She'll sleep the clock round," said Norton. "Meantime, we'd better tell the boys to spread out and search."

John nodded with tightened lips. The finding of Valerie in such a condition seemed to indicate that disaster had overtaken Kate's safari, and he was more anxious than he cared to admit. He and Norton hung impatiently about the camp, waiting for the boys to return. This they did at sundown, but their news was negative. They had found no traces of any human being at all, black or white.

Valerie roused herself sufficiently to take a little liquid nourishment about six in the evening, and John took the opportunity to ask her what had happened to Kate. Valerie, still suffering from exhaustion and shock, smiled as she closed her eyes again.

"Don't worry about old Kate," she murmured, "she's all right."

So John and Norton had to curb their impatience until the following morning, when Valerie, refreshed by her long rest, held an audience in her tent while she had breakfast in bed.

"I think," said John, "that now you have assured us that Kate is safe, you had better tell your story from the time you left M'Kamba's."

So Valerie related what had happened to them. How they had found the tracks of raiders in the Desolate Valley, and been attacked by Abyssinians. This interested John. He questioned her closely about the tracks. What did she think was the size of the raiding party? Where was this valley? How many Abyssinians attacked them? What were they dressed like?

Valerie laughed, and held up her hand in protest.

"Stop! I'm not a Sherlock Holmes. Kate will give you all the information you want. I only know there were camels and mules and cattle and goats. I think about eight Abyssinians attacked us, and but for Kate we should both be in an Abyssinian harem by now, if they keep them. She was splendid."

She related how they were trapped in the ravine.

"And then when we were beginning to think we really were for it, somebody came along and shot up the Abyssinians, and we were able to come out of the ravine and

thank our rescuers. One of them you know, but you'd never guess who it was."

"Seaton?" John suggested.

"M'Kamba?" said Norton.

Valerie shook her head. Her face grew hard.

"No. It was Major Saumarez," and as she spoke her lip curled.

"Saumarez!" echoed both men in amazement.

John gave a long whistle. He frowned as if trying to remember something.

"I discovered later that it was he who sent Tom Clements to meet me at Mombasa, with the intention, no doubt, of getting me up here."

She related all that had occurred at the bungalow.

"I'm afraid," she ended, "that I made a fool of myself. I lost my head and bolted."

"After Saumarez's tricks and a mamba you'd a perfect right to bolt," said Norton. "By God, I'll have a word or two with Major Saumarez. The skunk!"

"Don't be too rough with him," John said dryly. "I shall want what's left. You've had a tough time, old girl, but it's good to see you again."

There was an affectionate note in his voice. Valerie flushed slightly and Norton looked curiously at John.

"If you hadn't seen me," Valerie said after a pause, "I think I must have died."

"You can thank a hartebeest for that," said Norton. "He got your wind and bolted, and we couldn't understand what had scared him. Then Jubatarra, who's got eyes like telescopes, spotted something unusual, and it proved to be you."

"Do you remember whereabouts the bungalow is?" asked John.

"I've no idea where I ran, or for how long. It seemed for hours and hours. When I think of it now, it's just a terrible nightmare." She shivered.

"Well, it can't be very far away," Norton remarked. "We're bound to find it pretty soon. Now I reckon you've done enough talking for the present. Lie down and rest."

The two men went out, and when they were out of earshot they stopped and looked at each other.

"Saumarez, Clements and Mac's living in this God-forsaken spot in a bungalow," said Norton. "John, I believe we are within an ace of solving the mystery."

"One of them," said John, thinking of Lord Stretzsaye's words. "But I think a little conversation with Major Saumarez would do us good."

His jaw set firmly and there was an ugly glint in his eye.

"I agree," Norton said. He picked up a hippo-hide whip and made the lash sing through the air.

Valerie, now that she was safe among friends, recovered rapidly; and, within a few days, the safari was able to move off. Although John's boys had been searching the countryside for Saumarez's bungalow, they had been unable to find it. But John knew that it could not be far distant. He refused to be beaten and searched every nook and cranny as he moved eastward along the route he judged Valerie to have taken on the night of her flight.

But again it was Jubatarra's keen eye that made the discovery. As they rounded the shoulder of a rocky hill he stopped and pointed.

A hundred feet above them, in a small hollow, lay a mass of charred wood and ashes.

The bungalow had been burnt to the ground.

CHAPTER 15

THE CAVE.

Valerie went pale and grasped Norton by the arm.

"What's happened?" she whispered.

Norton shook his head.

"Perhaps they've cleared out. If they

knew we were close at hand they would have bolted."

"But why burn the bungalow?" asked John. "Looks to me as if somebody burned it for fun."

"You mean natives?" Norton said quickly. "Yes. They were getting pretty restive, even down at McKamba's. If they thought that Saumarez was the cause of the trouble they might do anything."

"But poor Kate," cried Valerie anxiously. John's face twitched.

"We'll go and see. Valerie, you'd better remain down here."

"No," said Valerie. "I'm coming, too." They ascended the slope and presently reached the ruins of the bungalow.

"Peculiar," said John. "There's no sign of a fight. No spears, no cartridge-cases. It begins to look as if it was accidental."

"If that's so, where have they gone?" Norton asked.

Valerie pointed towards a shoulder of the hill above them.

"Don't you remember me telling you how I used to see the men going up there?" she said.

"By Jove, yes," cried John. "Saumarez may have another shock."

"Better go carefully," Norton advised. "I don't suppose he'll be very pleased to see us. And he's a dead shot, remember."

They left Jubatara in charge of the porters, who were instructed to keep quiet and not move about. Instead of walking boldly round the shoulder of the hill, John decided it would be better to climb it and look down from the top on whatever might lie on the further side.

It was as well that he had used caution, for below and a little to his right two men sat in a small patch of shadow. Behind and to their left was what appeared to be the entrance to a cave. John noted that both men were quite unsuspecting that there was anyone in the vicinity but themselves, for they had but one rifle between them, and that was leaning against a rock at their backs. They were talking, and John saw that one of them, a short, wiry man who chewed ceaselessly, had two teeth missing in the front of his top jaw.

"Tom Clements for a fiver," he murmured, remembering Valerie's description of the white hunter.

Very carefully he reached out a hand behind and beckoned the others to join him.

"Tom Clements?" he questioned in a whisper, when Valerie could see down the slope.

She nodded. "The other is MacFee," she said.

"What's the next move?" Norton asked, his eyes on the two men below.

Valerie touched John's arm.

"Supposing I come round the shoulder of the hill pretending to be exhausted? He'll recognise me, and it's odds on he'll come down to help me. That'll be your chance. You know, the prodigal daughter returning to the old home estate."

Norton gave a quick grin, and although John did not quite approve of Valerie running any risks, he saw that such a manoeuvre would give them a great advantage, so he agreed.

"Wait until one of 'em goes before we move," he said, "and then we'll try it."

BUT neither of the men seemed in a hurry to leave the cave mouth. Clements did most of the talking; now and then pausing to spit tobacco juice through the gap in his teeth. MacFee said very little; he seemed content to listen.

John was seriously thinking that they would have to make some other plan when MacFee rose, pushed his hat on the back of his head, and disappeared into the cave. Clements got to his feet and began to pace up and down; but he never moved very far from his rifle.

After a whispered consultation with Norton, John turned to Valerie.

"Go down to Jubatara and tell him to come up round the shoulder of the hill as

soon as one of us signals to him. Tell him to bring the men with him. When you've done that, come round the shoulder of the hill yourself and attract Clements' attention. We shall be somewhere at hand, and as soon as we see our chance we shall jump on him."

Valerie nodded.

"All right. I'll go and do my stuff. You won't know me, John. The film industry lost a terrific box-office attraction when I refused to go to Hollywood."

She departed, crawling carefully down the slope until she was a good distance from the ridge and it was safe to walk. Norton watched her with a half-smile about his mouth.

"She's a good kid, isn't she?" said John, not unaware of his interest.

"Yes," replied Norton shortly. "Well, what do we do now?"

"We must find some place where we can get close to Clements and rush him at the right moment. Look, do you think you can get to that big rock just this side of the cave without being seen? Then you can prevent him bolting back if he gets suspicious."

"Can do," said Norton, and moved off in the direction of his post.

John, after a cautious glance round, slipped over the top of the ridge and began to descend the further side on his stomach. He moved inches at a time, taking what cover the rocks afforded him, and watching Clements like a cat. That unsuspecting man continued his chaffing and his pacing, occasionally pausing to take a quick glance round.

John reached the spot he had selected and waited. The sun was blisteringly hot, and the flies which had followed him assiduously from the ridge began to pester him again. He was some ten yards from Clements, and for a time considered rushing him.

And then suddenly Clements stopped his pacing. And, with a movement so swift that John could barely follow it, grabbed his rifle and vanished into the dark mouth of the cave. John looked towards his right and saw a silent, khaki-clad figure moving laboriously up the slope towards the cave. Valerie was "doing her stuff."

Had he not known otherwise, John would have sworn that she was in the last stages of exhaustion. Now that she was within sight of Clements she did not once look in his direction, but crept forward painfully; until, as if the slope was proving too much for her fast-failing strength, she lay down and rested. Presently she got up and went forward again, but not on her feet.

This time she went on hands and knees, very slowly, and with frequent pauses for breath.

Clements, however, was as suspicious as a wild animal. He waited within the cave, rifle in hand, until he was sure beyond all doubt that it was Valerie, and that there was no one else with her.

"Well, if it isn't the peach returned at last," he exclaimed. "I never did think you'd go far away; you liked us too much." He chuckled throatily and spat.

"Water," moaned Valerie, trying to look exhausted. "Water."

"All right, my pretty one, you shall have water presently." He laid his rifle down. "Come along, put your arms around your uncle's neck."

HE stooped to pick up Valerie. At that moment, out of the corner of his eye, he saw the rifle suddenly slip backwards out of his range of vision. Like a leopard he spun round, only to find himself facing a lean, determined man armed with a .256 Mannlicher. Clements' own weapon reposed on the ground at the man's feet.

"Who the hell are you?" demanded Clements savagely. He eyed the newcomer appraisingly, wondering if he made a dash for his rifle whether he would get shot. A

couple of months ago if he had tried it, John Cartwright would probably have hesitated to shoot, but there was no hesitation about him now. Clements saw the steady eyes and the firmly-set jaw, and decided the odds were against him.

"What's the game?" he asked. "I goes to help this young lady, and when I turn round you're holding me up like as if you were a bandit."

"You didn't help her a week ago, did you?" said John coldly. "And your assistance at Mombasa was hardly offered in a friendly spirit."

Clements' jaw dropped. He stared past John and saw Norton at the mouth of the cave.

"What's the game?" he repeated.

"That's what we intend to find out," John replied grimly. "Where's Saumarez? In that cave?" And as Clements hesitated, he added: "You'd better speak out. It'll be more healthy for you."

"Are you threatening me," asked Clements, glowering.

"I am," retorted John calmly.

"Then what you want to know you'd better go and find out," sneered Clements.

John regarded him with a faint grin, and, for several seconds did not reply.

"I should like to remind you," said John at length, "that I have a very good idea of what has been going on up here, and that I, and several people more important than myself, have come to the conclusion that it is illegal. Though I have no doubt that it is not the first illegal venture in which you have taken part—there was the elephant poaching affair, Mr. Ashford, of the Uganda border—so far you have escaped prison. I repeat, so far."

At the mention of the elephants, Clements, who, of course, never connected John with Kate Langridge, looked distinctly worried.

"I may also add that in this desolate tract of country, Clements, the advantage lies with the man who is armed. Should any regrettable incident occur, there are no witnesses, and the—er—unfortunate victim merely vanishes. Is Saumarez in that cave?"

Clements licked his lips furtively.

"Yes, damn you."

"Don't swear," John reproved him. "there is a lady present. Now then, just walk on ahead of me, and don't try any tricks. If you feel tempted to shoot, or make any sign of warning whatever, just remember what I said about regrettable incidents. By the way, who is your next of kin?"

Clements scowled, but made no answer. Valerie picked up his rifle, and the three of them walked up to where Norton was waiting.

"Our guide," said John to Norton. "I've warned him what will happen if he plays the fool. We will now pay a visit to Victor Saumarez."

They passed out of the brilliant sunlight into the cool darkness of the cave. Clements leading with the muzzle of John's Mannlicher in the small of his back. Next came Valerie, while Norton brought up the rear. For ten yards the passage, which was about eight feet high and five feet wide, drove straight into the hillside. After a further ten yards it turned left at an angle of forty-five degrees. As soon as they turned the first corner, it was plain that somewhere ahead was a light, for the walls of the passage were faintly illuminated. The light was steady, so John supposed that it was not a fire, but in all probability a lamp. At the second bend he saw that he was right, for after the passage had continued for another fifteen yards it opened out into a large, square chamber illuminated by four hurricane lamps. From the darkness of the passage it was like looking on to a dimly-lighted stage.

"Halt!" John whispered to Clements, who obeyed with such promptness that it was obvious he did not desire his next of

kin to receive any sad news. Valerie and Norton crept up to John and peered over his shoulder.

THE light from the lamps was not very strong, but it showed in the centre of the chamber a rough stone table, and beyond it the dark openings of three other passages. But what made John catch his breath was the sight of the figures seated on wooden boxes at the table. One was Kate Langridge, thinner in the face than ever, who was reading a book. The other was Victor Saumarez, who was apparently in the midst of a meal.

"Where is MacFee?" John whispered. "Speak quietly or—" And he jabbed the muzzle of his rifle into Clements' ribs.

"He'll be up one of the passages." "Norton," whispered John, "take charge of Clements. I'm going to interview Saumarez. Follow me in, but keep your eyes wide open."

He pushed past Clements and crept down the remaining length of the passage into the chamber. He walked so softly that neither Saumarez nor Kate was aware of his presence until he spoke.

"Good morning, Saumarez," he said quietly.

Saumarez dropped his knife and fork with a clatter on to his tin plate, and sprang to his feet, only to find a rifle aimed unwaveringly at his stomach.

"What the—" he began, and then his eyes fell on Valerie and he became silent. "Valerie!" cried Kate. "Oh, my dear! And John! And Con!"

She ran forward, patted John in passing, and wrung Valerie by the hand with a grip that made her wince. Ninety-nine out of a hundred women would have embraced her; not so Kate.

Saumarez's dark eyes flickered over the group.

"You, Cartwright!" he cried in amazement.

"Yes," said John grimly. "I've got a lot of things to talk over with you, Saumarez. I think you'll find it difficult to explain some of them. Kate, you might run a hand over him and see if he is armed."

Kate's efficient hands produced a small automatic from Saumarez's hip pocket.

"Now then," said John. "I warn you that if you make any move that I interpret as suspicious I shall shoot without asking any questions."

"I'd like to know who the hell invited you here," blustered Saumarez.

"I invited myself, but we needn't labor the point. I'm here, and that's all there is to it. Now then, where's MacFee?"

"Up there," said Saumarez, nodding his head towards one of the passages.

"Fetch him here."

Saumarez made to enter the passage, but John called him back sharply.

"Stop! D'you think I'm such a fool as to let you up there alone to borrow his gun? Stand down here and shout for him."

With a scowl Saumarez went to the mouth of the tunnel.

"I'm very quick on the trigger," John warned.

Saumarez shouted twice, and there came a faint answer. John marshalled everyone to one side of the chamber, so that MacFee should have no suspicion that anything unusual had happened. The first inkling he received was when he stepped into the chamber and received the muzzle of John's rifle in the small of his back. He was quickly relieved of his pistol.

"Well, well," he remarked calmly as he looked round. "so we're to have visitors? And the young lassie has come back. Eh, but I'm glad to see ye."

Valerie smiled at him. She had always suspected herself of a sneaking liking for the dour Scotchman.

"Now you three beauties," said John. "Line up against the wall there. Kate and

Con, you might have a look round for weapons. And—"

He stopped, for echoing down the passage by which they had entered came the sound of a shot. It was followed immediately by another. There was a sudden scurry of feet and Jubatarra ran into the chamber.

"Ewanna," he cried, "there are many shenzis outside. They have attacked us with spears, but I have shot two. I have put the porters at the first bend in the passage and past that the shenzis dare not come."

An exclamation from Saumarez caused the others to glance at him quickly. He looked at them and shrugged his shoulders.

"I may as well tell you that I half expected this," he said. "The natives were getting restive. That's why I had a man on guard outside. They've waited until you three came in, and now they've trapped the lot of us. You'd better send someone down to the entrance, Cartwright, before they start walling it up. There's no other way into this place, and God knows how long they'll sit down outside and keep us here."

CHAPTER 16.

"LIKE DEAD MEN WALKING."

THE news was stunning in its suddenness, but none of the people in the chamber were of the type to lose their heads. Instinctively they looked to John for orders, and he it was who arranged the defence of the cave, leaving Kate to mount guard over Saumarez and his companions.

An hour later when John returned to the chamber he found Kate and Valerie, both with rifles, talking over past events, while Saumarez, MacFee and Clements sat disconsolately with their backs against the wall.

"Hello, John," said Kate. "How's things?" She spoke as calmly as if he had just returned from the office, and not as if there was a horde of furious savages less than a quarter of a mile away.

"Quiet," John replied. "They tried to enter twice, you probably heard the firing, but they were such sitting targets, outlined against the mouth of the cave while we were in darkness, that they got more than they bargained for. We've built a barricade of boulders at the first bend in the passage, so that it's impossible for them to block up the entrance. Norton's in charge for the moment, and he'll send a man to fetch us if there is any trouble. I've got the porters quartered further down the passage, so now we can sit down and wait. Any trouble with these beauties?"

"None whatever," said Kate.

"There are some rifles over there," said Valerie, pointing to the far side of the cave.

John stepped over and removed the bolts.

"That puts them out of action." He turned towards the three captives. "Now then, Saumarez, what has made these Gallas turn so objectionable? You said a little while ago you expected it. Why?"

But Saumarez did not reply. He merely stared unblinkingly at his questioner.

"Come along, out with it," cried John.

"Yes, Major Saumarez, I advise you to speak up," Kate added. "You've got a good deal to answer for, and I may as well say now that I shall see you do answer for it, even if it's the last thing I do."

Saumarez gave a twisted smile and his dark eyes rested on John.

"You're looking ahead, both of you," he remarked. "We shall be lucky to get out of this alive."

"We're not dead yet by a long chalk," retorted John. "And we're all in the same boat. If we get out of this, you come, too. If we stop here, you stop."

"You've no right to keep us," broke in MacFee. "You've threatened us with lethal

weapons, and that's an offence agin the law. We can run ye for that."

"You can try," said John, grinning. "But perhaps I should have mentioned that Mr Norton is Assistant D.C. at Nyobo."

MacFee's jaw dropped.

"Ah, I know that, Mac," growled Clements. "You should have kept quiet." John's grin increased. What Clements did not know was that Norton had resigned.

"John," Kate broke in, "there's something going on here that I don't understand. Something in those passages." She nodded to where the entrance to the three tunnels showed darkly on the far side of the chamber. "Before the bungalow was buried—"

"By the way, how was it burned?" Valerie interrupted.

"I don't quite know. It happened on the first night you were to have slept in your own room. I woke up to find the place in flames. Saumarez carried me out because I was too weak to walk. The other end of the bungalow was blazing furiously, and it was hopeless to try and save it."

John looked at Saumarez.

"What do you know about it?"

"It was accidental. I knocked over a lamp," Saumarez glanced at Valerie and then looked away quickly.

"Oh," cried Valerie. "in my room when you were trying to behave like a film lover?"

JOHN smiled in spite of himself. He rather admired this trait of Valerie's, to face facts and make fun of serious matters. It showed a good spirit.

"Go on, Kate. What about this mystery?"

"Why, Saumarez and these two other toughs—not that Clements is much of a tough—brought me in here, but I've never been allowed out of this chamber, even to sleep. I sleep over there." She pointed to a pile of blankets. "And there has always been someone on guard. If I showed any inclination to wander up one of those passages I was always turned back. Sometimes there were two of them here, but never were there three as there are now."

"There were never three in the bungalow at the same time," said Valerie.

"One man was always up that passage," said Kate, pointing to the one from which MacFee had emerged some time previously.

"Saumarez," said John, "you might as well explain all this. It will save us finding out for ourselves."

For a moment Saumarez did not reply. He sat leaning forward, his face buried in his hands. Presently he rose. In the last few minutes he seemed to have grown haggard and old.

"If you'll come with me," he said in a low voice. "I'll show you."

John put down his rifle and took from his pocket the automatic that had once belonged to Saumarez.

"Keep an eye on those two," he warned. "If you want to recall me, fire one shot."

Saumarez flung out an impatient hand.

"Oh, dammit, man, why all this theatrical nonsense? We're all bottled up here, we're all prisoners."

His face twitched. He looked like a man who has come to the end of his tether.

"Lead the way," John answered briefly.

They entered the centre passage of the three which led out of the chamber. Every few yards a hurricane lamp burned steadily. The floor was fairly even and the passage straight, and about six feet wide. Above his head John could dimly see the roof. For over fifty yards the shaft drove deep into the hillside. At intervals there were curious, shallow alcoves cut into the walls and thence they passed tributary passages. Presently the shaft opened out into a large chamber, similar to the one they had left behind, except that it had no floor. In its

place was a deep pit, round the perimeter of which ran a narrow path.

With a watchful eye on Saumarez, John peered over the edge. So far as he could judge, the bottom was some sixty feet down.

The uneven sides were pock-marked with small holes, and here and there the openings of narrow adits could be seen dimly. Hurricane lamps hung in many places, and on the floor of the pit, hardly distinguishable among the shadows, lay a pile of picks and shovels. The sight of them made John turn abruptly to Saumarez.

"There must have been other men besides you three to dig that out," he said sharply, "and they're here now—judging by those picks and shovels."

"Yes, they are, but they won't harm you."

John indicated the pit.

"What is it for? It looks like a diamond digging."

Saumarez gave that tired, twisted smile again.

"That's exactly what it is."

"But it must have taken a good many men to shift all that material. Where did you—?"

He was going to say: "Where did you get your labor from?" when he remembered the native stories of dead men walking.

"So you—" he began.

Saumarez nodded as if he had read John's thoughts.

"Yes! You see, we had to keep this an absolute secret if we were to make anything out of it. If the Government got to know, there'd be royalties, restriction of output, and all the rest of the red tape if they decided to open up a diamond mine, which was highly improbable in such territory as this." He laughed mirthlessly. "So often you've noticed that the people who were first in the field come out without a bob, and it's the late-comers who reap the profits. I wasn't going to have that, so—"

He broke off, passed a weary hand over his dark face and sighed.

"Oh, you might as well hear the whole story from the beginning," he continued. "In a few months' time I had decided to clear out altogether, but you and those cursed Gallas have put paid to that. Now we shall none of us get out." He laughed again, a hard, despairing laugh. "Irony, isn't it, to collect nearly a million in diamonds, and then die alongside it?"

John showed no sympathy.

"How did you find this place?" he asked.

S SAUMAREZ raised his head, but he did not look at John.

"It's a long story, but I'll make it as short as I can," he commenced. "During the war I was on reconnaissance west of here, close to where the Dava River joins the frontier. We'd had trouble with raiders, and I was sent up on column to teach them a lesson. Of course, they'd slipped back into Abyssinia long before we arrived, but it so happened that I got trapped by another crowd whom we knew nothing about. They outnumbered us easily, and killed all my men, while I got stunned by a bullet. A ruffian named Bella made me prisoner and took me over the border. I think he imagined he would gain a great reputation by capturing a white man, but an old fellow, who was known as the Abandoned One, told him he was a fool and that he'd only get into trouble.

"Bella, I believe, contemplated cutting my throat and then denying all knowledge

of me, but the Abandoned One took me to his camp and, well, you'll hardly believe it, Cartwright; I couldn't at first, but it turned out that the old fellow was an ex-corporal in the Royal Sussex and had been captured soon after Gordon's death. He had spent most of his life as a slave, but he did me a damned good turn. He gave me a camel and a couple of water bottles, and directed me towards the frontier. You know this cursed country, how it all looks much the same. Well, my camel strayed away at night, and I had to go on foot. Then I lost myself, and wandered through valley after valley, trying all the time to work westward. I marched till I dropped, and slept where I fell. And one morning I woke up to find that part of my bed had been composed of diamonds. Diamonds, man, just lying about on the hillside! I stuffed one of my water bottles full with the stones and marched on. I nearly died of thirst, only rain saved me. Eventually I reached our K.A.R. supporting column.

I SAID nothing about the diamonds—I wish now I'd never seen them—but after the war I sold them at a time when they were fetching a high price in America. With the money I came back and fitted out a safari to search for the valley where I had found them. It took me a year, but I got to it at last, and when I was exploring nearby I found this cave.

"It was plain that I couldn't run the show myself, yet here was a fortune to be picked up as easy as dropping off to sleep. I brought in MacFee, who's a mining engineer. He saw at once that the passages of the cave had been tunnels through which a river had run thousands of years ago, and he also saw that other people had been here before us. They had made these two chambers; you can see the tool-marks if you look closely at the walls. Perhaps they were the same people who built Zimbabwe. I don't know, and anyway, we weren't interested in that. It was Mac who discovered the pit, and predicted that we should get more stones out of that than by hunting round the hillsides.

"But labor was our stumbling block. We could see a fortune, if we could keep the thing quiet. But we must have labor, only directly we began to recruit, people would wonder why we wanted it. Then they'd start inquiring, and the secret would be out. For a long while Mac and I could see no way out of the difficulty. Of course, we could have worked ourselves, but it would have taken us years to have made anything, and we wanted to get rich quickly. I wonder how many people have crashed through the same mad desire?"

"At last I had an idea. Away down on the Uganda border there is a tribe which obtains a drug from the root of a certain shrub. They use it as a medicine, but the effect is to completely blot out memory and will-power, although it has no effect physically. It's very much the same as if you had hypnotised the person. Well, I distilled some of that drug.

"Then we roped in Clements, and sent him out to persuade natives to come and work for us. He gathered them in, one here and one there, never taking more than three from the same manyata. Directly they arrived they were given food in which some of this drug was mixed. In less than an hour it had taken effect. We had twenty of them working for us obediently in a very short time. They did exactly as we told them, never gave any trouble. They had no will-power of their own, no initiative, they were simply—"

"SLAVES," snapped John angrily.

"I was going to say automations," said Saumarez.

"What about those you turned adrift? Some of them reached McKamba's, but most of them died."

"Yes, I know," said Saumarez. "You see, after a time some of the natives couldn't stand the continued use of the drug and one or two did die. Others began to grow immune. We gave them an extra big dose and turned them out. Food was the problem; you see, MacFee and I had to be constantly in the workings, and Tom Clements couldn't possibly kill enough game for a single man more than we had actually working. It was the old problem of the besieged garrison commander: 'Les Bouches Inutiles'; we couldn't cater for 'Useless Mouths,' and that was all there was to it."

"You callous brutes!" John cried. "Ten years won't see the end of your sentence."

"Do you think I should be telling you all this if I thought we had a chance of getting out of here? Not I! But I know these Gallas. They'll sit down outside until we either starve, or walk out and get scuppered. We knew that there would be trouble, but we hoped to have collected enough stones to enable us to clear out before the crash came. But we've mistimed it. It was my fault. I had due warning."

"The old woman you killed?"

"Yes, I should have gone then."

"You've got something to answer for: slavery, I.D.B., and murder. Where did you get your supplies from? I've seen the game in this country and I doubt if Clements could shoot enough for even the three of you, let alone your laborers."

"My old friend, the Abandoned One, helped me there. I got in touch with him again, and he used to smuggle stores over the Italian border into Abyssinia and then down here to me."

John nodded, remembering Lord Strensay's remarks about the uneasiness of the Italians and the man at Loh.

"Did he know what your game was?" he asked.

"I think he must have guessed, but he wasn't covetous. He's got his cattle and his goats and his women. He's content. Lucky devil!" Saumarez added bitterly.

He looked curiously at John.

"You know, Cartwright, it seems to have taken a load off my mind to have been able to tell you all this."

"How are we off for provisions?" asked John, not in the least sympathetic.

"I should say there was enough to last us whites for a while. MacFee, Clements and I usually had enough to last a month, but we'd run low, and now the population has been more than doubled."

"And water?"

"We're all right for that. There's a spring in one of the passages."

"What about those poor wretches who have worked for you?"

Saumarez nodded down the passage.

"They sleep in one of the off-shoots back there. About twenty altogether."

"Show me," said John.

Saumarez rose and led the way back down the passage until he came to an opening on the left-hand side. This he entered, and proceeded by the aid of a lamp for a dozen yards or so. Then he stopped and held the lamp aloft.

On the narrow floor of the passage the natives lay huddled together. They made no movement, they did not talk. The light

from the lamp did not seem to mean anything to them. Their wide eyes stared dully before them without any sign of intelligence.

John's temper rose at the sight of such suffering and cruelty.

"Come on," he said thickly. "Let's go back to the others."

An hour later a pitiful procession filed through the chamber, down the passage and out through the mouth of the cave into the sunlit, twenty-two walking skeletons with no minds of their own. MacFee and Clements watched unstirred by any emotion, but Saumarez had not the nerve to face this pitiful evidence of his own callous handiwork. He turned his head away. He was beginning to show signs of conscience.

When all the natives had passed through the barricade at the end was built up again, while John and Norton watched to see if the Gallas would come to take charge of their fellow tribesmen. At first they must have suspected a trap, but presently first one and then another emerged from behind boulders and led away the poor wretches, who had been standing or wandering aimlessly about, almost blinded by the glare of the sun.

CHAPTER 27.

THE ABANDONED ONE

THE seven white people remained prisoners in the chamber, and the Gallas showed no signs of moving off, and although they made a half-hearted night attack on the second evening this was repulsed, although in the confusion and the darkness Jubatarra received a spear wound in his arm, and one of the porters was killed.

Either John, Norton, or Kate was always in command at the barrier, as it was unsafe to leave this duty to any native except Jubatarra. To Valerie was left the charge of the food and sleeping arrangements, a task which she would have looked upon as impossible in England a few months ago, but which she now performed with an efficiency and despatch quite foreign to the girl who had so aggravated John by her lack of manners, and who had considered getting drunk rather an amusing way of spending an evening.

It was perhaps natural that the party should split up into sections. John and Kate, when they were off duty, talked together of old times. This meant that Norton was at the barrier, and Valerie, who was not particularly interested in the conversation, felt rather out of it. So, when either of the other two relieved Norton she was inclined to monopolise him to the exclusion of the third person. It was not done deliberately, but it just happened that way. Kate, watching them as they sat together talking, wondered if the ashes of the affair at Nyobo would be rekindled, and how John would feel about it if they were.

At the close of the third day John left Jubatarra in charge of the barrier and joined the others in the chamber. He ate a meal served by Valerie, and then drew up the box on which he was sitting.

"Saumarez, MacFee, Clements," he called out. "You'd better join us. We're going to have a council of war. Now then," he continued, "we've been besieged for three days now, and there doesn't seem to be any chance of the Gallas getting tired, and going home. We've explored all the passages thoroughly; there is no other way out of this place, and it's no good blinking the fact that if the Gallas remain outside we either starve to death, or go out and get killed. There is plenty of water, but it

is the food problem that will do for us in the end. Now then, it's no good waiting until we are growing weak for lack of food before adopting desperate measures. Things are pretty desperate now, you know. If we've got to make an effort, we'd much better make it while we're fit."

"What do you propose doing?" Norton asked. "Make a sortie?"

"No, we shouldn't stand a hope. They're too many for us." John glanced round the circle. "I don't know whether you'll agree with what I'm going to suggest, but it's this. That to-night, before the moon rises, I slip out of the cave and try and get through to M'Kamba's and fetch help."

The others stared at John for a moment, without replying. Only Valerie's hand flew to her throat, and she bit her lip.

"You see," John continued, "if I get through I ought to be able to get some fellows up here inside a month. That we can take as a time limit as regards food, and with one less mouth to feed you'd probably hang out a bit longer."

"I see that," said Norton, quickly, "but what I don't see is why you should be the one to run the risk of getting speared by the Gallas. It's about ten to one against you getting through. I think we ought to draw lots."

JOHN smiled and shook his head.

"No, Con, I've thought it all out. I'm the only one who can go. You see, Valerie isn't sufficiently experienced to find her way through strange country. Kate could, no one better, but she's not fit enough after her malaria to undertake what is bound to be a stiff journey."

"That leaves me," said Norton. "You can't say that I'm either unfit or inexperienced."

"No," John replied with a grin. "But you are an Assistant D.C., therefore you cannot leave your prisoners, and you ought to be the man on the spot. No, it's no use arguing, Con. I'm going, and there's an end to it. And you needn't say you've resigned your job at Nyobo, because Saumarez didn't accept your resignation."

They stared at each other for a moment, and then they both laughed.

"Confound you," cried Norton, "I wish you'd agree to toss for it."

But John shook his head.

"It'll be dark in an hour," he said, "but I don't think it would be wise to start before ten o'clock. The moon doesn't rise until after one, so it should give me plenty of time to get clear. Now I'm going to have some sleep. Will you wake me about nine o'clock?"

"One moment," Saumarez broke in. "If you like I can tell you something about routes. There's a saddle between two hills that will save you a good many miles if you can cross it."

With the aid of pencil and paper he drew a rough map of the surrounding country. For an hour he and John discussed valleys, hills, and passes. At the end of that time John rolled himself in a blanket and went to sleep as quickly as if he had no intention of embarking on a journey on the successful result of which hung the lives of six other people.

He was roused by a hand gently shaking his shoulder. He sat up and found Kate on one side and Valerie on the other.

"Time's up, old man," said Kate.

"There's some food and coffee if you want it," said Valerie. "I've made up some blitting in a packet for you to take with you, and there are two water-bottles."

John looked from one to the other and grinned.

"By Jove, I thought I was in Heaven being attended by ministering angels. Thanks, Valerie, I'll take the blitting and drink the coffee, but I won't eat any more. The water-bottles will be useful, too."

He inspected his rifle and the automatic, and drank the coffee. No one spoke very much. Presently, when he was ready John turned and held out his hand to Kate.

"So long, old girl," he smiled. "I shan't be longer than I can help."

Kate took his hand and gripped it hard.

"Good luck, John. You'll get through all right."

She turned away suddenly.

Valerie was waiting by the passage entrance. As John walked towards her, MacFee called out:

"Good luck to you. I've nae doot ye'll bring it off, lad."

"Good luck," echoed Clements.

Saumarez said nothing, only stared morosely at the floor.

As John reached the passage Valerie slipped her arm through his, and walked a few yards away from the chamber. Then she stopped and faced him.

"John, seriously, do you think you will get through?"

"I can't say for certain, but I've a very good chance."

In the feeble light of a distant lamp he could see her eyes were wet, and that her chin trembled ominously.

"Buck up, Valerie, it's not so bad as all that," he smiled. She looked very pretty standing there, a slim figure in khaki, with the lamplight reflected from her hair.

Suddenly she flung her arms round his neck and kissed him fiercely on the mouth. Then she turned and walked quickly down the passage towards the chamber. Rather startled, John gazed after her, half-inclined to follow. He was not quite sure what Valerie meant by that kiss. Then he remembered the task that lay in front of him. It would be much better to let things stand as they were, in case he did not see Valerie again. Besides, at the back of his head he had a shrewd idea that she was more than fond of Norton. With a sigh he turned and walked along the passage towards the barrier, stepping over the forms of the sleeping porters.

WHEN he reached the breastwork Norton was peering over the top into the darkness.

"I say, I don't quite like the look of things," he whispered.

"What's wrong?" asked John, anxiously.

"Why," said Norton, "every other night we've been able to see the fires which the Gallas have lit. To-night there's not a single fire to be seen anywhere. I'm afraid that means—"

"A night attack?" John broke in.

"Yes, I should think at any moment. They'll try to creep up in the darkness. If I were you I'd wait. You don't want to run into them, if they're waiting just round the corner."

"I'll take care of that!" replied John, feelingly. "But I think I'll move now, all the same. If I see any signs of an impending attack I'll come back and tell you. Otherwise, I'll put as much distance as I can between myself and the cave before the moon rises."

"For God's sake be careful," urged Norton.

"Oh, I'll be careful enough," grinned John. "Don't you worry."

"An revolt, old man, and good luck." Norton gripped his hand and shook it hard. John hesitated. Then he said: "Con, if I don't get through, and the worst comes to the worst, if you could—I mean, don't let the women get taken prisoners."

Norton nodded in the darkness.

John was preparing to climb over the barrier when a stalwart figure appeared beside him. He turned sharply. It was Jubatarra.

"Bwana, I am coming with you," he said.

"You're not," John retorted, "you're staying here."

"Better take him," said Norton. "He'll only slip over the top as soon as you've left."

John relented.

"All right, you black image. Come along."

Jubatarra showed his white teeth in a vast grin, and the next second the two of them were on the far side of the barrier.

Very cautiously they crept to the mouth of the cave and waited. The night was very dark. Only a faint sparkle of starlight enabled them to see a few yards. They listened, but except for a faint wind there was not a sound to be heard. Inch by inch they moved forward out of the neighborhood of the cave. In half an hour they covered only a hundred yards, yet they had not seen any signs of the Gallas, nor heard a sound other than their own movements.

They moved steadily round to the left, hoping by this method to reach the higher ground and avoid the valley. At the end of an hour John crept up to Jubatarra and whispered in his ear:

"I believe they've all gone. There's not a single person here."

"I too, Bwana, think that. But why have they gone?"

John was wondering that, too. It occurred to him that it might be a trap to lure them out of the cave. And, having allowed them to get well away from it, the Gallas would then make a sudden attack. After some thought he decided that the best thing would be to find out definitely if the Gallas had gone, and if they had, then he would return to the cave with the news.

For two hours he and Jubatarra crept about the hillside, but not a Galla was to be found. Then suddenly, as they mounted the crest of a ridge, Jubatarra raised his head and sniffed.

"What is it?" said John, quickly.

"Camels, Bwana. I smell them."

"We must look into this," John muttered.

They got down into the valley without mishap, but without discovering a sign of a native, and began to work their way upwind, Jubatarra sniffing every now and then like a pointer. Presently the gurgle of a camel sounded clear and distinct. Vaguely outlined against the black velvet of the sky, blotting out the stars, was the outline of a camel, and though they strained their eyes in an effort to pierce the darkness they could not see whether there were men with it or not.

Again the camel gurgled, and a voice came out of the shadows, bidding it keep silence. Jubatarra slid forward alone.

IN a few minutes he was back again, and placing his mouth close to John's ear he whispered:

"There is but one man, Bwana. One man and three camels. If we move carefully we could capture him."

John nodded. Whether he decided to continue his journey to Nyrobo, or return to the cave, the camels would be useful, and as his party was in such desperate

straits he was not inclined to stand on ceremony.

He left the capture to Jubatarra, who moved through the darkness like a wraith, until he was lying just behind the owner of the camels. Then, with a sudden movement he flung himself forward, pinning his captive to the ground.

"Let's have a look at him," said John.

He peered closely at the man, who was dressed in a white cotton garment draped round his shoulders and swathed tightly about his legs. His hair was short, straight, and grey, and he had a ragged grey beard. John saw at once that he did not belong to Kenya, but came from over the border.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, in Swahili.

The old man stared at him for a moment, and then said very slowly, in English: "You are English?"

"Good Lord!" muttered John in surprise. Then a sudden thought occurred to him, and he bent forward eagerly. He had remembered Saumarez's story.

"You are the Abandoned One? You have come to find Saumarez?"

The old man's eyes lit up, and he nodded. John motioned to Jubatarra to release his hold.

"How long have you been here?" he asked.

"Since just before sundown. I could not reach the cave before darkness, and it is not good to approach people in these parts after darkness has fallen."

"Did you see any natives on your way here?" John asked.

The Abandoned One shook his head.

"Then they have gone," John said to Jubatarra. "Now I wonder what made them suddenly throw up the sponge like that?"

He turned to the Abandoned One. "Come with us. We are going to the cave now. It will be quite safe."

"That is good," said the old man. "My mission is urgent."

An hour later Norton was surprised to hear a hail from the mouth of the cave.

"Don't fire," John shouted. "It's me."

When he reached the barrier, he explained who the Abandoned One was, and leaving Jubatarra in charge they went down the passage to the chamber. As soon as they entered Valerie ran forward.

"John, what's happened?"

"The best thing that could happen," he smiled. "The Gallas have gone."

"Gone!" the others echoed.

"Yes, vanished. I can't understand it. But one moment. Our friend here has a message for Saumarez."

The Abandoned One looked round the group that stood before him. He could see that something curious had happened, that Saumarez was not now the master, and he could not quite make it out.

"You must leave here at once," he said. "There is trouble, bad trouble, over the border. The Abyssinians are marching south, and you must leave while there is yet time."

"We shall be only too glad to leave," remarked John with feeling. "But why did you come to warn us? There have been many other raids."

"But this is no ordinary raid," replied the Abandoned One. "This means war."

"War? With Abyssinia?" echoed John. "But that's unthinkable! Everything has been done to enable the two countries to work in harmony."

"Do not misunderstand," said the old man. "Listen. In Abyssinia things are in a very unsettled state. There are many high ministers who are not satisfied with the rule of the Emperor. In many places there is unrest, and on this border it is without doubt greatest. The Abyssinians have long coveted this north-

east corner of Kenya, and many have it that it really belongs to them."

"Ah, the Triangle," thought John.

"Now there is one, Gerasmach Ngash Ababa, who has great ambitions and a great following. For many weeks he has been marching up and down the border urging men to follow his flag, until he has got an army together."

"An army!" cried John.

"But what'll he gain?" cried Kate.

JOHNSON was silent. He remembered only too well his conversation with Lord Sirensaye. If this Gerasmach Ngash Ababa did manage to establish himself in the Triangle, it would be no easy task to dislodge him. By gaining possession of a sector of country the Abyssinians had long coveted, he would probably receive the support of his Government, who would do their best to put forward a legal claim. Most certainly he would gain the support of the people. And with the Italians already jealous of British influence in Central Africa, England would be playing a lone, and possibly a losing hand in the International Arbitration Court, for John was certain that Nairobi would not send troops or spend money on a campaign in the face of public opinion.

The Abandoned One turned to Kate.

"Gain?" he cried. "If he starts off successfully he'll gain several thousand more men for his army, he'll gain the support of Addis Ababa, and he'll gain a province for Abyssinia of which he will be ruler. He's playing a bold hand, but he'll win."

"But there's the frontier!" said Kate.

"On the maps," amended John, with a smile. "There's not a single outpost on it for miles, and once these blighters are in, it'll be the devil's own job to get them out."

"That is why I came to warn you," said the Abandoned One. "I am English now, not Abyssinian. If you are here when this army comes you will be killed. They will not allow a few white people to hinder them. They will loot and murder the natives."

"By Jove!" cried Norton. "That's why the Gallas bolted. They must have got wind of this in that uncanny way natives have of getting news, and ran for safety."

John had been very silent, staring at the ground. Now he turned to the Abandoned One.

"We are grateful to you for coming to warn us," he said. "When does this army march?"

"It started two days ago," was the reply.

"And what route is it taking?"

"By what is known among the raiders as the Lost Road."

John exclaimed, suddenly:

"Then there is a road known only to a few? I have heard rumors of it. Where does it run?"

"I can take you to it," said the Abandoned One.

John stared at him for a moment, and then, taking him by the arm, led him to a far corner of the chamber.

MacFee and Clements voiced their opinion in no uncertain tones. Clear out at once, they said. It was plain that they would both prefer stiff terms of imprisonment to falling into the hands of an invading army. Kate and Norton discussed the matter in low tones, and kept looking anxiously across at John, still deep in conversation with the Abandoned One.

Presently they saw him slap the old man on the back and shake him vigorously by the hand. The old fellow laughed, and his deep-set eyes twinkled.

"Con," began John, as he rejoined the group. "I've got a job for you. I want you to move off for Nyobo immediately, and log it as quick as you can. Get in touch with some troops, and explain to whoever is commanding them what's happened up here. Impress on him that if he gets his men up soon enough he may save the territory. Take one of the Abandoned One's camels, and move as if the devil was behind you. Do you get that?"

Norton nodded.

"Good," said John. "Rouse the whole countryside if you like, but get troops—any troops you can muster, even a single platoon—but you must get them up here as soon as ever you can. The Abyssinians may advance into a deserted tract of country, but they'll think twice before they'll advance against troops. And Kate, I want you to take the safari down to M'Kamba's, and wait there. You may be able to be of some use to troops coming up, and they must pass through there because of the wells. Take Valerie with you, and these other three. You'll find Jibatarra a great help."

"But what about you? Aren't you coming, too?" Kate asked.

"No," said John, quietly, "as a matter of fact, the Abandoned One and I are going to do a spot of scouting. If the troops are coming up they'll want to know just where to find Gerazmach Ngash Ababa. And—"

"John," said Kate, "you're not telling the truth! I've not known you all these years without being able to tell when you are lying. What exactly are you going to do?"

John gave a rather shame-faced grin.

"Well, you see, Kate, the Abandoned One knows the route the Gerazmach is taking, and there seems to be one spot, called the Pool of Birds, where we might be able to make ourselves unpleasant. The route runs through a gorge at that point, and the Abandoned One says that one man could hold up a thousand there. So two men are going to see what they can do in the way of holding up five thousand. Now, Con, you'd better start getting ready."

"One moment," said Kate. "What chance do you think you've got of coming out alive?"

"Oh, quite a good one," said John, cheerfully.

Kate looked at him steadily.

"You know that's not true, John," she said, quietly.

John looked uncomfortable.

"I shall be all right," he muttered. "You see, if we can manage to hold these fellows up even for a day, get them guessing, and all the rest of it, it will give Con's crowd a little longer to come up. The further the Abyssinians penetrate into the Triangle the more difficult they will be to get out and—"

Quite suddenly he saw the expression on Valerie's face, and his voice trailed away into silence. There was a moment's pause. Then a queer, strained voice said:

"Three rifles are better than two. Take me with you."

John swung round to face Saumarez, but an altered Saumarez, for now there was a light in his eyes, and a determined expression on his dark face.

CHAPTER 18. THE LOST ROAD.

"YOU!" cried John, staring at him.

"Why not?" said Saumarez. "As I said, three rifles are better than two." He looked almost pleadingly at the other.

John hesitated. It was difficult to know just what to do with the three prisoners, although Kate was quite capable of looking

after them and the safari as well. He glanced at Saumarez again. There was a baffling eagerness about the man's dark face; his eyes looked hot, almost hungry; but, even yet, John could not make up his mind what lay behind the other man's apparent anxiety to go with him. Did the man know, instinctively, that Kate would give him no chance of breaking away and getting clear if he was sent south with her? John did not know.

Saumarez came close to him and in a low voice, so low that the others could not hear, he said:

"Give me a chance to make a decent finish, Cartwright."

And there was that in his eyes which told John, more plainly than words, that Saumarez would never face the disgrace of exposure and trial.

"Very well," he decided. "you can come with me. Now, we've no time to lose. Con, collect what you want and leave as soon as you can. Kate, I know I can depend on you to look after yourself."

Kate nodded briefly and turned away. John looked towards Valerie, but she had crossed over to the far side of the chamber and was superintending the cook-boy's packing of the kitchen utensils. She had said "Good-bye" once to John, hardly daring to hope that she would see him again, and his unexpected return was in the nature of an anti-climax. Now that he was going on a far more dangerous errand she felt unable to face the ordeal of a second parting.

John looked quickly round the chamber. Kate had gone into the passage with Con. Saumarez and the Abandoned One to make arrangements for their various journeys. Clements and MacFee were talking in low tones. John crossed over to them.

"Look here, you two," he said. "I don't think you deserve it, but I am going to give you the choice of either coming up to the Pool of Birds or else going south with the safari. Hurry up and decide."

The two men looked at each other.

"Of course," said John. "I shall give orders for you to be handed over to the authorities as soon as possible if you go with the safari, and if we come out of the Pool of Birds show alive, the same thing will happen, except that any service you may render Kenya there will be taken into consideration."

"And what chance o' comin' back alive is there if we come with you?" asked MacFee, the cautious.

John glanced round to see that no one else was within hearing.

"I should put it at about ten to one against," he said, and grinned as if the prospect of fighting against odds pleased him.

"About ten to one!" repeated MacFee. "Losh! Is that all?" He shook his head. "Na, na, I was never a gambler, jestways not w' ma ain life. The Lord will no gi' me anither yin, and I value it. I may go to prison, but they'll no hang me. Nay, Mr. Cartwright, I envy your pluck, and mebbe you feel it your duty, but I reckon a man's first duty is to himself. What will it help anybody if we get killed by yon savages? Not a jot! I'll tak ma chance o' goin' south, thank ye."

"Same here," growled Clements. "I don't see no good in going to any blooming bird bath."

"Very well," said John, rather disappointed that they had not volunteered to go with him, "do as you like in the matter, but remember this, if you think you've got any chance of escaping, dismiss it. You'll be carefully watched, and at M'Kamba's you'll probably be put under close arrest."

"Oh, aye, ye dinna need to rub it in," growled MacFee. "We've got to take the

rough w' the smooth. I've na doot a stretch o' clink will do me gude. I shanna be tempted to overeat mazel."

"If we want to get away with that—that Kate Langridge keepin' an eye on us, we shall have to do the Vanishing Lady stunt, same as I saw it done at Durban," said Clements.

"Well, get up and help her with the safari," ordered John. "You've got to work for your keep."

"That's be nothing strange," grinned MacFee, as, followed by Clements, he slouched off in the direction of the passage.

JOHN walked quickly across to where Valerie was superintending the efforts of the cook-boy.

"Go and help the Bibi in the cave," said John, and the boy departed at a trot.

"But, John," Valerie protested as she bent over a chop box, "how am I going to get through this without help?"

"Never mind that; listen to me."

"Well?" she asked, her face still hidden.

"Valerie, when I went off before, you kissed me."

"I'll probably kiss you again if that's what's worrying you. That is, of course, if you want me to."

"What—" John stopped. He felt curiously weak round the knees, and his heart was racing.

"Yes!" Valerie murmured.

"What did you mean by that kiss?" he asked at length.

"Oh," Valerie answered lightly, "I've kissed quite a lot of men in my time."

"That's not answering my question. What did you mean by that kiss?"

"Just good luck and au revoir," the girl murmured indistinctly.

"And—and nothing more?" John asked, dreading the answer.

But there was no answer. Valerie remained silent, her eyes averted.

John stepped closer, and, stretching out his hands, turned her so that she faced him.

"Did it mean that you—you—" stammered John.

Valerie raised her face and looked at him. He saw that her blue eyes were wet with tears.

"I meant just that," she whispered.

They stared at each other, as if it was the first time they had been aware of each other's presence. Suddenly, from the entrance to the passage, there came the sound of a startled exclamation. Kate stood just inside the chamber. Very slowly she walked forward.

"Con is ready to go," she said, her face like a mask.

Before John could answer, Norton came running down the passage and entered the cavern.

"Cheerio, John, old man; I'm just off. Your ancient friend picked the best camel for me, and everything's fixed up."

"I'm glad of that," said John, "but we are still in the devil of a mess. You will get down to Nyobo quicker by taking the best camel, of course, and that's a vital point, but what am I going to do with Saumarez? Candidly, if he means to fight, I want the support of his rifle, that is why I said I would take him with me, but, at the moment I had forgotten that we had only three camels—"

"That is where you're wrong," broke in Norton with an excited chuckle. "One of the porters who was wandering about on his own has just brought in a beast that he found among the camel thorn. I expect

the Gallas left it behind; it probably belonged to one of the men we shot. Anyway, it will do for Saumarez."

John heaved a sigh of relief as he shook Con by the hand.

"Good luck," he said. "Take care of yourself. I'll come to the camels with you."

"Cheerio, Con," said Valerie, turning round suddenly. "See you at M'Kamba's probably."

Norton stared at her a moment. There was something comradely, something friendly in her voice, but that was not quite what he had expected.

"Yes, I hope to see you there," he answered, almost doubtfully.

"Then so long, and don't fall off your camel," Valerie laughed.

Norton laughed, too, but it was a mechanical laugh with no mirth in it. Slowly he released her hand and, turning, left the cave followed by Kate and John.

Five minutes later he and the camel were a dark blur in the moonlight-flooded valley.

It did not take John long to prepare for his journey. The greatest trouble he had was with Jabstarr, who insisted that he was going to accompany him. John explained that there were three people to three camels already, and told him he must go with Kate.

SAUMAREZ and the Abandoned One were already waiting for the camels, so John went back to the chamber where Valerie and Kate were slotting loads to the porters. There was a smile on John's brown face that he was very far from feeling.

"I'm just off," he said, "but don't come out."

They knew what he meant: he would rather they did not witness the actual departure.

"I suppose," said Valerie slowly, her big eyes fixed unwaveringly upon him, "I suppose you must go. Couldn't you just take a chance that Con would get the men up in time?"

"No," John shook his head, "knowing what I do I dare not take that risk. Supposing the troops failed to get up in time and it became known that I had this opportunity of delaying the Abyssinians and did not take it?"

He grasped her hand. She did not speak, but only stared at him. He turned to Kate.

"So long, old girl."

"Good luck, John."

He turned suddenly and strode into the dim light of the passage.

"Oh, God," muttered Valerie, "send him back to me!"

Kate turned on her, her lean face distorted.

"For heaven's sake shut up!" she snapped harshly.

The two women stared at each other. Then Kate turned and poured such a volume of abuse on an inoffensive porter that he recoiled in bewilderment. Kate was very masculine in many ways.

The Abandoned One, for all his years, was the fittest of the three when, in the late forenoon, they halted in a tiny patch of shade in order to rest during the heat of the day. Camels were his usual method of transport, and he was as much at home on one as a man on his favorite hunter. While John lay on the ground and wondered which, if any, of his bones remained whole, the old man prepared some food. John felt too miserable to eat, but he knew he must keep up his strength, and he forced the stuff down his throat.

Saumarez had not spoken a dozen words since they left the cave. Now he sat a little apart from the other two eating his food and staring absently into the distance.

John wondered what was going on in his mind. Since he had been made prisoner in the cave he seemed to have altered. He had retired into a shell of reserve, and had spoken very little to anyone. He seemed to have grown older, too; his face had become lined and haggard, and his shoulders round.

Watching him now, John noted that since they had started the journey he had returned more to his usual self. He sat upright, not drooping forward. His shoulders were squared and there was an alertness about his face that had not been visible at the cave. John wondered if he was meditating on the chances of escape. But that was not very likely, for he must know that his case would become such a cause celebre that he would be hunted from one end of Africa to another.

When the heat of the sun had subsided they recommenced their journey. Thereafter John had no leisure to speculate on the workings of Saumarez's mind; he was far too occupied in clinging to the horn of the saddle with hands and legs.

The Abandoned One led the way unerringly, and twenty-four hours after leaving the cave they arrived at a stony, undulating plain as bare as a bald man's head.

"You are now on the Lost Road," the Abandoned One informed John; "if you turn right-handed, it will take you past the Wosasa Hills south to the Lak Dera river quicker than by the caravan road through Ellila Kala and Wejilr. The secret is to know where to find water: many of the wells are cunningly hidden, and without them a man would perish."

"And if you turn left-handed?" John asked.

"It leads north to Abyssinia, but the way is easier to find than the road to the south."

"And where is this Pool of Birds?"

"I will show you," said the Abandoned One simply, and with his stick tapped the long, snake-like neck of the camel. The beast moved forward, heading north between the desolate hills.

THE country grew steadily worse. They crossed mile after mile of monotonous grey sand, interspersed with lichen-covered boulders, until John grew weary in soul and body with the deadly sameness of it all. The wind was dry and bore countless particles of fine dust so that their throats felt as if they had been rasped with files. Their eyes were red and sore, their lips cracked and blistered.

They gained a little relief at sundown when their guide led them into a narrow, rocky cul-de-sac at the end of which lay a pool of stagnant water. There they rested and watered the camels.

At moonrise they moved off again, twisting to right and left, threading their way from one narrow valley to another, until John became hopelessly lost. With one brief hint for food, they pressed on until the sun was high in the heavens and John felt that if it grew any hotter his throbbing body, racked by the motion of the camel, would split asunder. Had they possessed a thermometer the mercury would have stood at one hundred and sixteen degrees Fahrenheit.

"God! What a country!" thought John.

And the Abandoned One, as if he had read his mind said:

"It is known as 'Rama' or 'The Wilderness'."

Presently the country grew a little less desolate. Stunted, under-nourished thorn bushes appeared, and the Abandoned One began to peer about him anxiously.

"If we can see anyone," he explained, "it means that we are too late, for they will have passed the point where we can stop them."

Immediately John's anxiety doubled. - **T**

would be hard luck if they had had this ghastly ride in vain. But they saw no one, although all three of them kept a keen watch.

On the fourth day of their ride the country changed. Their view was still obstructed by the hills that crowded upon them in tangled masses on all sides, but here and there patches of bush began to grow thicker. Even an occasional thorn-tree raised its flat-topped branches in the parched air, and there was coarse grass of a kind which the camels devoured. Then, as mile after mile rolled past, there came a distinct greenness over everything, in contrast to the multi-colored lichens that had hitherto stained the rocks.

"We must be somewhere near a river," remarked Saumarez, and John nodded.

Soon the hills became less steep, and the camel-riders were obliged to cross a number of dry river-beds, and deep sand and rock depressions scoured in the earth's surface by the rushing torrents of countless years.

"Cheery spot after a storm," John muttered. "A man might be marooned on one of these 'islands' for months."

Late on the afternoon of the fifth day they reached their objective, and both John and Saumarez cried out in amazement.

At their feet was a ravine, perhaps a hundred feet deep, at the bottom of which ran a smoothly-flowing river. The sides of the ravine were of black rock, smooth and water-worn towards the bottom, but crumbling and jagged, by reason of weathering, at the top. Had a man possessed the skill and the nerve to attempt the descent he could not have succeeded, for the last thirty feet fell sheer into the river, and were as smooth as polished marble. The further lip of the ravine was some fifty feet away, and this crack in the earth ran east and west as far as the eye could see. The Abandoned One had brought them to the narrowest point, however; for above and below them the cliffs receded, although they still remained sheer and unscalable, until they were more than a hundred yards apart. Behind the three men lay the undulating country through which they had passed, but before them, on the further bank, were the foothills that led to the mountainous country of Abyssinia.

The Abandoned One touched John on the arm, and pointed down-stream. A quarter of a mile away the walls of the ravine receded, and the river spread out into a wide, smooth sheet of water, on and about which rested myriads of birds of all kinds. The edges of the river were literally black with them, and their cries rose faintly to the cliff-top.

"The Pool of Birds," said the Abandoned One.

"And the Abyssinians are to cross here?" asked John. "How?"

The old man made his camel kneel with a soft: "Oosha, baba, oosha, adar-ya-yan," and then dismounted. He led the two men to the edge of the ravine, and then John saw what he had not previously noticed. A bridge spanned the narrowest part of the chasm.

It was made of the twisted stems of some kind of creeping, rope-like plant, and hung in the manner of a suspension bridge, from one lip of the ravine to the other. The whole thing looked extremely insecure, and swayed ominously in the wind that blew down the chasm.

"That is how the Abyssinian army will attempt to cross," said the Abandoned One.

"But is there no other way?" John asked. "Surely there will be mounted men, and you can't take even a sure-footed mule across that."

"True; there is another route two days' journey to the east. That is the route the

raiders take with their captured stock, and doubtless the horsemen will go that way, for they can soon overtake the remainder of the army. Those who come on foot will come this way, for it is much quicker, and their success depends upon surprise."

"Then if we destroy this bridge we can bring a greater part of the army to a standstill," Saumarez said.

"That is so, but we shall have to wait here and see that it is not repaired or replaced. Remember the gap is very narrow, and if they can get one man over the whole army would quickly follow."

"And what about the mounted men?" John inquired, looking at the flimsy structure with a critical eye.

The Abandoned One shrugged his shoulders.

"I cannot say. They will cross higher up, and if we are fortunate they will have arranged to rejoin their companions further down the road. If we are unfortunate, they will come back here, and that means we shall have to abandon our position, or our lives."

"We can think about that later," remarked John, calmly. "The first thing to do is to destroy this bridge while we've got time."

"I wonder where the frontier runs," said Saumarez. "Are we in Kenya or Abyssinia?"

"Dunno," answered John, with a grin; "but, for the moment, this crack in the earth is going to be the frontier, and no ruddy Abyssinian is going to cross it while I'm here."

He drew a knife from its sheath, and was about to move towards the bridge when Saumarez caught him by the arm.

"Look!" he cried, pointing.

From behind a boulder of the foothills half a mile away rode a party of horsemen.

CHAPTER 19.

TWO FROM THREE LEAVES—ONE!

"It seems," remarked John, "that we are just in time."

"Those are Abyssinians," said the Abandoned One, unnecessarily.

John counted them: there were ten. At that moment the Abyssinians themselves noticed the three men standing on the far side of the ravine. They reined in their horses and stared through the quivering air, doubtless wondering who the strangers could be.

"If they realise that we are white they'll smell a rat," said John suddenly. "Let's go and stand beside the camels: we shan't be so noticeable there. At the present moment we make excellent targets."

They turned round and ran for the camels. The Abyssinians promptly spurred their mounts forward.

"I don't see any more following them," said Saumarez. "Probably they were sent on ahead to picket the bridge."

"Well, they'll have a shock," replied John, sliding back the well-oiled bolt of his rifle and blowing into the breach. He thrust in a clip of cartridges. "Directly they get near enough we'll see how many saddles we can empty. There haven't got to be any half measures about this business. We've simply got to hold this bridge as long as we can in order to give Norton a chance of getting up. He should be on his way by now."

As the horsemen drew nearer John looked about for cover, for it was not possible to fire from alongside the camels. Along the edge of the ravine were scattered

a number of boulders, and selecting one each, the three men ran forward and lay down behind them. Involuntarily John groaned: he was still stiff and aching from his camel journey. Although the Abyssinians saw the movement and must have interpreted it as a hostile one, they continued their canter towards the bridge. Perhaps they imagined that the party with the lesser number of men was merely exercising commendable caution. If so, several of them were suddenly aware of their error, for when they were within fifty yards of the bridge three reports rang out, and three Abyssinians fell out of their saddles. After a second of amazed hesitation, the remainder wrenched round their horses' heads and rode hard for a depression in the ground a little to their right. But that second's pause gave the three men time to reload. Three more shots sounded, and two more Abyssinians fell. One, however, picked himself up and ran after his mount. A further shot sent him grovelling in the dust again, and he could be seen crawling towards the depression on his stomach.

"Let him go," said John, extracting the spent cartridge. "That's given them something to think about."

As he spoke a single report sounded, and a bullet whistled over their heads. With his back to the boulder John looked about for some spot which would afford better cover. Not half a dozen yards from where the three men lay the ground sloped steeply down for a matter of four feet.

"If," said John, pointing, "we could make a breast-work of stones along the top of that little hollow, we'd be as safe as in a trench, and we couldn't have a better position. It's within twenty yards of the bridge."

He looked towards the far side of the chasm. Four motionless, white-clad bodies lay in the sunlight. Two horses stood close by, the other two were trotting peacefully into the far distance. Of the remaining six Abyssinians and their mounts, not a trace could be seen.

"I think we might make a bolt for it," John suggested.

They made a dash for the slope and slid down into safety without attracting any rifle fire.

"Probably wondering what the devil's happened, and who we are," suggested Saumarez. "We've got a good field of fire here. But if they get behind those boulders, just by the far side of the bridge, I doubt if we could shift 'em, unless we worked up to one flank."

"That'd mean quitting this end of the bridge," said John. "Mustn't do that." He turned to the Abandoned One, who was grinning through his grey whiskers as if he was thoroughly enjoying himself. "Do you think you can shift the camels back? If they start shooting they might stampede them."

THE old fellow nodded, but before he could move several shots rang out. One of the camels heaved itself to its feet, screaming in a horrible manner, and began to run straight for the edge in the chasm, blood pouring from a wound in its side. A few yards from the edge it tried to turn aside, but it must have been badly hit, for it lurched drunkenly and then staggered into space. The next second the Abandoned One had rushed across, and, urging the remaining two camels to their feet, led them back into the shelter of some rocks. He was pursued by a fusillade of rifle fire, but the Abyssinians were aiming too high, and after

picketing the camels, he rejoined the others, without having taken any harm.

"Hain't we better make a shot at destroying the bridge as soon as it's dark?" Saumarez suggested.

John shook his head.

"I've been wondering about that, and I've come to the conclusion that it would be better to postpone the attempt for a time. You see, if we destroy it now, those fellows over there will ride back and warn Geramach Ngash Ababa, and he'll about turn and make for the other crossing to the east. But if we wait until he's almost here, and then destroy it, we shall have him guessing as to whether he should try and repair it, or go round the other way. If he sees there are only three of us, he may try to force a crossing, in which case I think we can give a good account of ourselves."

"We're going to have a sticky time if the Geramach turns up in daylight," Saumarez said.

"YES, the three of us may easily get outed one after the other," John answered slowly. "Supposing we agree to cut the bridge to-morrow night if the army hasn't arrived by then?"

"Good! And what about to-night?"

"I think those fellows are certain to make an attempt to clear us out of here, when they realise we've not yet destroyed the bridge. They'll try to cross in the dark. Now, as soon as it gets dark, and difficult to see for any distance, we'll tie a cord to the bridge, and whoever is on watch—we'll take it in turns—will hold the end. The bridge is certain to sway when they start to cross, and that is the time I switch on my torch and we pick them off."

Gradually the sun sank; for a few minutes the mountain range stood out in sharp silhouette against the orange sky, from which the color faded swiftly; then darkness rushed across the land. The Abandoned One went to the camels and brought back sundry lengths of cord and John's torch. The cord was knotted together, and John prepared to crawl over to the bridge.

"I'll whistle when I'm coming back," he said to Saumarez; then, with a nod, he slipped between the boulders, which the Abandoned One was placing along the top of the slope to afford them more cover, and vanished.

It was quite dark by this time. A few stars shone faintly in the deep blue of the sky, looking like diamonds scattered across dark velvet, and a wandering wind whimped fitfully in the chasm. John found the bridge and laid a cautious hand on one of the ropes that supported the footway. It moved gently in the wind, but the motion was quite different from that of anyone walking along it. John made his cord fast, and returned safely to the trench.

He himself took first watch. Saumarez and the Abandoned One made themselves as comfortable as they could on the ground with a few blankets, and at once went off to sleep, so tired were they. John stared into the darkness, his hand on the rope, waiting. He knew that if the Abyssinians intended to cross they would make the attempt before the moon rose, which was why he had taken the first watch himself.

More than once the motion of the bridge, swinging in the wind, sent his fingers straying towards the torch button, but not for an hour and three-quarters after darkness had fallen did the Abyssinians begin their expected crossing. Quite suddenly John felt a tug on the line, rather as if he had hooked a large fish.

It was repeated, and then the line began to vibrate in an unmistakable manner. John prodded Saumarez in the ribs with his boot.

"They're coming," he whispered. "Wake the old fellow."

In less than fifteen seconds three pairs of eyes were peering through the night towards the bridge. The rope still vibrated.

"You two open fire," John whispered. "I'll work the torch. Ready?"

He heard a soft click as a safety-catch was released. Then:

"Carry on," said Saumarez.

The next instant a blinding beam of white light from the powerful torch shot out towards the bridge, moved from side to side, and then steadied. In the centre of the bridge, a mere forty yards away, three figures were illuminated as if by limelight. Taken by surprise, and blinded by the glare, the raiders halted, shielding their eyes with their arms.

"Let 'em have it," cried John.

Two reports rang out, two stabs of flame gleamed for an instant in the darkness near the torch. The leading man on the bridge spun round, fell to the battens that formed the footway, and rolled over the edge into the ravine. The remaining two turned round and ran, with hoarse cries, to the further end. Saumarez and the Abandoned One got in another shot each, but it was not easy shooting, and both missed their men.

"That was your man," said the Abandoned One, grinning through his grey beard. "I'm not used to this sort of shooting."

Saumarez grunted in reply.

John switched off the torch. A second later four flashes gleamed on the far side of the ravine, and four reports sounded, but all the bullets went high.

"I wonder if they'll try again," said John, keeping his hold on the rope.

They waited expectantly, but although the bridge indicated, there was no tugging on the line to indicate that somebody was moving over the battens.

WHEN dawn broke the bridge hung motionless and empty over the great cleft. From the river below, a chorus of unmelodious cries showed that the inhabitants of the bird pool were waking.

All through that burning hot day, while the sun shone from a sky uncheckered by any cloud, the three men lay behind their rampart, guarding the bridge. They rigged up a meagre shelter with blankets that afforded them a little shade from the sun's rays, and they took it in turn to watch between the boulders, the heat from which beat back in the watcher's blistered features like a blast from the mouth of hell. The only sign of life shown by the Abyssinians was when the Abandoned One girt about with three waterbottles crawled away to a small spring in the rocks close to where the camels were tethered. Directly he left the dead ground he was greeted with a fusillade of shots, but he escaped unhurt. The heat was almost overpowering, and they felt it more by being obliged to remain close to the ground, where they received the full force of the radiation.

It was a great relief when the sun went down and the scorching heat faded into a merely unpleasant warmth. As soon as darkness fell Saumarez crept down to the bridge with an axe, intending to sever the supports and allow it to drop into the chasm. John peered over the boulders, rifle ready, lest the Abyssinians should make a desperate rush at the last moment. He could hear the sound of the axe blows as Saumarez chopped away, and presently it became clear that the Abyssinians could hear them, too, for ragged firing broke out

from the opposite side of the ravine. John could hear the shots splashing on the rocks about the head of the bridge, while occasionally one would ricochet and whine unpleasantly away into the darkness. But the Abyssinians were firing at random, and it was unlikely that Saumarez would be hit.

Yet presently the sound of the axe blows ceased, and John waited for the whistle which would mean that Saumarez would be coming into the trench. The shots from the other side continued, but although a full minute passed no whistle sounded, and there was no sign of Saumarez.

"Saumarez!" John called. "Are you all right?"

There was no answer. He shouted again, but the only reply was the crack of the rifles from the other end of the bridge.

John decided to take a risk. For a second his torch lit up the spot where Saumarez had been working. He was still there, but he was lying motionless on his back, his arms outstretched.

"Blast!" cried John. "They've hit him."

With the appearance of the light the rifle-fire increased in volume, and was now directed on the trench as well. But John took no notice. He leapt over the boulders, straight for Saumarez. He found him by nearly tripping over him and falling headlong over the cliff-edge, which was only six feet away.

Saumarez's mouth was open, and his eyes were shut. John took him by the arms and dragged him behind a boulder. The Abyssinians must have been firing as fast as they could load, for bullets were splashing and whistling on all sides.

"If they get me everything will depend on the Abandoned One," thought John. "What a job for an eighty-year-old corporal of the Royal Sussex!"

He jumped up as something plucked at his sleeve and a bullet grazed his arm. Near the bridge-head lay the axe Saumarez had been using. John picked it up and, feeling in the darkness, found an uncut support. He began hacking away at it. The sound of the firing was like quibb. At last the support parted, and John's fumbling hands found another. As he cut through it one severed end shot away with the crack of a whip-lash. There was a curious sighing sound followed by a crash. The bridge was down, and swinging back it had hit the further cliff. The Abyssinians seemed to realise what had happened, for a howl of anger sounded above the firing. John bolted round the rocks to where Saumarez was still lying unconscious.

When there was a lull in the firing he picked Saumarez up and carried him to the trench, whispering loudly in case the Abandoned One was inclined to fire first and ask questions afterwards. He put Saumarez gently on the ground, and by the carefully-shaded light of the torch saw that he had been hit in the stomach. It was an ugly wound, but John cleaned and dressed it as well as he could. Fortunately Saumarez remained unconscious throughout the operation.

Now that the bridge was destroyed John felt comparatively safe, yet partly because of Saumarez, and partly because he was not sure that the Abyssinians might not attempt to repair the bridge, he and the Abandoned One took it in turn to watch during the rest of the night. About half-past four in the morning, when a faint glow in the eastern sky heralded the rising sun, he heard Saumarez groan. Switching on his torch he bent over the wounded man. The light was the signal for a volley from the Abyssinians opposite. The bullets splattered on the surrounding rocks, making the most unpleasant sounds, but being below ground-level, and behind a rampart of boulders, John felt quite safe.

"What's happened?" whispered Saumarez. "There's something peculiar here. I feel numb." He tried to lift his hand towards his stomach.

"You've been hit," replied John. "Just as you had nearly finished your job at the bridge."

"And you fetched me in?" Saumarez asked, after a moment's thought. "That was damn good of you, Cartwright; they might have got you as well."

"It was an unlucky bullet that got you," said John. "They couldn't see what they were aiming at."

"I guess it was a lucky one for me," replied Saumarez, meaningly. "Only wish it had been through the head."

"Oh, rot," John answered, gruffly. "You've made a good show here."

"You talk as if I was going to get over this," smiled Saumarez, "and you know damn well I'm not."

JOHNS did not answer, for he was well aware that Saumarez wanted to die. There was a short silence.

"Cartwright," Saumarez whispered presently, "it was damn good of you to give me this chance of making a decent finish. I couldn't have faced a trial, and quod, and all the rest of it. I suppose it's easy to be wise after the event, but I can see now I've been a crimson idiot. And yet, if I was to live the last five years over again, I suppose I'd act just the same. It just depends on how a man's made, the way he behaves himself."

His voice trailed away, and he closed his eyes. John thought he had lapsed into unconsciousness when presently he spoke again.

"Cartwright, there's another thing I'd like to mention. The diamonds we got out of the mine, since my last visit to England, MacPee and Clements know where they are, but I don't see why they should be allowed to enjoy them when they come out of prison. They'd only drink the lot away, and there must be a good many thousand pounds' worth of stones there. They're hidden. About ten yards up the right-hand passage of the block that lead out of the chamber, there's a block of loose stone six feet up in the left-hand wall. You'll find them behind that. Take them, and do what you like with them."

His eyes closed again, and he became unconscious.

As dawn was breaking John was roused by the Abandoned One, who was on watch.

"Look!" he cried, and pointed towards the foothills.

John stared. Out on to the plain poured the Ngash Ababa's army. As they drew closer, John could see that they were a motley collection. Some were plainly bandits, known as "the Tigre," but many were dressed in khaki, and no doubt belonged to the Abyssinian army.

"Won't they be mad when they find the bridge has gone," said John. "We shall have to look out for trouble."

He was right. About eleven o'clock, when the heat of the sun was making life intolerable again, a party of Abyssinian riflemen took cover behind the rocks on the edge of the chasm, and began to pour a withering fire on the trench. John and the Abandoned One were cut by flying splinters of rock, but they received no serious wound.

Saumarez remained unconscious through it all. Presently, however, the firing ceased, and the Abyssinians apparently sat down to think matters over. They were inactive so long that the Abandoned One decided it would be safe to refill the waterbottles. He had only to cross ten yards of open ground, now pock-marked with bullet-holes, before he gained the safety of the rocks. But the Abyssinians were keeping a keen watch. He had not reached half-way when a volley, startling in its suddenness, rang out. The Abandoned One pitched forward on his

face, a quivering heap of white, and then lay motionless.

John, crouching behind the slope, looked at the still form grimly.

"Two from three leaves one," he muttered. "Poor old fellow. He must have been glad he died fighting."

He eyed the water-bottles hungrily. His mouth was dry, his lips cracked, and his face was streaked with dirt and sweat, he was almost exhausted with fatigue. The sun blazed down relentlessly, until the ground was nearly too hot to touch. Under the feeble shade of a blanket the unconscious Saumarez moaned and stirred restlessly. The bottom of the slope was littered with empty cartridge-cases, bits of bloody rag, and an empty waterbottle. John himself bled from several minor cuts and scratches caused by splintered rock.

"I don't think I'd find any insurance company likely to entertain a risk on my life now," remarked John to himself, as he loaded the three rifles and laid them within reach. He glanced at the ridge behind him whence help, if it came at all, would first appear. He knew that Norton had had a long talk with the Abandoned One before he left for M'Kamba's, and that the old fellow had endeavored to explain the twistings and turnings of the Lost Road, but the chance of rescue was infinitesimal, and John knew it.

Late in the afternoon there was a commotion among the Abyssinians. Hearing the shouting, John peered between two boulders. The Abyssinians were pointing and staring towards the east. John knew what that meant.

Presently a party of horsemen mounted a rise half a mile away, and halted. Some Abyssinians from the camp had run down towards them along the edge of the cliff, and were shouting the news across the chasm. After a few minutes the leader of the horsemen made a signal, the men spread out, so that several yards separated each animal. Then they trotted forward.

JOHN cuddled the butt of his Mannlicher against his cheek, and waited.

The Abyssinians on the far side of the chasm raised a shout. The ridge behind John flung back the echo. A minute afterwards the echo sounded again. This struck John as peculiar, for after the first shout the Abyssinians had been silent. He looked round, and his heart jumped.

Over the top of the ridge rode a party of camel-men. Even at that distance John could see the scarlet of the "flash" of the 3rd King's African Rifles on the sides of the turbans worn by the camelry. In front of the party three men rode alone. Two, from their helmets, were obviously white men. The third wore a turban, and carried a Union Jack.

"My God!" John shouted. "It's Norton!"

The camels surged forward, their legs moving like piston-rods. Very faintly a cheer reached John's ears. He looked anxiously towards the east. The Abyssinian horsemen had reined up, apparently puzzled by this new development. But the check was only temporary, for presently they set spurs to their mounts and came galloping towards John.

"Damn!" he muttered. "It looks as if I'm going to get snappared on the post. What pitiful luck!"

John held his fire, thereby hoping not to provoke the Abyssinians to greater efforts. Suddenly he saw a section of the camelmen split off from the main body and turn to cut off the horsemen. The remainder rode straight for the trench.

They won by a bare twenty yards, placing their beasts between the advancing horsemen and John. The Abyssinians halted irresolutely. By their impetuous advance they had trapped themselves, for they were now between two bodies of camelmen. There was dead silence from the army on

the far side. They would not open fire for fear of hitting their own comrades.

While one of the K.A.R. officers rode slowly towards the hesitating Abyssinians, Norton flung himself from his camel and ran towards the trench. A grimy, bearded creature, with sweat-streaked face, crept out to meet him.

"Thank God, we're here in time!" cried Norton, grasping John by the hand.

John grinned.

"You ran it pretty close," he said. "Got a drink on you?"

CHAPTER 30.

THERE IS STILL AFRICA!

GERAZMACH NGASH ABABA'S projected occupation of the Triangle came to naught. He had not the courage to fire on British troops, and after a brief and somewhat pointed conversation with the officer in command of the K.A.R., the horsemen, who had so nearly deprived John of further interest in this earth, returned whence they had come. The frontier was found to run along the edge of the foothills, so that the Gerazmach and his army were requested to remove themselves beyond this border within twenty-four hours. This they did, and the last heard of the Gerazmach, who had so nearly brought off a coup d'etat, was that he had gone to Addis Ababa to answer for his conduct before the Emperor.

The Abandoned One was buried where he fell, overlooking the spot which for all his eighty-odd years, he had defended so valantly. By his side Saumarez, who died the day after the arrival of the troops, was interred. Norton and John, little the worse for his adventure, went south to M'Kamba's, picking up the diamonds from the cave on the way. At M'Kamba's, Kate and Valerie were waiting. The four of them journeyed on to Nyobo, where Norton remained, for the sarcastic Seaton had gone on sick leave a month previously, thereby missing the solution of the problem which had puzzled him so long. In the light of what had happened in the Triangle, Norton's resignation was overlooked, and he was put in charge of the Nyobo district, and asked to furnish a comprehensive report on the Triangle, with a view to his being transferred there.

Valerie, Kate, and John travelled down to Nairobi, where there ensued a series of maddening delays while the slow wheels of officialdom got into motion. The trial of Mac'fee and Clements caused no little interest, but it was soon over, both men being sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. But there were still numerous inquiries at which Kate, Valerie, and John had to be present, so they stayed on in Nairobi.

One morning, when John was attending a conference about the ultimate fate of the diamonds he had retrieved from the cave, Valerie and Kate were in the lounge of a bungalow in Parklands, which had been lent them. Valerie was writing a voluminous letter to Cynthia Wargrave.

Suddenly she stopped writing and stared meditatively at her pen-nib. Then she took a swift glance at Kate, who was seated in a chair turning over the pages of an illustrated paper. Valerie scribbled on the blotting-paper. Then, flinging down the pen, she strode to the window, and stood staring through the slats of the sun-blinds into the garden.

"Kate," she said, suddenly, "when John said 'Good-bye' to us in the cave, we neither of us expected him to come back."

"Well?" said Kate, staring at the girl's straight back.

"Well, he has come back," Valerie spoke with difficulty. "What—what are we going to do about it?"

There was a pause. Valerie continued to

stare resolutely out of the window. Kate watched her with compressed lips, a strained expression on her brown face.

"What d'you mean?" she asked, quietly.

"Kate, I never realised until he said good-bye that you loved him. So do I." Valerie's voice was strangely subdued.

Kate flung up her head, and for a second closed her eyes. Then she rose, and going to the younger girl, took her by the shoulders.

"Do you think that?" she asked.

"I know it," said Valerie, simply. "It's rather awkward, isn't it?"

Kate laughed.

"My dear girl, I've known John for more years than I care to remember. Do you think if I cared for him like—like that we shouldn't have, well, come to some understanding by now? I'm very fond of John, fonder than I am of anyone else, but not that way. We're just good pals."

"Are you sure?" Valerie said, doubtfully.

"Of course," replied Kate, looking her straight in the eyes. "Do you think I'd say so if I wasn't?"

"No."

"Well, then, carry on, girl. I hope you'll be very happy. In fact, I know you will."

"Thanks," said Valerie. "I'm sorry I've made an ass of myself. I thought—"

"That's all right," said Kate, giving her shoulders a squeeze.

Six weeks later Kate went down to Mombasa and saw John and Valerie on board the Seaford Castle.

"Kate, you've been a brick," said John, when the time came to say good-bye. "We shall never forget it."

Kate smiled.

"I owe you more than I can ever repay," said Valerie. "But we're not going for long. We shall be back soon." She fingered her engagement ring. "Cynthia would never forgive us if we were married from anywhere but her house."

And still Kate smiled.

An hour later, when the ship had sailed, she turned into the Manor Hotel, and sat down at the identical table whence she had so summarily expelled Tom Clements many months previously. Her lean face still smiled, but it was rather a fixed and mechanical sort of smile.

"Double whisky," she said when the native waiter approached.

After the drink arrived she sat for some time in silence, staring absently before her. Presently she murmured to herself:

"Still, they'll come back, so I shall see them again. People always come back to Africa." She raised her glass in a silent toast. "Good hunting, John, old boy. She'll make you happy as I could never have done."

She bit her lip viciously.

Two men entered the lounge. Their clothes and general appearance, no less than the cameras slung over their shoulders, proclaimed the fact that they came off the liner that had anchored that afternoon in Kilindini Harbor.

"Well, if this is Africa," said one in a loud voice, "I think it's a rotten, smelly hole."

Kate smiled to herself, and this time the smile was not forced.

"Good old Africa," she murmured. "You're very wise and kind, and you're about all I've got left now. Boy, another double whisky, and damn all 'trippers'!"

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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